Carmina Gadelica

Hymns and Incantations

With Illustrative Notes on Words, Rites, and Customs, Dying and Obsolete: Orally Collected in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland

By Alexander Carmichael

Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd

CARMINA GADELICA

ORTHA NAN GAIDHEAL

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By Alexander Carmichael

Volume IV

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EDITOR'S NOTE

THE aim which I held constantly before me while preparing the third volume was that it should be as nearly as possible as the Collector himself would have made it. His accounts of the reciters and his conversations with them, his notes on customs and observances, his few finished translations—all that he had written I conserved as scrupulously as the poems themselves ; and my contribution, the translating of most of the poems and the compiling of the notes, was accommodated to his usage so far as lay in my power, in order that the volume might be in substance and spirit, as well as in form, the true companion of its predecessors.

Here I have pursued the same end not less keenly, though it has been more difficult of achievement. The original Gaelic, whether poetry or prose, has been reproduced with equal fidelity, and the translations framed with no less care. But there may have been included, and in a position of prominence, some matter which my grandfather might either have omitted or have presented in another context, better befitting its kind. A few of even the more elevated and curious hymns which I have printed he might have thought it needless to publish, considering that they resemble others in this and earlier volumes ; and for some slighter verses he might have preferred to find a place in such a section as completes the second volume, where he could have used them to illustrate some of his own incomparable annotations of words. I could not permit myself such freedom. In these questions of selection and arrangement I claim only to have used my best judgment, bearing in mind the nature of the

remaining material and the plan of the final volume ; and I believe that the reader will uphold me, and that, in particular, he will not regret the inclusion of some verse and prose which the title of the book scarcely covers.

In the task of selection Mr William Matheson has given me the benefit of his wide knowledge of Gaelic poetry, printed and unprinted. He also read a proof of the whole volume, and gave me information on a number of points. I am most grateful for this valuable help.

There are more prose notes in this volume than in the last. These are compiled from many random jottings, unrevised and unrelated with each other. But they are left in the writer's own words, and they are reliable ; they contain everything of importance that he recorded on the subject, and nothing that he did not.

The matter yet to be published consists of a large body of prose and verse concerning fairies and other supernatural beings ; some miscellaneous poetry ; proverbs, riddles, and similar lore ; notes on some hundreds of words ; and (from the editor's hand) the indices, in particular that of the rare or otherwise noteworthy words throughout the work, some of which need discussion. All this should fill a volume of like size with the others. A more minute description of the originals and a more particular account of the method of edition should also be given.

Dr MacLeod's appreciation of my grandfather was written for the *Celtic Review* at the time of his death. Its significance to the reader of this book has been, not lessened, but increased, by time. Its beauty of thought and language no one can fail to mark ; it is its truth that I should like to emphasise. I do not mean merely its veracity in relating facts ; it is truthful in that, but it is true also in the deeper sense, such a picture as those who knew most about the Collector cannot re-read without fresh admiration for its extraordinary sureness and delicacy of touch, and such as the stranger may accept without

questioning any part. And lest the reader be unfamiliar with the Gaelic world which the pages of *Carmina Gadelica* reflect, let me say further that it interprets not only the Collector, but his book ; and not only the book, but the people in that aspect which the Collector loved and which his book enshrines, that higher side of them to which poetry and religion belong ; for here the Collector, the book, and the people are of one mind and one spirit, and it is the mind and spirit in which the appreciation too was written.

The late Professor Mackinnon's sketch of Dr Carmichael's life, which likewise appeared in the *Celtic Review*, is also of permanent value. Nor do I make any apology for having included a short account of his wife, without which no account of himself could be complete. I regret only that I have not been able to do her full justice. For some information about her early years I am indebted to the Very Rev. John E. MacRae, Rector of Invergowrie and Dean of Brechin, whose maternal grandmother, Anne Fraser, was sister to my grandmother's mother.

Of the origin and history of these hymns and charms and incantations the Collector himself has left us his thoughts in sentences which illumine the mind and quicken the imagination more than any closer discussion is likely to do. Nor is this the place or the season to attempt it. They are 'the product of far-away thinking, come down on the long stream of time.' None can doubt it. 'Who the thinkers and whence the stream, who can tell?' Yet, when the time comes, minute study will reveal more than might at first be hoped. Professor O'Rahilly has noticed the close kinship, suggestive of a common origin, between the poem collected in Barra, *Ìos! Aon-ghin Mhic Dhé Athar agus Uain*,* and that found in Irish manuscripts at least as old as the early eighteenth century, *A Íosa, 's a Naoimhsprid, is a Athir, is a Uain.*† The Sea Prayer which closes the first volume is a version of that printed by

* iii. 76-77. † Búrdúin Bheaga, § 38.

John Carswell in 1567.* These matters, however, I raise only to indicate the kind of work that may some day be done. It is as literature, and noble literature, that these poems make their highest appeal ; and he is little to be envied in whom it wakens no response. They have beauties and graces which are at once apparent, and others they yield only to a faithful lover. ' These poems are in verse of a high order, with metre, rhythm, assonance, alliteration, and every quality to please the ear and to instruct the mind ' ; so says the Collector, and goes on to speak of ' the simple dignity, the charming grace, and the passionate devotion of the original.' How true is the claim let but one verse bear witness.

Is tu reula gach oidhche,
  Is tu soillse gach maidne,
Is tu sgeula gach aoighe,
  Is tu faighneachd gach fearainn.

Thou art the star of every night,
  Thou art the brightness of every morn,
Thou art the tidings of every guest,
  Thou art the enquiry of every land.†

Delicate and moving the rhythm seems to me to be, sustaining the impassioned thought, winning the ear with its lingering stress on each long vowel ; the rimes are rich ; the short vowels of the end-words *maidne* and *fearainn*, contrasting with the long vowels that precede them, give decision and power ; the final alliteration seems to consummate the whole. Nor would it be easy, perhaps, to find in another language a verse containing more of lofty sense in words so simple and so few. Here are style, diction, rhythm, sound, and sense. ' If this be not poetry, may the name perish ! '

J. CARMICHAEL WATSON

EDINBURGH
May 1941

* Foirm na nUrnaighthe (ed. M'Lauchlan), 240. † iii. 218-219.

CONTENTS

BEÒ-CHREUTAIREAN	LIVE CREATURES	PAGE
An Cat	The Cat	1
An Cù	The Dog	1
A' Bhuidheag	The Goldfinch	1
An Dobharchu	The Water-Dog	2
Daol agus Cearrdubhan	Gravedigger Beetle and Sacred Beetle	3
An Dealan-Dé	The Golden Butterfly	4
An Deargan-Allt agus am Madadh Ruadh	The Kestrel Hawk and the Red Fox	5
Conan Corr	The Wren	6
An Coileach	The Cock	6
Calum Cille agus an Liabag	Columba and the Flounder	10
Bàirneach	Limpet	10
Ròin	Seals	13
Nighean Rìgh Tìr nan Tonn	The Daughter of the King of the Land of Waves	15
Tàladh	Lullaby	17
An Liathag	The Salmon-Trout	17
An Luch	The Mouse	18
An Radan	The Rat	19

		PAGE
GLÒIR NAN EUN	THE SPEECH OF BIRDS	
Glòir nan Eun	The Speech of Birds	21
Guth na hEala Gu bhi gì	Voice of the Swan Gu vi gì	25
An Eala Guiliog ì ! guiliog ò !	The Swan Guiliog ì ! guiliog ò !	27
An Eala Bhàn Chaidh Calum Cille mach	The White Swan Columba went out	29
FOGHNADH FEAMAINN	ABUNDANCE OF SEAWEED	
Foghnadh Feamainn Thàine 's gun tàine feamainn	Abundance of Seaweed Come and come is seaweed	33
Ortha Feamainn Toradh mara gu tìr	Prayer for Seaweed Produce of sea to land	35
IASGACH	FISHING	
Iasgach	Fishing	36
A' CHAILLEACH	THE HAG	
A' Chailleach	The Hag	37
AN ÀIRIGH	THE SHIELING	
An Àirigh	The Shieling	38
SEALBH	CATTLE-STOCK	
Saodach a' Chruidh Guma dùinte dhuibh gach sloc	Driving the Cows Closed to you be every pit	41
An Saodachadh Comhnadh Odhrain uidhir dhuibh	The Driving The protection of Odhran the dun be yours	43

		PAGE
Buachailleachd Chaluim Chille Buachailleachd Chaluim Chille	Columba's Herding May the herding of Columba	47
Sian Chaorach Sian a chuir Moire	Sain for Sheep The sain placed by Mary	49
Sian Seilbh Sian a chuir Brighid	Charm for Stock The charm placed of Brigit	51
An Tarbh Gàidhealach 'S ann air an druim fhraoich	The Highland Bull 'Tis on the heather ridge	53
Nollaig do Spréidh	Christmas for Stock	52
Bó nam Beannachd M'aghan gaolach, na bi 't aonar Mo bheannachd air Calum Na can rium an corr	The Cow of Blessings My heifer beloved, be not alone My blessing on Colum Say no more to me	55
Fuidheall Leum nan gàrradh	Fragment " Leap the dyke "	61
Òra nan Sine Sine Mhoire Beannaich, a Dhé, mo bhoineag Thoir am bainne, m'eudail !	Prayer of the Teats Teat of Mary Bless, O God, my little cow Give the milk, my treasure !	63
Thoir am Bainne, m'Eudail Thoir am bainne, m'eudail !	Give the Milk, my Treasure Give the milk, my treasure !	67
Tatan Beothaich Ioba 'ga chur ad chluais dheis	Attracting an Animal The spell is placed in thy right ear	69
Crònan Bleoghain Fuiridh m'agh, fanaidh m'agh	Milking Croon My cow will wait, my cow will stay	69
Thoir am Bainne, Bhó Dhonn Thoir am bainne, bhó dhonn !	Give the Milk, Brown Cow Give the milk, brown cow !	71
Crònan Cruidh Mo thé dhubh bheag	Cattle Croon My little black one	73
M'Agh Donn Hó m'aghan, hó m'agh donn !	My Brown Cow Ho my little cow, ho my brown cow !	75

PAGE

Och a Mhaol — 77
Och a Mhaol, thoir am bainne
O Hornless One
O Hornless One, give thou the milk

Crònan Bleoghain — 79
Hò-an, hò-an, canam crònan
Milking Croon
Hò-an, hò-an, I'll lilt a croon

Òr an Ime — 82
An òr rinn Calum Cille
Charm of the Butter
The charm made of Columba

Eòir a' Mhuidhe — 87
Siùd, a Chaluim Chille chaoimh
Invocation at Churning
Come, thou Calum Cille kindly

LUATHADH

WAULKING

Luathadh — Waulking — 88

Òran Cuartachaidh — Circuiting Song — 91
Hill ! hill ! hó ! hillin ó !
Hill ! hill ! hó ! hillin ó !

Rannan a Rinneadh air Cléith — Verses Made at the Waulking Frame — 93
A nighean ud thall
Thou girl over there

Basradh — Hand-Smoothing — 95
Gun caith thu 'n clò
Mayest thou wear the cloth

Coisrigeadh an Aodaich — Consecration of the Cloth — 97
Cuirim an deasalt
I give the sunwise turn

Beannachadh — Blessing — 99
Chan ath-aodach seo
This is no second-hand cloth

CUNNTAS NA H-ACAINNE GRIASACHD

THE COUNTING OF THE SHOEMAKING-TOOLS

Cunntas na hAcainne Griasachd — The Counting of the Shoemaking-Tools — 101
Aona mhinidh aona cheap
One awl one last

TAGHADH FIODH

CHOICE OF TIMBER

Taghadh Fiodh — Choice of Timber — 103
Tagh seileach nan allt
Choose the willow of the streams

ROGHA		CHOICE	PAGE
Rogha Coit cheanna bhord		Choice Boat of board-ends	103
BIADH AGUS CAISEART AN TUATHANAICH		THE FARMER'S FOOD AND FOOTGEAR	
Biadh agus Caiseart an Tuathanaich Trì pinntean do mhiodhg amh		The Farmer's Food and Footgear Three pints of raw whey	105
BARDACHD HIRTEACH		ST KILDA POETRY	
Iorram Hirteach Bhuam cas-chrom		St Kilda Lilt Away bent spade	106
Cha b'e Sgioba na Faiche Cha b'e sgioba na faiche		It was no Crew of Landsmen It was no crew of landsmen	113
Òran Luathaidh Iortach Agus O iorrach a' chuain		St Kilda Waulking Song I would make the fair cloth	115
LUSAN		PLANTS	
Achlasan Chaluim Chille Achlasan chaomh Chaluim Chille Buainidh mise m'achlasan		Saint Columba's Plant Armpit-package of Columba kindly I will pluck my armpit-package	117
Brisgein Mil fo thalamh		Silverweed Honey under ground	119
Garbhag an tSléibhe Fhir a shiubhlas gu subhach		The Club-Moss Thou man who travellest blithely	121
Am Buagharlan A bhuacharlain ! a bhuacharlain !		The Ragwort Thou ragwort ! thou ragwort !	121
A' Charr Àigh Buainidh mi mo charr àigh		The Gracious Root I will cull my gracious root	123

PAGE

An tSobhrach — The Primrose 125
Sobhrach, sobhrach — Primrose, primrose

A' Chuilc — The Reed 127
A chuilc gun bheannachd — Thou reed unblest

Iubhar Beinne — Mountain Yew, or Juniper 129
Buainidh mis an iubhar àigh — I will pluck the gracious yew

Am Monalan — The ' Monalan ' 131
Buainidh mis am monalan — I will cull the ' monalan '

Am Mòthan — The Pearlwort 132
Buainidh mi am mòthan — I will cull the pearlwort
Buainidh mis am mòthan — I will cull the pearlwort

Roid — Bog-Myrtle 137
Tha mis dha do bhuain — I am plucking thee

An tSeamarag — The Shamrock 139
A sheamarag nan duilleag — Thou shamrock of foliage

ÒR ANACAINNT — PRAYER AGAINST ILL REPORT

Òr Anàcainnt — Prayer against Ill Report 141
Dùinidh mi mo dhorn — I will close my fist

ÒRA CEARTAIS — INVOCATION FOR JUSTICE

Òra Ceartais — Invocation for Justice 145
Falbhaidh mi an ainme Dhé — I will go in the name of God

BUADH MÒID — SUCCESS OF MOOT

Buadh Mòid — Success of Moot 147
An ainm agus an ordan — In the name and in the dignity

ORTHACHAN LEIGHEIS	CHARMS FOR HEALING	PAGE
Droch Shùil Eòlas Foireiginn A' Chiad Di-Luain 'an Ràithe	Evil Eye Charm for Constraint The First Monday of the Quarter	151
Tilleadh Droch Shùl	Repelling the Evil Eye	153
Eòilse Droch Shùl	Charm for the Evil Eye	155
Tilleadh Droch Shùl Is i mo shùil féin	Repelling the Evil Eye It is mine own eye	157
Cronachdainn Sùla Dèanam dhuit, a Dhubhag ghoire	Countering the Evil Eye Make I to thee, thou cherished 'Dubhag'	159
Cronachdainn Sùla Có thogas an cronachdainn sùl ?	Countering the Evil Eye Who shall lift the evil eye ?	163
Eòlas Snàithle	The Charm of the Threads	166
Cronachdainn Sùla Dà shùil dheug re gach gnù	Thwarting the Eye Twelve eyes against every malice	169
Cronachdainn Sùla A laighe air am macaibh morrach	Thwarting the Eye May it lie upon their virile sons	169
Eòlas Faireimidh Chitheadh sùil thu	Charm for the Evil Eye An eye was seeing thee	171
Oba ri Shùl Peadail is Pòl is Eòin	Charm for the Eye Peter and Paul and John	173
Casgadh Beum Sùla Dèanam dhuit eòlas	Checking the Evil Eye I make for thee charm	177
Tilleadh Sùla Foidrigean aon	Repelling the Eye Rosary, one	179
Eòlas Droch Shùl Dèanam-sa duit	Charm for Evil Eye I make for thee	181
Eòlas na Ruaidhe Faic, a Mhic, a' chìoch	Charm for Rose Behold, O Son, the pap	185

		PAGE
Eòlas na Ruaidhe Faic, a Mhic, an t-ùth	Charm for Rose See, O Son, the udder	189
Eòlas na Ruaidhe Eòlas a rinn Fionn	Charm for Rose The charm made by Fionn	191
Àirne Moire Faic, a Mhoire Mhàthair	Kidney of Mary Behold, O Mary Mother	193
Àirne Moire Faic, a Mhoir, a' bhean	Kidney of Mary Behold, O Mary, the woman	193
Eòlas At Cìche Dìtheachd dha do ghrìd	Charm for Swollen Breast Extinction to thy microbe	195
Eab an Déididh An eab a chuir Calum Cille	The Charm of the Tooth-ache The charm placed of Columba	199
Brisgein	Thyroid Gland	200
A' Bhuidheach	Jaundice	200
Buirbean	Cancer	200
Caothach (Cuthach), Mearan, Boile	Madness	202
Bean gun Chloinn	Childlessness	203
A' Chìoch Shlugain	The Uvula	203
Clach Nathrach	Serpent's Stone	204
Cur nam Ballan	Cupping	205
An tEòlas Balbh	The Dumb Charm	206
Gileas	Whiteness	206
Greim	Stitch	206
Teine Dé	God's Fire	207
Goirteas Droma	Sore Back	207
Tionndadh Cridhe	Displacement of the Heart	207
Eòlas an Sguchaidh Eis a mharcraich gu stòld	Charm for Sprain He Who so calmly rode	209

		PAGE
Eòlas an Sguchaidh An ainm Athar	Charm for Sprain In name of Father	215
Eòlas nan Neòn	The Charm of the Styes	218
Eòlas nam Foinne	The Charm of the Warts	221
Eòlas a' Ghulmain	The Charm of the Scale	222
Greim Gulmain Am fùth a chuir Moire	Blind Seizure The salve placed of Mary	227
An Caimean	The Mote	230
Eòlas na Smùirne	Charm for the Mote	234
Eòlas a' Chaimein Bhrighde, bi ri m' rosg	Charm for Mote Brigit, be by mine eye	237
An Smùirne Crìosd air a' chrois	The Mote Christ upon the cross	239
Uba Sùla Am bior brudaidh	Eye Charm The goading prick	241
Uba Sùla Am bior brudaidh	Eye Charm The stabbing prick	241
An Caimein Cuir, a Rìgh na clois	The Mote Place, Thou King of peace	243
Eòlas Shùl Ann an ainm Athar	Charm for the Eye In name of Father	245
Eòlas Smùrnain Smùrn naodh smùrn	Charm for the Mote Mote of nine motes	247
Leigheas na Cloinne Teab an tSionnaich Cadal Deilgneach	Children's Cures The Fox's Mouth Prickly Sleep	248
A' Ghlacach	The Chest Seizure	249
Eòlas na Glacaich Leighisidh mise thusa	Charm for Chest Seizure I will heal thee	253
Eòlas na Glacaich An ciad trian dhìot	Charm for Chest Seizure Be the first third of thee	255

		PAGE
Eòlas na Glacaich Tha neart gil agam ort	Charm for Chest Seizure Power of moon have I over thee	257
Eòlas Cuinge Cléibhe Thubhairt Ìosda Crìosda ri Sìomon Peadair	Charm for Chest Constriction Jesus Christ bade Simon Peter	259
Eòlas na Glacaich Saltraim ort, a ghlac	Charm for Seizure I trample on thee, thou seizure	263
Eòlas na Caitheimh Saltraim ort, a ghlac dhona	Charm for Consumption I trample on thee, evil wasting	265
Iomairt Cléibhe Saltraim ort, a ghlac ghlongach	Chest Conflict I trample on thee, thou slimy chest seizure	267
Tuiteamas	Epilepsy	268
Greim Mionaich no Seirg	Colic, or Pining	271
Tinneas an Rìgh	King's Evil	273
Tinneas an Rìgh Dia dha do leigheas, a luaidh	King's Evil May God heal thee, my dear	275
Eòlas nam Màm Biodh an stràc seo	The Charm of the Swellings Be this stroke	277
Eòlas nam Màm A Dhé nan gràs	Charm for Rupture O God of grace	279
Casgadh Fala	Checking of Blood	280
An Dairbein	The Warble	285
Eòlas an Tairbhein Air galar beinne	Charm for Surfeit For hill disease	287
Bó Fionn Thig a steach, a Chaluim Chille	The White Cow Put thou in, O Calum Cille	289
Eòlas an Tairbhein A thairbhein a thàinig a sionn Naoi tobraichean Mhic an Lir	Charm for Surfeit Thou surfeit that art come hither The nine wells of Mac an Lir	291
An Tairbhein Rann a rinn Calum Cille	Surfeit The rune that Columba made	293

PAGE

Eòlas an Tarbhain 295
An leigheas a rinn Crìosd

Tarbhan 297
Rann a rinn Calum Cille

Eòlas an Tarbhain 299
Tha eòlas agam air a' mhuatan

Eòlas Bruthaidh 301
Ta eòlas agam air bruthadh

Eòlas Fiollan Fionn 303
Marbhrann dubhaig

Eòlas Leigheis 305
Dèanam-sa duit

Eòlas a' Ghalair Tholl 307
Duirn Dé umad
An t-saighead a thàine le sgaoim

Eòlas an Dubhaidh 309
Tha eòlas agam air dubhadh

Craicneadh 311
Cràd dha do chràdach

Oba 313
Oba mhì chuir Brighde bhìth

Charm for Surfeit 295
The cure that Christ made

Surfeit 297
The rune made by Calum Cille

Charm for Surfeit 299
I have a charm for the ' muatan '

Charm for Bruise 301
I have a charm for bruising

Charm for Fleshworm 303
Death-verse of black insect

Charm for Healing 305
I make for thee

Charm for Chest Disease 307
The hands of God be round thee
The arrow which came with fright

Charm for Spaul 309
I have a charm for spaul

Hide-Binding 311
Teasel to tease thee

Charm 313
Living charm sent of quiet Brigit

MEASGAIN

Giullan Geal Thù
Giullan geal thù !

Mac Shiamain
Dh'iarr Mac Shiamain a bhith 'g obair

Am Bansgal
'S i Caitir an cailin

Binneach nam Beann

Fhuair mo leannan mi am chadal

MISCELLANEOUS

Baby Boy 317
Baby boy fair art thou !

Mac Shiamain 321
Mac Shiamain sought to be at work

The Vixen 323
Catherine's the wench

Melodious One of the Mountains 328
My lover found me in my sleep

PAGE

A Choilich Dhuibh 338
Hó ró gura fada fada

Tàladh an tSneachda 345
Is fuar fuar a nochd mo leaba

Is Anmoch Chunna Mi an Dé 351
Is anmoch chunna mi an dé

Thréig an Cadal Mi 353
Thréig an cadal mi o hInid

Guidhe nan Leòdach 357
Gaoth an iar

Thàinig na Cait Oirnn 361
Thàinig na Cait oirnn

Eónagan 365
Eónagain ! O Eónagain !

A Bhricein Bhallaich 367
A bhricein bhallaich bhig bhòidhich

Thou Black Cock 338
Ho ro, it is long, long

The Lullaby of the Snow 345
Cold, cold this night is my bed

Late It Was I Saw Yestreen 351
Late it was I saw yestreen

Sleep Has Forsaken Me 353
Sleep has forsaken me since Shrovetide

The MacLeods' Petition 357
Wind from the west

The Cats Are Come on Us 361
The Cats are come on us

Little Bird 365
Little Bird ! O Little Bird !

Thou Speckled Troutling 367
Thou speckled little beauteous troutling

ALEXANDER CARMICHAEL, LL.D.

By the late Professor Donald Mackinnon

Alexander Carmichael was born in the island of Lismore, on 1st December 1832. His remote ancestors seem to have been connected with the Columban church established in Lismore by St Mo-Luag. Its cathedral, of which the nave still survives as the parish church, was built by Bishop Carmichael—*an tEasbaig Bàn*, the fair-haired Bishop—a remote relative of Alexander Carmichael. A college for the education of priests was maintained in the island until just before Dr Carmichael's time, and one has heard him tell how warm a welcome he got in Uist from Father MacGregor who, as one of the last batch of students educated in Lismore, had been a frequent visitor at the house of Dr Carmichael's parents.

The family also held some land in the island, and the head of the house was known as *Baran Taigh a' Sgurrain*, the Baron of Sguran House. Dr Carmichael used to tell very amusingly the story of how Black Donald Campbell of Airds, *Domhnall Dubh nan Aird*, after paying great attention to the young baron, wiled his land from him in exchange for a sack of gold which was afterwards found to be the new copper coinage, judiciously mixed with a few pieces of gold. Thus cheated out of their inheritance, the family settled down to farming, in which occupation they continued till the time of our folklorist.

In his youth Alexander Carmichael had wished to enter the army, and having relationship with several of the Campbell

houses, such as Dunstaffnage, Lochnell, Baleveolan and Barbreck, he had been promised a commission by the Duke of Argyll. The early death of his father changed the boy's career, however, and it being necessary for him to get settled in life, he was persuaded to accept a nomination for the Civil Service, obtained through the influence of his uncle, the minister of Durness. The parish school was supplemented by the Greenock Academy, and by a collegiate school in Edinburgh, and in due time Alexander Carmichael satisfied the Civil Service Commissioners. Greenock, Dublin, Islay, Cornwall, Skye, Uist, Oban, Uist again, and lastly, for the sake of his children's education, Edinburgh—these were the scenes of his official life.

From his boyhood he had taken more than a passing interest in the lore and the landmarks of his race, and he early began to write systematically. It was in Uist, however, that he reached his full development and got to know, as few have ever known it, the inner life of the people. He was the friend of all. The pauper, the cottar, the crofter, the factor, the doctor, the priest, the minister—they all came to him sure of sympathy, whatever their cause of anxiety. The lorists opened their hearts to him. An idiot mother and daughter of North Uist would do for him and for those he brought with him the mystic dance of *Cailleach an Dùdain*, which they were always chary of doing for any one else.

In the antiquities of the Outer Isles Mr Carmichael took a great interest, and discovered several objects, the existence of which had been previously unknown, such as the runic cross from St Barr's in Barra, now in the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh. To the *Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland* he contributed several papers on ancient buildings, underground houses, carved stones, and other subjects. Such contributions were always sent through his friends, Captain Thomas and Dr W. F. Skene. These papers were illustrated

with careful drawings done by Mrs Carmichael, who from first to last helped her husband greatly in his work. The Society made Mr Carmichael a corresponding member.

Campbell of Islay sought his help, and got numerous tales and poems from him, some of which are in the *West Highland Tales*, and in *Leabhar na Féinne*, but many of which are still unpublished. To Sheriff Nicolson Mr Carmichael sent a very large number of proverbs, many of which were crowded out of the first edition of the *Gaelic Proverbs*, but were afterwards sent to Dr George Henderson for the new edition. To the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness*, Mr Carmichael contributed valuable material, notably the Barra version of *Deirdire*, afterwards published in book form, and translated into French and into German. He was also a frequent contributor to the *Gàidheal*, to the *Highlander*, to the *Inverness Courier*, and to other magazines and newspapers. After a time, however, he practically ceased contributing to periodic literature, finding that it took too much time from his more important writing. The *Celtic Review* contains nearly all his occasional papers of late years.

When Dr Skene was preparing his *Celtic Scotland*, he asked Mr Carmichael to write the chapter on old Highland land customs. This paper first turned the attention of Lord Napier and Ettrick to the condition of the crofters, and led to Mr Carmichael being asked to write a more elaborate paper of a similar nature for the Crofter Royal Commission *Report*. Lord Napier used to say that those two papers had more to do with the passing of the Crofters Act than people knew. Years before, Mr Carmichael had persuaded the Board of Inland Revenue to abolish the tax on carts and on dogs kept for purposes of herding.

It would take too long to mention all Dr Carmichael's contributions to books written or prepared by his friends, but one might mention that he contributed to Lord Archibald Campbell's *Records of Argyll*, to Mr W. B. Blaikie's *Itinerary*

of Prince Charlie, and to the *Life of Marshal MacDonald, Duke of Tarentum.* He was often a good deal divided between his desire to help a friend and the feeling that he should be preparing his own material for the press, although he knew that what he had collected would not all be dealt with by himself. He always felt grateful that he had lived to see *Carmina Gadelica* through the press ; others will feel grateful that the greater part of the new volumes has been prepared by the same hand.

Dr Carmichael was honorary president and chief of many Highland and Celtic societies. No honour that came to him gave him greater pleasure than his honorary presidency of the Celtic Societies of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and St Andrews Universities. He was deeply interested in the Edinburgh University one, which in turn was warmly devoted to its Honorary President. He was never happier than in the company of the Highland lads, and for many years his house was the Saturday evening resort of the Gaelic-speaking students. When he received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Edinburgh University, the Highland students took advantage of the occasion to set afoot a movement which resulted in the presentation to Dr Carmichael of full robes, hood and cap, and to Mrs Carmichael of a silver tea service. This compliment he valued at least as highly as the honour which gave rise to it.

Six years ago a Civil List pension was bestowed on Dr and Mrs Carmichael jointly, an honour which came as a great surprise to the Doctor, who had not known that friends had been interesting themselves in the matter. What pleased him most was the compliment to his wife—a graceful action apparently done on Mr A. J. Balfour's own initiative.

Dr Carmichael passed away at his home in Edinburgh on Thursday, 6th June 1912, his 'changing,' as the Gaelic puts it, being peaceful and unexpected. On the following Monday he was buried, in the simple Highland manner, in

St Mo-Luag's Churchyard, in the Island of Lismore. His fellow-islesmen carried the coffin, covered with his plaid of Carmichael tartan, on their shoulders from the landing-place, and the son of the minister who had baptised him conducted a simple Gaelic service.

OUR INTERPRETER

By the Rev. Dr Kenneth MacLeod

Others will weigh and appraise Dr Carmichael's literary and artistic work ; this is but a simple tribute from one of the folk to him who loved and interpreted the folk as none other has ever done. In the years to come, when Gaeldom as some of us have known it will have passed away, literary students will assuredly ask, What manner of man was this who preserved and interpreted so much of the ancient thought and character of his race ? The answer may partly be found in *Carmina Gadelica*, for into its pages the author breathed much of his own remarkable personality ; but to be even fairly complete, the answer needs to be supplemented by such as knew and loved the author both in public and in private.

Mr W. Skeoch Cumming has given us a portrait of the man which is both true and striking, and which has earned for the artist himself the gratitude of all readers of *Carmina Gadelica*, and will earn for him still greater gratitude from our children. If one may put into words what the artist has put so much more vividly on canvas, what one saw first and last in Dr Carmichael's personal appearance was a fine stateliness touched with emotion. When he entered a room, every eye seemed to say : This is a great Celtic gentleman, one who has lived in statelier and courtlier days. But such as knew him could always see the tenderness glowing through the stateliness, though the one never really blotted out the other. In his most tender moments, he was the stately gentleman ; in his stateliest moods he attracted through his tender-

ness. It is difficult to get an English word to describe him exactly, though in Gaelic one would naturally use the word *uasal*—high thoughts and high deeds transfiguring person and manner. Seeing him, one thought of his own beautiful words : ' It is the product of far-away thinking, come down on the long stream of time. Who the thinkers and whence the stream, who can tell ? Some of the hymns may have been composed within the cloistered cells of Derry and Iona, and some of the incantations among the cromlechs of Stonehenge and the standing-stones of Callarnis.' What Dr Carmichael was and looked had its root, however, in the present as well as in the past. To save what he could of the folk-literature of Gaeldom, he had sacrificed not merely his prospects, but also to a large extent his means, and of what remained not all was spent on himself or on his family. In Uist, which forty or fifty years ago was even poorer than it is to-day, he paid the excise dues and filled the meal-chest of many a poor crofter and of many a poorer cottar, and the very day he left the island to take up his residence on the mainland, he was suddenly called on to pay an account amounting to within a few shillings of one hundred pounds for stores ordered on behalf of people whose own orders would have been dishonoured by the merchants. Nor did he ever allow himself to be far away from the wood financially ; again and again he would return to it to help some fellow-Gael in distress. Especially was this the case during his residence in Edinburgh. Some man of good, perhaps of famous, Hebridean blood was unfortunate in his business or broke down in health—Dr Carmichael sacrificed part of his very moderate capital to keep the man afloat. A university student was unable to finish his session, and was practically starving himself to eke out what little money he had—Dr Carmichael always found a gentleman's excuse to get such an one to become a member of his family. Seldom, indeed, was the stranger's place empty at the Doctor's table ; only, the stranger was always as a

son, and kept possession of his seat until the need was over, or until the situation was secured, or until some bad habit was got rid of. About such things he was proudly and tenderly silent himself; proudly and tenderly let such things be told now, if only to remind ourselves that even fame must receive its crown at the hands of goodness.

To show the place given by the folk to Alexander Carmichael, one has to compare him with some of our other great ones. Through the *West Highland Tales* Campbell of Islay gained for our folklore a European reputation; but in spite of his patriotism and his charming manners, he was never quite one of us—he could never altogether hide the fact that he had learnt his art with other peoples and in other schools. And though he doubtless loved our tales and our beliefs for their own sake, yet: 'The following collection is intended to be a contribution to this new science of "Story-ology." It is a museum of curious rubbish about to perish, given as it was gathered in the rough.' In another field, that of philology, Dr Alexander MacBain was our greatest man. We were all proud of him; such of us as had been his pupils, or otherwise knew him intimately, loved him; and whether we knew him personally or not, we all accepted as gospel whatever he said *ex cathedra*. And yet one could never quite get rid of the feeling that in temperament he was Teutonic rather than Celtic, and that the scientist in him was always stronger than the Gael, as was really the case. Our feeling for Alexander Carmichael was both in kind and in degree different from our feeling for Campbell or for MacBain. He was essentially one of ourselves, only greater, flesh of our flesh, blood of our blood, soul of our soul. Thus we never thought of him as one merely collecting and dissecting our beliefs in the more or less sacred name of science; we thought of him rather as one who saw with our eyes, who felt with our heart, and who reproduced our past because he loved it himself and was proud of it. He, on his part, spoke of our

cult, of our ways, of our beliefs ; he seldom spoke of our ' superstitions '—never, indeed, in his later days. What our race thought as to the relations of man to man, and of man to the world and to the other-worlds, was all sacred in his eyes ; the broken cry of the pagan as well as the stately Praise of Iona, the unconscious worship of God through His sun and through His moon, as well as the conscious worship of God through Him who was born of the Virgin Mary. St Columba, in our great days, grafted the vine on to the oak : who are we, then, and what are we, that we should be wiser than our best ?

It is sometimes said that Dr Carmichael idealised us ; not merely our past, which was allowable, being borne out by the beautiful material he had collected, but also our present, which itself contradicts his picture of it ; that he idealised, at any rate, such of us as had passed the three-score years, and more particularly such of them as had a tale to tell or a rune to chant. One does not care to deny so pleasant a charge. Every man makes his own world, to the extent, at any rate, of unconsciously reading himself into it ; and thus the worse the reality idealised, the better the man who idealises. It would be equally correct, however, to say that Dr Carmichael had the prophet's eye to see beyond our faults and to find what of goodly thought and sentiment lay behind. In this he was of the same mould as St Columba, whose two eyes, it is said, were so warm that they could always melt the shell which hid the kernel. Dr Carmichael had just that same power—his sympathy and his tenderness never failed to get straight to the kernel. This was true of him both in his dealings with the folk and in his interpretation of the lore taken down from the folk. Campbell of Islay and his coadjutor, Hector Maclean, could get the heroic tales and ballads, the things which were recited in public at the *céilidh* ; only Alexander Carmichael could have got the hymns and the incantations, the things which were said when

the door was closed, and the lights were out. Even Father Allan MacDonald of Eriskay had his limits as a collector ; the very fact that he was the *anam-chara*, the soul-friend, of his people, closed certain doors against him. In matters of the heart and of the soul, the folk, as every collector knows, can be reticent and secretive to a baffling degree, but in Dr Carmichael's dealings with them, the tenderness which could get was delicate as the reticence which would hide. Even his great book, *Carmina Gadelica*, does not show the full extent of his intimacy with the folk and their childlike confidence in his sympathy. Not all of what he learned was written down, or if written down, has been preserved ; many curious rites, embodied in unusual language, the outpourings of simple hearts in less conventional days, were revealed to him under a strict pledge of secrecy—a pledge which, needless to say, has been faithfully kept. A characteristic instance is within the writer's knowledge. One evening a venerable Islesman, carried out of himself for the time being, allowed Dr Carmichael to take down from him a singularly beautiful ' going into sleep ' rune ; early next morning the reciter travelled twenty-six miles to exact a pledge that his ' little prayer ' should never be allowed to appear in print. ' Think ye,' said the old man, ' if I slept a wink last night for thinking of what I had given away. Proud, indeed, shall I be, if it give pleasure to yourself, but I should not like cold eyes to read it in a book.' In the writer's presence the manuscript was handed over to the reciter, to be burnt there and then —but for days and nights after, the music of that rune haunted two men !

The glow of sympathy which made Dr Carmichael great as a collector made him still greater as an interpreter of the material collected. Nothing seemed too elusive for him to grasp or too occult for him to pierce—the Columban eye hardly ever failed to melt the shell which concealed. Discussing this very point, Father Allan MacDonald, himself

one of our great collectors, once remarked to the writer: 'I read the *Carmina* in Gaelic, but again and again I lay down the book, and say to myself, "This is a *dubh-fhacal*, a dark saying!—who can understand it?" Then I look at Carmichael's translation, and I say at once, "Of course, it means that—it could mean nothing else."' An obvious explanation would be that Dr Carmichael was specially gifted for a special kind of work; which is true so far. But this special gift was really of a piece with the rest of his character. It has already been pointed out that the tender-hearted sympathy which made him the great collector and interpreter he was showed in his life as well as in his work. He had what can only be described as a beautiful mania for setting things right, and for unravelling the tangles in the lives as well as in the lore of the folk. Was there someone suffering from lack of appreciation? Dr Carmichael wrote and spoke and laboured on his behalf. Was there someone in a worse position than his ability seemed to merit? The Doctor would try to move heaven and earth to get promotion for such an one. To many, indeed, it must have been a revelation to find how he would go out of his way to do things for others which neither his pride nor his modesty would allow him to do for himself or for his own. He never learned to be worldly-wise in such matters; his temperament rushed into quixotry, or what often goes by that name, as naturally as the plant grows towards the sun. And finer even than his loyalty to the living was his loyalty to the dead. It was always in his heart, for instance, to write an adequate appreciation of Sheriff Alexander Nicolson of the *Gaelic Proverbs*, feeling strongly that scant justice had been done to a great soul in Dr Walter C. Smith's biography of him. The same loyalty prompted him to do justice to the memory of reciters whom he had never seen, but of whom he had heard, or whose lore he had taken down from the lips of others. Thus in his introduction to the 'Invocation of the Graces,' he describes, not

only the man from whom he got the poem, but also the woman from whom the man had got it ' in the long ago.' But one need not dwell on this aspect of Dr Carmichael's character further than to say that there are scores of people, some of them very humble, both on the mainland and in the Isles, who have good cause to know how dear to his heart was the memory of their lost ones. His very last letter, two days before he passed away, was one of condolence with an old friend, and of tender chiding because he had not been given the opportunity of travelling from Edinburgh to the Isles to pay his last tribute to the departed. In the eyes of the folk the *fear-dùthcha*, the good countryman, is he who is loyal both to the living and to the dead.

Heart-love for his people and intense sympathy with their ways and their thoughts made Dr Carmichael our greatest collector and interpreter ; but it was quite another quality which clinched his aim for him. It is doubtful if there can be found, in the whole literary history of the Gael, such another instance of gentle yet iron persistency in following out an aim, in realising a dream. What to others was a trip or at most a pilgrimage, was to Dr Carmichael a life-long quest ; his keenness, his determination, in pressing towards the mark can hardly be exaggerated. What he failed to get in Uist he searched for in Glen Garry ; what he lost in Kintyre he tracked in Sutherland. He might fail in the morning to get what he wanted, but there was still the evening to come, and another day, and another week, and another year ; and sooner or later, he found, sure enough, the word or the line or the rite he sought. Had his motive been mere personal ambition or mere love of scientific research, he could never have so persevered, so toiled. The driving force must be sought elsewhere—in the blood, which alone can do such wonders—in the fealty, far-inherited, of a knight to a cause.

Year in year out, for nearly sixty years, Dr Carmichael was on pilgrimage throughout Gaeldom. To many of us

he seemed, both in temperament and in activity, as one of the Iona brethren re-born in the nineteenth century. His very appearance was suggestive of Iona : the stately and venerable figure undoubtedly was, while the Scots bonnet might easily be mistaken for a biretta, the shepherd's crook for a pastoral staff, and the long dark cloak, half-concealing the kilt, for a monk's habit. Even his travels by land and by sea carried one back in thought to the Iona times and ways. In the Introduction to *Carmina Gadelica* we read : ' Three sacrifices have been made—the sacrifice of time, the sacrifice of toil, and the sacrifice of means. These I do not regret.' In the sacrifice of toil must be included astounding physical exertion. In the Outer Isles, Dr Carmichael's adventures by ford and by ferry were proverbial, and were regarded with awe by a people who had oftentimes to risk, and who sometimes lost, their lives doing such things.* A few years ago, the writer had occasion to cross from the Carnach of North Uist to the Island of Balishare, and before venturing on to the strand, he took the precaution to ask if it was fordable. ' It is and it is not,' was the answer ; ' it is but a Carmichael ford as yet ! ' The writer got across fairly wet about half an hour after ! One of Dr Carmichael's fording adventures deserves special mention. He was crossing, after nightfall, from South Uist to his home in Benbecula, by what is called the South Ford. The night was one of black mistiness, the ford what is known in Uist as ' the ford of the coming storm,' and as Mr Carmichael, as he then was, waded nearly breast-high through one salt stream after another, all he was conscious of was the roll and the singing of waters, and the rhythm of a poem he had taken down a few hours before.

Is sùilean thu dh'an dall,
  Is crann dh'an deòraidh thruagh.

Eyes art thou to the blind,
  A staff to the pilgrim lone.

* Dr Carmichael's successor was drowned in the North Ford.

This poem, rescued on shore and nearly lost at sea in one and the same evening, was none other than *Ora nam Buadh*, 'The Invocation of the Graces,' a composition said to be unique in the literature of Europe.

Travelling waves and fords was ease, however, compared with travelling the wilds in which the ancient lore had found its last refuge on the mainland. Dr Carmichael was often seen on the king's highway; he might have been seen oftener, had there been people to see, on the sheep-track and on the bridle-path, and on the path which sheep had never marked and which bridle had never trod. Ostensibly his reason was, to shorten the distance and to save time; in reality he preferred the roads that had been, partly because of their natural beauty, but mostly because of their tendency to lead to an old ruin, or to some remote family in which the ancient ways and things were still cherished. Sometimes, however, he had the best of all reasons for his choice of the difficult path—the simple reason that there was none other! Only two years ago, Dr Carmichael, then in his seventy-seventh year, went on a collecting pilgrimage throughout the northern counties, in the course of which he met with hardships which would have strained to the utmost the strength of a strong man in his prime. Once he had to spend the night, cold, wet, and tired, in the open air; more than once, after a long journey through peat-hags and corries, he had to pass the night as best he could on a hard chair by the fireside of some shepherd's hut. A painfully real one, this sacrifice of toil, physically as well as mentally; it meant oftener than one cares to think, hunger and cold, footsore days and sleepless nights. And yet one never felt this in listening to Dr Carmichael's own account of his travels; he cast over them a glamour which made one long to seize the crook and to take to the road that same evening. The very names he mentioned made one's blood tingle. 'I have come from Gress, round by Tolasta to the south and Tolasta to the north,

taking a look at the ruins of the church of St Aula at Gress, and at the ruins of the fort of Dùn Othail, and then across the moorland.' Or, ' Passing through the great Ford of Uist, I had another look, for love of the old days, at St Michael's Oratory in Grimsay, then went on to Carinish, and stood for a while in the Temple of the Trinity, and would have crossed over to the Temple of Christ in Balishare, had the tide permitted.' Or, ' There are still dear good people in Moidart, who have not forgotten the ways and the thoughts of the fathers. Sailing up Loch Shiel, I saluted St Finnan's Isle in the passing, and in due time got as far as Morar. I met an aged Knoydart woman there who has much lore. A beautiful woman.' And once more, ' These strands are dear to me, the Strand of St Barr in Barra, the Strand of St Michael in South Uist, the Strand of St Mary in North Uist, and the Strand of St Clement in Harris.' Our folk could always make poems out of names ; dreams, too, when in exile ; both in the one and in the other our interpreter followed the blood.

Of Sir Walter Scott Cardinal Newman said that he had set ' before them visions which, when once seen, were not easily forgotten.' Many of us can say the same of Dr Alexander Carmichael. He has filled our heart with dreams, and our ear with a strangely familiar music. We ask ourselves :—

> Who is she, the melodious lady-lord,
> At the base of the knoll,
> At the mouth of the wave ?

And the folk-heart in us says :—

> From Erin she travelled,
> For Lochlann is bound,
> May the Trinity travel with her
> Whithersoever she goes—
> Whithersoever she goes.

Again and again, too, we get vivid glimpses of people whose

faces we recognise, even though it be what is called in Gaelic *aithne gun chuimhne*, recognition without remembrance. These, for instance :—'But Mary Macrae heeded not, and went on in her own way, singing her songs and ballads, intoning her hymns and incantations, and chanting her own "port-a-bial," mouth-music, and dancing to her own shadow, when nothing better was available.'—'Being then but a child he could not follow the meaning of this lore, but he thought many times since that much of it must have been about the wild beliefs and practices of his people of the long, long ago, and perhaps not so long ago either. Many of the poems and stories were long and weird, and he could only remember fragments, which came up to him as he lay awake, thinking of the present and the past, and of the contrast between the two, even in his own time.'—'Birds and beasts, reptiles and insects, whales and fishes, talked and acted through her in the most amusing manner, and in the most idiomatic Gaelic. Her stories had a charm for children, and it was delightful to see a small cluster of little ones pressing round the narrator, all eyes, all ears, all mouth, and all attention, listening to what the bear said to the bee, the fox to the lamb, the harrier to the hen, the serpent to the pipit, the whale to the herring, and the brown otter of the stream to the silvery grilse of the current. Those fair young heads, now, alas ! widely apart, probably remember some of the stories heard at Janet Campbell's knee better than those they afterwards heard in more formal schools.' Such pictures reveal to us, as in a flash, the men and women of old Gaeldom, with their humour and their pathos, their wistfulness and their tenderness. And hardly less human or interesting are the beasts and the birds of *Carmina Gadelica*—the swan, the teal, the grey crow, the fox, even the humble beetle. They are all of our race, and can talk and laugh, jest and moralise, with the best of us. For genuine Gaelic humour it would be difficult to get anything better than, for instance, the story of the oyster-

catcher and the grey crow in the introduction to 'The Genealogy of Bride.' How real, too, Dr Carmichael makes the old Gaelic festivals to us—St Michael's, St Bride's, St Columba's; here with a wealth of detail, there with a few deft touches. Fortunately for one's consistency, one does not need to choose between the secular and the sacred in *Carmina Gadelica*, for they are so intertwined as to be not really two but one. And what a world that is into which the master guide leads us! so intensely human, yet so frankly superhuman; so one-racial, yet so all-racial; so wildly primitive, yet so beautifully cultured and gentle; its head always on earth, its heart always in heaven. Who can set a limit to the influence of such a work? We know that by his writings Alexander Carmichael contributed largely to the passing of the Crofters Act, the *magna charta*, economically, of the modern Gael; reading those same writings, and others by that same man, our children will, perhaps, dream dreams and see visions in the croftland, and dreaming and seeing add another verse to the unfinished song.

We all in our measure appreciate the runes and the poems of *Carmina Gadelica*, but we can never love them or appreciate them as Dr Carmichael himself did. They were part of his being—the very heart and soul of him. Some of us have spent memorable evenings in his study, and have seen the glow on his face, and have heard the break in his voice, as he intoned poem after poem, or the same poem time after time, utterly regardless of the world which eats and drinks and counts time. And if the fire went out, as it always did, or if the daylight faded, as it could not help doing, the doctor would throw a bundle of sticks into the grate, set them ablaze, and then, drawing on his marvellous memory, go on rolling out, in the fine baritone voice so much admired by musicians, haunting lines and verses from the poems, until, from sheer emotion, he had to stop, after which one heard soft quavers: 'The dear people! the dear people!'

It was at such times one understood whence *Carmina Gadelica*, whence its dialect, whence its sumptuousness. He had thought of writing the poems in the recognised literary form ; he so wrote out several, but to his sensitive ear the music had quite gone out of them. The explanation is a simple one. Many of the hymns were sung to a strangely beautiful kind of music which is now becoming known through the labours of Mrs Kennedy Fraser, some were intoned, and some recited in a curiously rhythmic monotone, and as genuine singing must always be a compromise between the music and the language, the folk often changed (not always unconsciously) the form and the sound of words, for the sake of beauty of utterance in singing or intoning. Thus many of the unusual forms in *Carmina Gadelica* are simply words worn and polished by the sea of music, and were reproduced by Dr Carmichael, partly out of loyalty to the men and women who had so chanted and crooned them, but chiefly owing to the loss of musical sound when standard spelling and pronunciation were attempted. To the intensity of his admiration for the folk must also be credited the sumptuousness of *Carmina Gadelica*—the quality of the paper, the beauty of the lettering, the stateliness of the whole. The richness of the volumes was really his estimate of the folk whose ways and thoughts the volumes enshrined. A gem of the first water, come down as an heirloom from the fathers—such was his conviction ; it must have a setting worthy of its value and of its associations—such was his determination. These considerations induced him to abandon his original intention of issuing the work at the price of a very few shillings. It was a characteristically beautiful thing to do, and we may well be grateful that he did it ; none the less grateful though we express the hope that sooner rather than later, the treasures of the book may be brought within easy reach of all who love the beautiful and the good. Such was Dr Carmichael's own wish and intention.

One would fain go on writing about the life and the work of the most fascinating character some of us have ever known —so stately in person and in manner, so tender in heart, so constant in purpose, so passionately devoted to a cause. For us he has done a great work, although his own verdict was, ' Say, rather, that the people have done a great work for Alexander Carmichael.' Let the two, however, live side by side—one in blood and in fame. He was happy in his life—surrounded by ones who helped to make even labour and sacrifice sweet for him throughout the years ; he was peaceful in his end—his last act, too sacred to mention, beautiful for tenderness and thoughtfulness. As we laid him in rest, we sang a psalm of thanksgiving,* not of affliction. And one who loved him said, ' Never in my life have I felt so proud ; he lived such a magnificently honourable life (the grave in Lismore is but an incident in it), something due to his ancestors and to his own island.' And yet, as we think of Gaeldom, another thought creeps in and makes us forget all else—the thought of the disciple who loved St Columba : ' Cold and empty the church to-day—*he* is not at the altar.'

* Ps. ciii., first four verses (in Gaelic) to the tune ' Coleshill.'

MARY FRANCES MACBEAN

My grandmother's forebears for many centuries had belonged to the Black Isle in Ross. Her father was Kenneth MacBean (or MacBain), civil engineer, of Kessock Ferry, and her mother Elizabeth Fraser, daughter of John Fraser of the Ness, Chanonry. John Fraser, her maternal grandfather, had been an employee of Broadwood the piano-maker in London, and, retiring to his native croft, his own ancestral property, became the Inspector of Poor in Fortrose. Her father was alive at the time of her marriage, but her mother died while she was still a child, and she had neither sister nor brother. The year of her birth was 1841.

On her mother's death she found a new home. Her people, like many others in the district, were of the Scottish Episcopal Church, and her mother's sister, Anne Fraser, was the wife of the Rev. Arthur Ranken, priest of Old Deer and later Dean of the united Dioceses of Aberdeen and Orkney.* She became for the time an adopted child of Dean Ranken's house, and went with his daughters to the College for Girls established at Crieff by Canon Alexander Lendrum, the Episcopal clergyman there—a school co-eval with Trinity College, Glen Almond, and similar to it in purpose, but not now in existence. From the Parsonage of Old Deer, and probably not long after leaving school, she went to be housekeeper and secretary to the revered Bishop Alexander Penrose Forbes † at his house of Castlehill, Dundee, and at Burntisland

* A biographical notice is prefixed to Dean Ranken's *Our Scottish Episcopacy*, published by the Scottish Chronicle Press, Edinburgh.

† His life has been written by the Very Rev. Dean Perry : *The Scottish Pusey : Alexander Penrose Forbes, Bishop of Brechin.*

in Fife. Of Dean Ranken and Bishop Forbes, the guardians of her early life, she often spoke with affection and regard, and it was clear that they had exercised a profound influence upon her.

She was living at Burntisland with Bishop Forbes at the time of her marriage to Alexander Carmichael, but it was in the Isles that they first met—according to old people in Barra and Uist, when visiting the lighthouse of Barra Head, or Bernera of Barra, the southernmost link of the Long Island chain. They were married on 13th January 1868, in a private house in Edinburgh, by the Rev. Dr Thomas M'Lauchlan, minister of St Columba's Gaelic church. Alexander Carmichael was thirty-six, his wife twenty-seven. He was at that time stationed at Lochmaddy, North Uist, and their first home was the Manse of Trumisgarry ; they removed thence in May 1871 to Creagorry in Benbecula, thence for six years to Scolpaig in North Uist, and in 1882 permanently to Edinburgh. Thus their home was in the Isles for only fourteen of the forty-four years of their married life. During that time, however, they enjoyed some freedom of movement, and my grandmother came to know not only Barra and the Uists, but also some at least of the islands of Argyll ; for my mother was born, not in Uist, but in her father's island of Lismore, at the farm of Cill Anndraist, of which her grandfather's family were still tenants. Moreover, after their removal to Edinburgh, my grandmother sometimes accompanied her husband on his frequent and often prolonged visits to the Isles.

To describe her physical appearance apart from her personality would obscure what no one who knew her could fail to notice—how the body matched the spirit. It seemed that the spirit had moulded mortal clay to its own use. She was slight, of rather less than middle height, alert and upright of carriage, quick and eager in her walk, deft in every movement. She was not restless, her activity was purposeful ; but even when at leisure she seemed ready to begin work at a

moment's notice, like a small ship with clean and graceful lines and the decks cleared for action. This physical alertness was but the complement of her alertness and activity of mind. And so with the features—the finely shaped head well poised, the open blue eyes with a very direct and calm gaze, the gentle but resolute mouth and chin, all perfectly expressed her character. She was completely mistress of herself, and one knew instinctively that in all the stress of life the spirit had yielded never an inch to the body. To everyone around her she was the kindest and most helpful of women, but for herself she seemed to have no sympathy ; in bereavement she felt for the grief of others, in painful and harassing illness she was troubled only lest she might be a burden.

Her remarkable abilities in many fields, both artistic and practical, were never allowed to lie idle. She had a number of favourite hobbies, but could turn her hand with skill to almost any undertaking, and she took a ready and keen interest in whatever study or employment presented itself in the various scenes and circumstances of her life. To be idle she could not easily endure ; idleness or dullness in others she did not fail to notice, but though she disliked to see them, she would waste no time in reproof, but would promptly go and do the work herself. To children she was a delightful companion ; she could teach them the innumerable things that children want to learn, from botany to woodwork, and she was never a stern judge.

Of her inner life she never spoke, still less did she ever preach. To make any verbal profession for herself was as remote from her nature as to require it from others. None the less, her whole life realised the teaching implicit in the words of Christ, ' Even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.' To being ministered unto she would not submit—it came nearer than anything else to making her impatient ; to persuade her to spare herself, or to take any step for her own comfort, was hardly possible.

To minister was her instinct and purpose, and there was neither fuss nor sentimentality, but every service was done in the quietest, most practical, most efficient possible way. All her goodness was of the serenely cheerful and sunny kind, and no one shared in laughter and fun more readily.

During the sixteen years of her widowhood she made her home with her daughter and son-in-law, among whose family she held a very special place. But no doubt the virtue of her gifts and character was still better to be seen in her own household. There she had ample scope. So far from curbing any unworldly and beautiful project that her husband cherished, she was at one with it, she forwarded it, and above all it was she who made it practicable. She never tired of the all-absorbing interest of his life—the Gaelic people and all their works and ways. Her native district breathes a very different air from that of the Isles, nor did she ever speak the Gaelic language, though it was the native language of her four children as well as of her husband ; but this did not prevent her from sharing his enthusiasm. Where she could, she worked wholeheartedly along with him, for the welfare of the people or of an individual, as well as in his archæological and other practical studies ; where the language itself was concerned, she ensured that he was free, mind, body and purse, for the task of collecting literature and lore.

'Dr Carmichael,' writes Kenneth MacLeod, 'owed the fullness of his achievement to two women, the one his wife, the other his daughter. It was his daughter who really gave *Carmina Gadelica* to the world ; and it was his wife who, first, by her good management made it possible for him to bear the financial strain of his adventure, and to wander about through Isles and mainland as the spirit moved him, and who, again, when the collected material was being arranged for publication, by her cultured ear and artistic hand added greatly to the beauty of the work.' This is indeed true ; and the debt to his wife, the all-embracing debt which extended

far beyond the book and lay between themselves alone, he expressed without exaggeration, and with characteristic beauty, in his inscription upon her copy of *Carmina Gadelica* : ' To thee, Mary, the gifted woman, the devoted mother, the perfect wife, I, thy grateful husband, owe more than words can tell.'

Mary Frances Carmichael died in December 1928, and was buried beside her husband in the churchyard of Cill Mo-Luag in Lismore.

J. C. W.

CARMINA GADELICA

ORTHA NAN GAIDHEAL

BEÒ-CHREUTAIREAN: LIVE CREATURES

BIRDS, beasts, fishes and insects figure largely in the old lore of the people. All the live creatures with which they came in contact, large and small, wild and domestic, they were accustomed to regard with an observant and intelligent eye, and seldom without kindness and affection. The following are examples of the traditional lore of this kind—fables, beliefs, children's rimes and other verses, still more or less well known among the people.

AN CAT: THE CAT

FALBHAN na h-oidhche,
Falbhan na h-oidhche,
Falbhan na h-oidhche,
Os an Cat glas ;
Falbhan na h-oidhche,
Gun riolla gun roille,
Gun solas gun soillse,
Os an Cat glas !

Creeping by night,
Creeping by night,
Creeping by night,
Quoth the grey Cat ;
Creeping by night,
With neither star nor gleam,
Nor brightness nor light,
Quoth the grey Cat !

AN CÙ: THE DOG

Dì dò,
Os an Cù bàn,
Dì dò,
Os an Cù bàn,
Dì dò,
Os an Cù bàn,
Dì dò,
Is minig a bhò
Bho oidhche gu lò
Sinne air ar dòigh,
Os an Cù bàn !

Dee do,
Said the white Dog,
Dee do,
Said the white Dog,
Dee do,
Said the white Dog,
Dee do
Often were we
From night-time till day
Happy and snug,
Said the white Dog !

A' BHUIDHEAG: THE GOLDFINCH

'BHUIDHEAG bhuidhe bhòidheach,
Bheir mise latha Domhnach
Sguabadh do sheòmair,'
Ors a' Chearc bhuidhe ghòrach.

Beauteous yellow Goldfinch,
I will spend a Sunday
Sweeping out thy chamber,'
Said the foolish yellow Hen.

AN DOBHARCHU: THE WATER-DOG

THE reciter was a man of much natural intelligence. The first part of what he said he gave from hearsay, but the account of the healing as fact; he had seen it done and done it himself, always successfully.

The ' dobharchu,' an animal of the otter kind, is rarely seen and still more rarely caught, and many allege that it is a mythical creature like the sea-serpent and the mermaid. It has a white spot about the size of a florin on its breast. The reciter's account clearly supposes a difference between the ' dobharchu,' water-dog, or ' dobhran donn,' brown water-dog, and the ' biast-dubh,' black beast, black otter; but these terms are sometimes synonymous.

The otter is plentiful in the Western Isles. It was for years preserved about the island of Rona, North Uist, and is consequently especially common there. The male otter is larger than the female, and much rarer.

Is e an Dobharchu ard-rìgh nam Biasta-Dubh. Chan 'eil an Dobharchu ach tearc a measg chreutairean mara agus tìre: chan 'eil ach aon Dobharchu mu choinneamh a h-uile seachd Biasta-Dubh.

Chuireadh bìdeag bheag do bhian an Dobharchoin sian air fear ann am blàr, agus cha sàraicheadh luaidh no stàilinn e ri mhaireann ge do bhitheadh an luaidh a' sgiodraich air mar fhras chlacha meallain san Fhaoilleach cheacharra gheamhraidh. Cha ghabh an Dobhran Donn marbhadh ach troimh an bhall gheal a tha fo sprogan.

Tha daonnan seachd Biasta-Dubh comh ris an Dobhran Donn a' frithealadh dha a là agus a dh'oidhche, agus och-òin a Rìgh nan ròs! is iad féin a tha freasdalach dha!

Ma chuireas neach a theanga air grùthan Biast-Dubh tha leigheas air a theanga air son losgaidh cho fad agus is maireann e tuillidh. Chan éirich bolg air an losgadh agus bidh e slàn ann an tiota.

The Water-Dog is the high-king of the Black Otters. He is but rare among creatures of sea and land; there is but one Water-Dog to every seven Black Otters.

A small bit of the hide of the Water-Dog is a charm upon a man in battle, and neither lead nor steel would overcome him all his life though the lead were showering on him like a fall of hailstones in the wild Wolf-month of winter. The Brown Water-Dog cannot be killed except through the white spot below his chin.

There are always seven Black Otters along with the Brown Water-Dog serving him day and night, and Oh! Thou King of knowledge! it is themselves who are attentive to him!

If a man were to put his tongue on the liver of a Black Otter his tongue has power to heal burning for all his life thereafter. The burn will not blister and will be whole in a moment.

DAOL AGUS CEARRDUBHAN: GRAVEDIGGER BEETLE AND SACRED BEETLE

The following legend concerning the ' Daol,' Gravedigger Beetle, and the ' Cearrdubhan,' Sacred Beetle, is similar to that already given (Duan nan Daol, ii. 188 ; Cearrdubhan, ii. 248 ; Daol, ii. 267).

During the flight to Egypt, when Herod's men were in pursuit of the Holy Family, they asked those whom they passed whether they had seen Jesus. A farmer admitted that he had seen a family pass that way. ' When ? ' asked the pursuers. ' When this corn was being sown.' Now the corn had been sown the day before, but a miracle had been performed : the pursuers looked around, and behold the corn was ripe and yellow and ready for the sickle. As the soldiers were turning to go away the ' Daol,' Gravedigger Beetle, came across the road and said—

' An dé, an dé
Chaidh Mac Dé seachad.'

' Yesterday, yesterday
Went the Son of God by.'

The ' Cearrdubhan,' Sacred Beetle, however, with less regard for truth but more regard for charity, said—

' Briag, briag, a bhradag !
Seachd bliadhna gun agadh,
Bheirinn-se mo bhriathar,
Bho'n a chaidh Mac Dhia seachad.'

' Lie, lie, thou little thief !
Seven years without doubt,
I would give my word,
Since the Son of God went by.'

Or according to another version he said—

' Trì Di-Aoine an déidh a chéile
Bho'n a chaidh Mac Dé seachad.'

' Three Fridays after one another
Since the Son of God went by.'

The ' Daol ' is therefore trampled on when seen, but the ' Cearrdubhan ' is merely turned on his back and not further molested.

AN DEALAN-DÉ: THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY

It has been noted already (ii. 267 f.) that the 'Dealan-Dé,' Golden Butterfly, is said to be the angel of God come to bear the souls of the dead to heaven. The following is a rime which children repeat on seeing the Golden Butterfly.

Dhealain-Dé ! Dhealain-Dé !
Co an deò thug thu fhé,
Dhealain-Dé ! Dhealain-Dé !
Thug thu 'n dé do fhlathas ?

Butterfly ! Butterfly !
Whose the soul thou didst bear,
Butterfly ! Butterfly !
Yesterday to heaven ?

Ma chìthear an Dealan Buidhe ann an taigh am bheil corp, agus gun téid e tarsainn air a' chorp anns a' chiste chadail no air an eisin, tha anam a' chuirp sin slàn ann am flathas. Ni bheil diù do chàcha, do ghin ach dh'an Dealan Bhuidhe.

Thubhairt Iain Mac Ruairidh, Tolorum, Beinne Bhadhla : Tha e air aithris nach robh Dealan-Dé riamh air domhan gun an tàinig Crìosda bho'n bhàs agus gun d'éirich e an aird as an uaigh. Thàthar a' seanchas gur h-ann as an Uaigh Naoimh a thàinig a' chiad Dealan-Dé ceart, agus gun do lìonsgaraich an Dealan-Dé sin feadh an domhain. Chan fhacas riamh an Dealan-Dé ceart a measg dhaoine dona, measg droch cuideachd, measg droch cainnt, measg droch obair, measg nì gràineil, nì tàireil, nì duairce.

Tha iomadh seòrsa Dealan-Dé ann, ach an seòrs air am bheilear a' seanchas chan 'eil iad cho pailt. Tha an Dealan-Dé ceart faisg air leth oirleach air fad, agus tha e nas taogaiche mu'n chom na seòrs air bith eile. Tha iad comhdaichte le clòimhteach no itean ro ghrinn agus ro bheag mu earball seach seòrs eile fo'n ghréin. Tha mullach a' chinn aca colach ri crùn rìgh le frillsneach mun cuart da. Tha an dath a tha air leitheach mu leitheach eadar òr fìor-ghlan agus sneachda geal an aonaich. Chìthear e an comhnaidh as t-samhradh gu sèimh sàmhach, gun bhroth gun bhruaillean, os cionn corp naoidhean agus cuirp dhaoine math eile. Tha e 'na dheagh chomharra an Dealan-Dé fhaicinn air corp no faisg air corp. Tha e air aithris gu bheil gach clais agus strìoch 'na sgiathan agus 'na cheann agus 'na chom ceart dìreach ann an dòigh agus a bha an corp agus com naomh an tSlànaigheir 'na laighe anns an lìonradh.

If the Yellow Butterfly be seen in a house where lies a corpse, and if it goes across the corpse in the chest of sleep (coffin) or upon the bier, the

soul of that corpse is safe in heaven. This is not true of all, but only of the Yellow Butterfly.

John MacRury, Tolorum, Benbecula, said : Tradition says that there was never a Yellow Butterfly on earth until Christ came forth from death and rose up from the tomb. The true Yellow Butterfly, they say, came out of the Holy Tomb, and that Yellow Butterfly spread throughout the world. The true Yellow Butterfly was never seen among wicked men, among evil company, evil speech, evil deeds, things hateful, things shameful, things vicious.

There are many kinds of Butterfly, but the kind we speak of is not so plentiful. The true Yellow Butterfly is near half an inch in length, and stouter about the body than any other kind, covered with very pretty down or plumage, very small about the tail—more so than any other kind under the sun. The top of his head is like a king's crown with a fringe around it. His hue is half-way between fine gold and the white snow of the hill. He is always seen in summer, quiet and peaceful, without heat or flurry, above the corpses of infants or of other good people. It is a good sign to see the Yellow Butterfly upon a corpse or near a corpse. They say that every furrow and streak in his wings and in his head and in his body is exactly in the manner of those that were in the sacred corpse and body of the Saviour lying in the linen shroud.

AN DEARGAN-ALLT AGUS AM MADADH RUADH: THE KESTREL HAWK AND THE RED FOX

Na dèan dearmail mhór mu rud beag. An rud air na rinn thu do ghreim, dèan greim gu math air.

Rug an Sionnach air an Deargan-Allt, agus thubhairt an Deargan-Allt, ' Leig as mi ! Leig as mi, agus beirim ubh duit co mór ri do spog ! ' Dé cha do leig. ' Leig as mi, agus beirim ubh duit co mór ri do dhorn ! ' Dé cha do leig. ' Leig as mi, agus beirim ubh duit co mór ri do cheann ! ' Dé cha do leig eang.

Be not very anxious about a trifle. That thou hast grasped, grasp it well.

The Fox laid hold of the Kestrel, and the Kestrel said, ' Let me go ! Let me go, and I'll lay thee an egg as big as thy paw ! ' But he did not let him go. ' Let me go, and I'll lay thee an egg as big as thy fist ! ' But he did not let him go. ' Let me go, and I'll lay thee an egg as big as thy head ! ' But he did not let him go an inch.

CONAN CORR: THE WREN

Chaidh Conan Corr le dhà mhac dhiag dh'an bhlàr mhòna a bhuain meacain. Rug Conan air chluais air a' mheacan, agus bha e stailceadh a bhonn, agus bha e 'ga dhudanadh (dhudadh, dhodanadh, thutanach) a null agus 'ga dhudanadh a nall, 'ga chranna-chealagail agus 'ga bhuain-mhòna. Bu gheal a shnuadh agus bu dearg a ghruaidh, ach cha tug e am meacan riamh bho altanna loma an làir,—meacan meallach nam buadh agus nam beannachd.

'Nall a seo aon òlach!' arsa Conan Corr. Rug Conan agus a mhac a rìst air chluais air a' mheacan. Bha iad 'ga dhudanadh a null agus 'ga dhudanadh a nall, agus 'ga chranna-chealagail, agus 'ga bhuain-mhòna.

Rinneadh seo fear an deoghaidh fir, gun do rinn an dà mhac dhiag greim cluais air a' mheacan. Thug iad uile tarrainn a h-aon, agus tarrainn a dhà, agus tarrainn a trì air cluas a' mheacain, agus thuit Conan agus a dhà mhac dhiag air an droma dìreach anns a' pholl mhòna; ach cha tug iad riamh am meacan mionn as a' bhonn bhunait.

Conan Corr (the Wren) went with his twelve sons to the peat moss to pull a carrot. Conan grasped the carrot by the ear, and he was stamping his soles, and he was swaying it thither and swaying it hither, plough-casting it and peat-cutting it. White was his hue and red his cheek, but never did he take away the carrot from the smooth clasps of the ground,—the fat rich carrot of the virtues and of the blessings.

'Come hither one warrior!' quoth Conan Corr. Conan and his son again grasped the carrot by the ear. They were swaying it thither and swaying it hither, and plough-casting it, and peat-cutting it.

So they did one after another, until the twelve sons took an ear-grip on the carrot. They all hauled once, and hauled twice, and hauled thrice on the ear of the carrot, and Conan and his twelve sons fell flat on their backs in the peat hag; but never did they take the . . . carrot from out its firm foundation.

AN COILEACH: THE COCK

The domestic cock is sained throughout the Isles. It is perfectly trusted as an accurate time-keeper. Should a cock crow at an untimely hour it would cause uneasiness to the family. 'Ma ghlaodhas an coileach mór an am mì-iomachaidh tha mì-thuaiream mhì-fhortanach air choireigin ri tachart.'—'If the big cock crows at an unmeet time some unfortunate mishap is to befall.' The people differentiate, however, 'eadar guth a' choilich bhig agus guth a' choilich mhóir, eadar glaodh a' choilich òig agus glaodh an t-seana-choilich,' between the voice of the big cock and

the voice of the little cock, between the crow of the young cock and the crow of the old cock. 'An coileachan,' the little cock, is unreliable until he is twelve months old, but the big cock is remarkably reliable.

The cock is called by various endearing names : 'am fear faire,' the watcher ; 'fear faire na h-oidhche,' the watcher of the night ; 'fear faire Chrìosda,' Christ's watcher ; 'fear faire nan tràth,' the watcher of the hours ; 'fear bheannachaidh na maidne,' he who blesses the morning ; 'fear dhùsgadh nan naomh,' the wakener of the saints ; 'fear dhùsgadh nan creidmheach (creideach),' the wakener of the believers ; 'fear choimheid na h-urnaigh,' the observer of prayer ; 'fear chuimhneachaidh Pheadair,' the remembrancer of Peter ; 'fear bhristidh nan geasa,' the breaker of the spells. Other phrases are : 'guth fear ghabhail an rathaid,' the voice of him who takes the road ; 'coileach Chonnachd,' the cock of Connacht ; 'coileach Rìgh Chonnachdaich,' the cock of the King of Connacht.

No one will willingly be out and no one will willingly travel between midnight and cockcrow, 'eadar mheadhon oidhche agus gairm choileach.' This time is known as 'an tràth marbh,' 'tràth marbh na h-oidhche,' the dead watch, the dead watch of the night. After the cock crows all is well, and the most timid will travel in the dark 'gun eagal gun athadh,' without fear or timidity. Highlanders dislike the voice of the redcock and still more that of the blackcock when travelling at night, but the voice of the domestic cock is hailed with joy as the voice of a friend, dispelling danger and darkness and all supernatural evil from the land.

To see a cluster of hens with no cock among them is a sure sign of evil impending in the family or the flock.

A cock cannot crow unless he is free to raise his head. If it be desired to prevent his crowing he is placed in a position where he must keep his head down. A cock so treated is called 'coileach cùbaidh,' a depressed cock ; 'coileach crùbaidh,' a crouched cock ; 'coileach Chaluim Chille,' the cock of Columba.

Columba was travelling in Ireland. A disciple asked him at what time he was leaving. 'Nim bheil mi falbh gu gairm choileach.'—'I am not leaving till cockcrow,' said Columba. His emissaries brought this information to the King of Connacht, who commanded all the cocks of the townland to be placed under upturned tubs. This was done, unknown to Columba ; death was the penalty for any who should inform him, for the King wished to annoy the Saint for denouncing his sins. The vigilant ear of Columba failed to hear the call of the morning cock, but his vigilant eye did not fail to see 'coilleagaich na maidne,' the glimmering of the morning, and he was up and away on his travels to tell the people of the life to come and of the hopes beyond the grave ; not, however, before the King's servile men had time to annoy and to try him sorely. Columba cursed the cocks of that townland and left it as a ban that no cock should ever crow in that place. Nor has a cock of that townland ever crowed

since then, and the curse is still upon them and shall remain till the day of doom. Even a cock from elsewhere becomes mute when brought to that townland.

The Roman Catholics of Barra attribute this deception to the Protestants of Tiree, the people of Tiree to the people of Connacht, and the Christians of Connacht to the Jews of Judæa. ' Ni robh daoine Chonnachd idir co ciontach ri daoine Iudaea, glòir do Dhia air nèamh agus do naoimh air thalamh.'—' The people of Connacht were not at all so guilty as those of Judæa, glory to God in heaven and to saints on earth,' said a bright beautiful woman of Connacht with an alluring smile, half doubtful of her own statement. Alas, none of us are at all as other people are !

A man died ' cùl na Beinnde Móire,' behind Ben More in South Uist. His son went to the townland to make arrangements for the funeral. The old man's body was laid out ' air an eisin, an uachdar an taighe,' on the bier, in the upper part of the house. A girl of seven years, who had never spoken before, cried out, ' A mhàthair, a mhàthair, tha mo sheanair ag éirigh ! '—' Mother, mother, my grandfather is getting up ! ' ' Ghabh am boireannach eagal (mar nach b'iongnadh) romh an nighinn a bha chon a seo 'na balbhan a bhruidhinn agus romh an chainnt a thubhairt i, agus fhreagair i, " Mas e seo is ciad chainnt dhusa tha an t-am againn gluasad ! " '—The woman was afraid (no wonder) at the girl speaking who had till then been dumb and at the thing she said, and she answered, ' If this be thy first utterance it is time we moved ! ' The woman and the rest of the family went into the ' cùltaigh,' backhouse, and made fast the door with the ' cnotag,' latch, and the ' pollag.' The corpse got down from the bier, tried the door of the ' cùltaigh,' and began to force it, calling out,

' Ugad mi ! ugad mi !
Agam co dhiùbh ! '

' I am coming at you ! I am coming at you !
I've got you anyhow ! '

As he could not force the door with the heavy stones behind it, he scraped and scratched away under the ' comhla,' and had a big hole made there when the ' coileach mór,' big cock, flapped his two wings and crowed. The corpse fell again dead on the floor, and was found there when the son came home.

A woman in Uist, a Roman Catholic, went to see a Protestant neighbour who was ailing. While they were together, the fowls on the rafters flew down to the floor and flew about as if pursued. There was no pursuit, however, and the woman, much amazed, looked at her sick friend for an explanation. The woman was dead.

A man in Uist was playing his pipes in the house during a great snow-storm. In the midst of the music the cock flew down from the spar and crowed loudly. The man kept on playing and the cock kept on crowing. The man's wife said, 'Stop, John, there is something wrong.' Presently the priest came to tell John that his brother Malcolm had just perished, on account of the storm, in the lake near by.

Chaidh Alasdair mór mac Iain làidir a mach a choimhleachadh na h-aibhne an déidh mheadhon oidhche. Chomhlaich e fear nach b'aithne dha. Bha an duine briagh ri fhaicinn agus labhair e gu math. 'Cuidichidh mi féin thu, Alasdair mhóir, agus roinnidh sinn an t-iasg,' ars an coigreach. 'Tha mi deònach,' ars Alasdair mór. Dh'oibrich iad comhla agus dh'oibrich iad gu math cuideachd. A suas mu mharbhthrath na h-oidhche thubhairt an coigreach, 'Is mithich roinn, Alasdair mhóir.' 'Cha mhithich fhathast,' ars Alasdair mór, 'tha tuilleadh éisg san amar.' Dh'oibrich iad agus dh'oibrich iad gu math, agus an ceann treis thubhairt an coigreach, 'Is mithich roinn, Alasdair mhóir.' 'U cha mhithich, cha mhithich, tha barrachd éisg san amar.' Dh'oibrich iad agus dh'oibrich iad gu math, agus an ceann ghoirid thubhairt an coigreach, 'Tha an t-am roinn, Alasdair mhóir.' 'Tha dìreach an t-am a nis,' fhreagair Alasdair, agus mun gann a bha am facal a bhial ghoir an coileach ruadh, agus air a' chiad ghog a thug an coileach leum an coigreach o thaobh Alasdair mhóir agus leum e air falbh 'na lasraichean dearga teine. Riamh o'n uair sin cha téid a mach a choimhleachadh na h-aibhne ach na mì-chreidmhich gun ghràs Dia gun eagal duine. Oir co bha seo ach am Fuath an dealbh duine. Riamh o 'n am sin cha téid neach a mach an am mì-iomachaidh dh'an bhliadhna no an am mì-iomachaidh dh'an oidhche a choimhleachadh na h-aibhne.

Big Alexander, son of strong John, went out after midnight to gud the river (to drive fish into a trap or fish-weir). He met a man whom he did not know. The man was fair to see and spoke well. 'I myself will help thee, big Alexander, and we will divide the fish,' said the stranger. 'I am willing,' said big Alexander. They worked together and they worked well too. About the dead watch of the night the stranger said, 'It is time to divide, big Alexander.' 'It is not time yet,' said he, 'there are more fish in the channel.' They worked and they worked well, and in a while the stranger said, 'It is time to divide, big Alexander.' 'Oh it is not, it is not, there are more fish in the channel.' They worked and they worked well, and in a little the stranger said, 'It is time to divide, big Alexander.' 'Yes, it is just time now,' he answered, and scarcely was the word out of his mouth when the red cock crew, and at the first crow that the cock gave the stranger leapt from big Alexander's side and rushed away in red blazes of fire. Ever since that time none go out to gud the river save unbelievers without grace of God or fear of man. For who

was this but the Fiend in human shape. Ever since that time no one goes out to gud the river at an unmeet time of the year (spawning time) or at an unmeet time of the night (the dead watch).

CALUM CILLE AGUS AN LIABAG: COLUMBA AND THE FLOUNDER

Bha Calum Cille latha san tràigh shìolag agus shaltair e air Liabaig bhig bhòidhich bhàin agus dhochair e a h-earball. Dh'éibh an Liabag bheag bhrònach aird a cinn—

'A Chaluim mhóir mhosaich,
Le d' chasan croma crosgach,
'S mór a rinn thu dha m' dhosgaidh
Dar a shaltair thu air m'earball.'

Ghabh Calum Cille fearg chionn na tilgeil air gun robh e croma-chasach agus thubhairt e—

'Ma tha mise croma-chasach,
Bitheadh tusa cearra-ghobach.'

Agus dh'fhàg e mar sin i.

Columba was one day in the strand of small-fry and he trampled on a beautiful little fair Flounder and hurt her tail. The poor little Flounder cried out as loud as she could—

'Thou Colum big and clumsy,
With thy crooked crosswise feet,
Much didst thou to me of injury
When thou didst trample on my tail.'

Columba was angry at being taunted with having crooked feet and he said—

'If I am crooked-footed,
Be thou wry-mouthed.'

And he left her that way.

BÀIRNEACH: LIMPET

When the Limpet opens her breast to drink the sun (as the people say), birds and beasts come to prey on her and sometimes get caught and are drowned. A Limpet closed upon an Oyster-Catcher and pressed her imprisoned bill against the rock. The bird called out to her mate :

'D é nì mi? 'd é nì mi? 'd é nì mi?
'Ille ghuib dheirg! 'ille ghuib dheirg!'

'Cum rithe! cum rithe! cum rithe!
Gon till tìde mara na leirg.'

'What shall I do? what shall I do? what shall I do?
Lad of the red bill! lad of the red bill!'

'Hold on! hold on! hold on!
Till turns the tide of the sea.'

This unwise advice led to the drowning of the Oyster-Catcher. A Rat caught in the same way escaped, though maimed, because he bravely faced the difficulty. Gaelic lore is full of incitements to pluck and endurance.

'Diort a nì mi? diort a nì mi?
Fhir a' chòta dhuibh! fhir a' chòta dhuibh!'

'Spìon as i! spìon as i!
Tur! tur! tur!'

'What shall I do? what shall I do?
Man of the black coat! man of the black coat!'

'Tear it off! tear it off!
Completely! completely! completely!'

The Rat placed his three crooked claws in position, using the Limpet as a fulcrum, and he took his life with himself though he left his foot with the Limpet.

'Is bàidheil bith ri beatha;
Thug mi liom mo bheatha,
Dh'fhàg mi mo spòg cheana
An greim geanail na bàirnich.'

'Dear is living to life;
I took with me my life,
Howbeit I left my paw
In the hard grip of the Limpet.'

It will be observed that this was the black rat, indigenous to Britain, now nearly extinct. Only in Benbecula has the writer seen the black rat, and perhaps because of its rarity, perhaps because of its beauty, it never aroused in him the aversion which he has always felt towards the intrusive grey Hanoverian rat.

RÒIN

Is e daoine fo gheasaibh a tha sna ròin. Tha iad co colach ri daoine anns an aodann agus a tha dà sgadan r'a chéile. Tha an t-sùil agus sealladh na sùl colach ri sùil agus ri sealladh duine. Nar bheil teagamh nach e daoine fo gheasaibh a tha sna ròin.

Tha dà threubh ròn ann, treubh ròn beag agus treubh ròn mór, treubh nan sìochaire agus treubh nam fuamhaire. Nar bheil comann aig an dà threubh r'a chéile, nara bheil nas mutha na tha aig duine geal ri duine dubh. Agus a bharrachd air a sin, chan e an aon dùthaich is dachaidh daibh. Tha na ròin bheag a' cumail ris na cumhaing agus ris na caolais agus ris na lochan mara ta dol a steach dh'an tìr. Uaidh seo theirear ròn caolais na ròn locha ris an ròn bheag, co math ri ròn sìochaire.

Cha tig an ròn mór dha na lochan mara na dha na caolais bheaga chumhang na dha na h-eileanan a staigh ; cha tig idir. Tha e cumail ris 'na haaf agus ris na h-eileanan a muigh agus ri sgeirean agus ri òbanan a' chuain mhóir.

Tha diubhair mhór ann an gnè agus ann an gnàth agus ann am meud an dà sheòrsa. Tha an ròn beag a' breith a chuilein ma mheadhon an t-samhraidh ; tha an cuilean glas 'ga bhreith agus tha calg goirid cruaidh air mar tha air a mhàthair. Tha an ròn mór a' breith a chuilein ma leth a' gheamhraidh ; tha an cuilean geal anns an dath mar chaora gun rùsgadh agus le fionnadh fada mìn air. Tha an dath agus am fionnadh sin a' fuireach ma dhà mhìos. Tha an cuilean a' tilgeil an fhionnaidh sin agus tha calg dubhghorm agus dubhghlas agus dubh-liath a' tighinn 'na àite. Is e moineis na bainis a theirear ri ròn boireann agus briomal ri ròn fireann.

Bhitheadh muinntir Uibhist a' marbhadh agus ag itheadh nan ròn. Bha feòil nan ròn air a chunntadh fallan. Theirte ' na briomail ' na ' na briomalaich ' ri muinntir taobh siar Uibhist. Theirte ' na bàghaich ' ri muinntir taobh sear Uibhist a thaobh agus gun robh iad a' fuireach anns na bàigh.

Another informant, Angus Morrison, Suainebost, who was blind, told me (16th November 1887) that the ' ròn mór,' great seal, has its cub about 10th November, and the cub is cream-coloured. The male great seal is called ' cullach,' the female ' biast ' or ' piast.' When the female is bringing forth, the male attends her most assiduously ; she strikes him on the head and tries to drive him away, but without effect—he is exultant. The seals used to cub in Sùlasgeir, not in Rona, as this was inhabited.

SEALS

The seals are people under spells. In the face they resemble people as closely as one herring resembles another. The eye and the gaze of the eye are like the eye and the gaze of a person. There is no doubt that the seals are people under spells.

There are two tribes of seals, a tribe of small seals and a tribe of great seals, the tribe of elves and the tribe of giants. The two tribes do not consort with one another, any more than a white man does with a black. And more than that, the same region is not the home of both. The small seals keep to the narrows and to the straits and to the sea lochs that indent the land. Hence the small seal is called the strait seal or the loch seal, as well as the elf seal.

The great seal does not come to the sea lochs nor to the little narrow straits nor to the inner islands; not at all. It keeps to the open sea and to the outer islands and to the skerries and bays of the great ocean.

There is a great difference between the two kinds in nature, habit and size. The small seal bears its cub about mid-summer; the cub is grey at its birth and has short hard bristles like its mother. The great seal bears its cub about mid-winter; the cub is white in colour like a sheep unshorn and has long smooth hair. This colour and hair remain about two months. Then the cub casts this hair and dark-blue and blackish-grey bristles come in its place. 'Moineis' or 'bainis' is the term applied to a female seal and 'briomal' to a male seal.

The Uist people used to kill and eat seals. Seal-meat was accounted wholesome. The people of the west of Uist were called 'na briomail' or 'na briomalaich,' 'the seals' or 'the seal-people.' Those of the east of Uist were called 'na bàghaich,' 'the bay-people,' because they dwelt among the bays.

Hoilisgeir is a rock, or rather reef, a mile and a half from land on the coast of South Uist. Within recent memory it summered three sheep, but now the winter waves sweep over the islet and it summers none. It has always been a resort of the great seals, which crowd on it like a flock of sheep. In pairing-time the males fight for the females as do the male deer. These fierce fights are seen and heard from land, the seals' fierce roars resounding like those of wild bulls or lions at bay. In calm weather the seals of Hoilisgeir roar loudly, and when the people hear them they know that a storm is coming and prepare accordingly.

NIGHEAN RÌGH TÌR NAN TONN

Bha fear ann roimh seo ann an Aird an Runnair an Uibhist a Tuath ris an cainte Ruairidh Ruadh nan Ròn. Bha e oidhche a muigh a' creagadh, agus chual e ceòl binn bòidheach nach cual a chluas riamh a leithid. Lean an duine an ceòl, agus dh'éisd e ris gu bog balbh, agus bha leis nach cual e riamh leithid a' chiùil anns a' cholann daonna. Chunn e an luchd ciùil gu soilleir, comhlan grinn gasda dannsadh agus fear dhiubh a' cluich ciùil. Bha iad air an sgeadach gu h-innealta ann an sìoda na Gailbhinn agus ann an stròl na Frainge.

Chunn e sin thall ann an geòdha creige torr do rudan dubha agus dubhghlas, breac agus breacghlas, mar gum bitheadh seicheannan cruidh. 'D é bha seo ach biain nan ròn a chuir iad dhiubh aig an dannsadh.

Sheas an duine coimhead air a' chluich a bh'ann agus gun fios aige fo'n Mhoire mhìn Mhàthair ciod e no cà 'n rachadh e.

Stad an ceòl. Leum Ruairidh a null agus chuir e bian fo chleòca mór agus sheas e feuch 'd é rithist. Rug gach ròn riamh air cochall, agus chuir iad umpa iad, agus leum iad a sìos dh'an mhuir muin air mhuin mar gum faicte clann sgoil a' sgaoileadh a mach as an taigh sgoil, gun for aca do chàch a chéile. Sheas aon nighean—an nighean donn a b'àillidh air an do sheall sùil riamh san domhan mhór. Bha pearsa na rìoghainn deas dìreach dealbhach mar luachairean mòintich, a cneas co geal ri sneachd na h-aon oidhche air bharr nam beann, a falt donn dualach air dhreach buadhach na gréine, agus a dà shùil blàth mar dhà dhriùchd meala air bharra nan dos. Bha an duine saoilsinn aige féin nach fac e riamh anns a' cholann daonna na ann an smaoin na h-oidhche boinne fala co àlainn ris an rìoghainn donn.

Bha i fàsgadh nan dorn agus a' sileadh nan diar, a' siubhal a sìos agus a suas, a null agus a nall, feuch am faiceadh i a trusgan, agus an trusgan air chall. Dé chan fhaca sealladh, agus an trusgan fo chòta mór an duine.

Chuir mais a' bhoireannaich lasadh 'na chridhe agus truas 'na bhrollach, agus chaidh e null, agus a bhoineid 'na dhorn, agus dh'fheòraich e dhith 'd é bha 'ga dìth. Las ise mar an gath gréine ag éirigh an camhanaich an t-samhraidh, gach boinne fala 'na corp 'na gnùis ghlain. ' Chaill mi mo thrusgan àillidh gun sgàil fios am càit am bheil e.' ' Thig liom féin, a ghràdhag, agus bheir mi duit trusgan 'na àit.'

Chaidh rìoghainn donn na h-àilleachd dachaidh ceum air cheum le Ruairidh Ruadh. Chaidh e dh'an bhùthaidh agus cheannaich e deise dhi, agus chuir an nighean an deise uimpe. ' Is mise,' ars ise, ' nighean Righ Tìr nan Tonn fo gheasaibh. Chaochail mo mhàthair agus thug m'athair dhachaidh té eile 'na h-àite. Thubhairt mo mhuime gun robh mi anns an rathad oirre, agus dh'iarr i air a' chlach * ùlair mo thoir dh'an

* *Sic, for* an eachlach.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE KING OF THE LAND OF WAVES

THERE was formerly a man in Aird an Runnair in North Uist who was called Red Roderick of the Seals. He was out one night fishing from the rock, and he heard such sweet delightful music as his ear had never heard. The man followed the music and softly and dumbly listened to it, and he was sure that never in the mortal body had he heard the like. He saw the musicians clearly, a fine stately company dancing while one of them played music. They were fairly decked in the silk of Galway and the satin of France.

Over in a rocky cleft he saw a heap of things black and black-grey, speckled and speckled-grey, as they might be the hides of cattle. What was here but the skins of the seals which they had doffed at the dance.

The man stood gazing at this play, not knowing under the gentle Mary Mother what it was or whither he would go.

The music ceased. Roderick went across in haste and put a skin under his great cloak and stood to see what would happen next. Each and every seal took a covering and did it on, and they rushed down to the sea one after another as children might be seen dispersing from the school-house, without heed one to another. One maiden stood—the loveliest brown-haired maid on whom eye of man ever gazed in the great world. The maiden's person was comely, straight and shapely as a moorland rush, her skin as white as the snow of one night on the crests of the peaks, her brown entwining hair of the glorious aspect of the sun, and her two eyes warm like two honied dew-drops on the tips of the bushes. The man was thinking to himself that never in the mortal body nor in the thought of night had he seen a blood-drop so fair as the brown-haired maid.

She was wringing her hands and shedding tears, ranging up and down, hither and thither, searching for her garment, for the garment was lost. She saw not a glimpse of it, for it was under the man's great coat.

The woman's beauty fired his heart and softened his breast, and he went over, his bonnet in his hand, and inquired of her what she lacked. She flamed like the sun-beam arising in the summer's dawn, every drop of blood in her body in her bright face. 'I have lost my beautiful garment and have not a shadow of knowledge where it may be.' 'Come with myself, dear maiden, and I will give thee a garment in its place.'

The brown-haired maid of beauty went home step for step with Red Roderick. He went to the shop and bought a suit for her and the maiden put it on. 'I am,' said she, 'the daughter of the King of the Land of Waves under spells. My mother died and my father brought home another in her place. My step-mother said that I was in her way and asked the floor-messenger to carry me to the strand and there leave me. The woman did as she was bid and struck my forehead with the magic wand

tràigh agus m'fhàgail ann an sin. Rinn am boireannach mar a dh'iarradh oirre, agus bhuail i an slacan draoidheachd an cùl bathais m'aodainn, agus thuit mise seachad ann an nial. Is e bu sgial dùsgadh domh torr do ròin a bhith mun cuart domh 'gam sgeadachadh le gach rìomhadh a b'fhearr ann an dùthaich nan tonn. Bhithinn mar sin gu sìor mur bhi gun do bheannaich thusa dhomh an ainm Rìgh nan dùl.'

Fhuaradh pears eaglais agus bhaisteadh agus phòsadh an rìoghainn gun an corr dàlach.

Rug i triùir mhac dreachar dealbhach do'n duine, ach bha nàdar nan ròn annta. An ceann àireamh bhliadhna thubhairt i, ' Tha mise falbh, a Ruairidh. Thoir dhomh mo thrusgan, agus gun mi dh'fhàgail slàn le luchd mo ghaoil 's mo ghràidh aig an dannsadh. Cha toir iad air falbh mi, agus am burn beannaichte air mo ghnùis agus air mo bhathais. Toir thusa taic da mo thriùir mhac agus àraich iad ann an gràdh agus caoimh. Taing duit air son do choibhneis, ach feuch na marbh thu ròn ri do bheò mhaireann an teagamh gu marbhadh tu mo mhàthair no mo bhràthair no mo phiuthar air an sgeir. Fàg mo chochall air a' chladach agus reach féin am falach far nach faic iad thu. Soraidh slàn an taobh seo 'n t-sruth.'

Thàinig oidhche an dannsaidh agus dhanns na ròin gu cridheil mar bu nòs ris a' ghlòmaich ghealaich. Cha do bhoin iad dhi agus am burn beannaichte air a bathais.

TÀLADH

Cha tu gosan gorm na maoileig,
Cha tu glaisean glas na faoileig,
Cha tu cuilean cam na maolduibh,
Cha tu isean na bà caoile.

AN LIATHAG

A Liathag bhog mhìn,
Thug an t-ìm a Éirinn !
A Liathag bhog bhàn,
Thug an càis a Albainn !

and I fell into a swoon. The first I knew on waking was that a great band of seals was around me arraying me with every finery that is best in the land of the waves. I should have been thus for ever were it not that thou didst greet me in the name of the King of all creatures.'

A cleric was found and the maiden was baptised and married without more delay.

She bore three handsome shapely sons to the man, but the seals' nature was in them. After a number of years she said, 'I am going, Roderick. Give me my garment, for I failed to say farewell to the folk of my love and affection at the dancing. They will not carry me away since the blessed water is on my face and forehead. Give thou support to my three sons and rear them in love and tenderness. Thanks to thee for thy kindness, but take care that thou kill no seal all thy days lest thou shouldst kill my mother or my brother or my sister on the skerry. Leave my covering on the beach and hide thyself where they shall not see thee. On this side of the stream, farewell.'

The night of the dancing came and the seals danced heartily as of wont in the half-light of the moon. They did not touch her, for the blessed water was on her forehead.

LULLABY

Thou art not the round-headed seal's blue cub,
Thou art not the sea-gull's grey chick,
Thou art not the otter's wry whelp,
Thou art not the lean cow's puny calf.

THE SALMON-TROUT

O soft smooth Salmon-Trout,
  Who tookest the butter from Erin !
O soft fair Salmon-Trout,
  Who tookest the cheese from Alba !

AN LUCH: THE MOUSE

THE little boy or girl who lost a tooth said, ' A luchag, a luchag, thoir dhomhsa fiacaill gheal òir (no airgid) is bheir mise dhut fiacaill gheal chnàimh.'—' Little mouse, little mouse, give me a white tooth of gold (or silver) and I will give thee a white tooth of bone.' (Or the bargain may be the other way about.) After that the child placed the fallen tooth ' ann am fròg a' bhalla,' in a chink of the wall of the house, there to remain until the mouse should replace it with the little tooth of white gold or the little tooth of white silver. And the boy or girl visited the chink many times a day to see if the little mouse had brought the promised tooth.

Is e an dochas dòlais
A lònaich a' bhaintighearn.

It was hope amid grief
That sustained the great lady.

A LUCHAG ! a luchag !
A luchag bheag bhàidh !
A luchag ! a luchag !
A luchag bheag ghràidh !

Thoir thusa dhomhsa
Fiacaill bheag òirghil,
Thoir thusa dhomhsa
Fiacaill bheag airghil,

Is bheir mise dhutsa
'Na chomhnadh, 'na dhàil,
Fiacaill bheag bhòidheach bhàn,
Fiacaill bheag ògain chual chnàmh,
Fiacaill bheag òighe chual chnàmh,
Fiacaill bheag ògraidh luath-ghàir.

Little mouse ! little mouse !
Little mouse, kindly one !
Little mouse ! little mouse !
Little mouse, beloved one !

Give thou to me
A little tooth gold-white,
Give thou to me
A little tooth silver-white,

And I will give to thee
In its stead, in return,
A little tooth beauteous white,
A little tooth of boy, bone bound,
A little tooth of maid, bone bound,
A little tooth of youngster laughing loud.

Similarly when hair was cut, at the waxing of the moon, the child from whom the hair was taken placed a lock of it in the hole of a wall as high as the hand could reach. After that the little owner of the lock was to grow with the growing moon until the little head reached as high as the little hand had reached before. The child went every now and then to measure the head against the hair in the wall. Those hopes ! And those disappointments !

The ' luch fheòir,' field-mouse, was believed to exert a bad influence. A child who stepped across a field-mouse would stop growing and would remain a dwarf. Hence to a small person of dwarfish form is said, ' Is tu thug an leum luideach thar na luch fheòir,' ' It is thou who gavest the clumsy leap over the field-mouse.' ' Is tu thug an leum luch,' ' It is thou who gavest the mouse-leap,' that is, the little leap in growing.

To place the sieve on a child's head had the same effect ; hence the sayings, applied as those above, ' Chuireadh an criathar air do cheann,' ' The sieve was placed upon thine head.' ' Is tu thug an leum criathair,' ' It is thou who gavest the sieve-leap,' a small leap in growing.

To count the teeth of a comb will have the same effect, and will cause untimely death. The child's age will not exceed the number of teeth in the comb.

AN RADAN: THE RAT

As our Blessed Lord went through Palestine feeding the poor and healing the sick there was an artful woman who pretended to Him that she possessed nothing in the world and pleaded for His aid, while at that very time she had a sow with a litter of ' oirceanan,' piglets. The litter she carefully hid under an upturned tub while she went forth to plead her poverty to our Divine Lord. He paid no heed to her false talk and her pressing importunities. At length she was obliged to desist and went back to her house. Her first care was to go and feed the pigs. She lifted the lid of the tub and what was her horror to see a litter of nasty vicious gnawing creatures of a kind she had never known before. They rushed forth gnawing and devouring and destroying and would have destroyed the produce of the whole world had not our Blessed Lord created the cat to check them.

GLÒIR NAN EUN

Thubhairt an Smeòrach :

'Ille ruaidh bhig !
'Ille ruaidh bhig !
Tobhad dachaidh !
Tobhad dachaidh !
Tobhad dachaidh,
A luaidh, gu d' dhìnneir !

'D é gheobh mi ?
'D é gheobh mi ?

Boiteag 's blaigh bàirnich !
Boiteag 's blaigh bàirnich !

Geas ost ! Geas ost !
'N oidhche tighinn !
'N oidhche tighinn !
'S an dorchadh !

Thubhairt Smeòrach eile :

Dhomhaill mhóir bhochd !
Dhomhaill mhóir bhochd !
Feuch air !
Feuch air !
Sgob as e !
Sgob as e !
H-uile diod !
H-uile diod !
A Dhomhaill mhóir !

Co rinn do bhriogais ?
Co rinn do bhriogais ?
Tha i cumhann !
Tha i cumhann !

An tàillear Mac Lùcais !
An tàillear Mac Lùcais !

THE SPEECH OF BIRDS

The Mavis said :

Little red lad !
Little red lad !
Come away home !
Come away home !
Come away home,
My dear, to your dinner !

What shall I get ?
What shall I get ?

A worm and a scrap of limpet !
A worm and a scrap of limpet !

Hurry up ! Hurry up !
The night's coming !
The night's coming !
And the darkness !

Another Mavis said :

Poor big Donald !
Poor big Donald !
Taste it !
Taste it !
Polish it off !
Polish it off !
Every drop !
Every drop !
O big Donald !

Who made your breeks ?
Who made your breeks ?
They're narrow !
They're narrow !

The tailor MacLucas !
The tailor MacLucas !

Mhill e iad !
Mhill e iad !

Smeòrach eile :

Dhomhaill mhóir bhochd !
Dhomhaill mhóir bhochd !
Dhomhaill mhóir bhochd !
Tha 'm pathadh ort !
Tha 'm pathadh ort !
Sgob as e !
Sgob as e !
Chuile diod !
Chuile diod !

Thubhairt an Treòna :

A Dhia nam feart !
A Dhia nam feart !
Cuir biadh sa ghart !
Cuir biadh sa ghart !

An Fheannag :

Sùgh cridhe, sùgh colainn,
Robachan Dubh ! os an Fheannag.
Sùgh cridhe, sùgh colainn,
Robachan Dubh ! os an Fheannag.

Le ainm eile :

Sùgh cridhe, sùgh colainn,
Domhnallan bòidheach gaolach !
Sùgh cridhe, sùgh colainn,
Domhnallan bòidheach gaolach !

A' Chuthag :

Thuirt a' Chuthag ris a' Chreachaig,
' Càit an d'fhàg thu do chuid gin ?
Nan gleidheadh tusa do thaigh na b'fhearr,
Cha bhiodh do chlann air chall mar sin ! '

An Calaman :

Gu rù ! Gu rù ! Gu rù !
Chan ann da m' chuideachd thù !
Chan ann da m' chuideachd thù !

He spoiled them !
He spoiled them !

Another Mavis :

Poor big Donald !
Poor big Donald !
Poor big Donald !
You are thirsty !
You are thirsty !
Drink it off !
Drink it off !
Every drop !
Every drop !

The Corncrake said :

O God of the powers !
O God of the powers !
Put food in the field !
Put food in the field !

The Crow :

Sap of heart, sap of body,
Little black Robbie ! quoth the Crow.
Sap of heart, sap of body,
Little black Robbie ! quoth the Crow.

With another name :

Sap of heart, sap of body,
Bonnie little dear Donald !
Sap of heart, sap of body,
Bonnie little dear Donald !

The Cuckoo :

Said the Cuckoo to the Cockle,
'Where hast thou left thy bairns ?
If thou didst keep thy house better,
Thy children would not thus be lost ! '

The Pigeon :

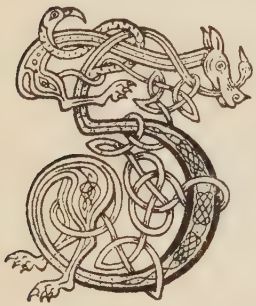
Gu-roo ! Gu-roo ! Gu-roo-oo !
Not of my kin are you !
Not of my kin are you !

GUTH NA H-EALA

From Alexander MacDonald, piper,

The following are some examples of the attempts of the people of the Western Isles to reduce the notes of the swan to articulate sounds and visible signs. (See ii. 276 ff.)

The old pipers could play and whistle many imitations of the song of the swan, the long-tailed duck, the lark, the merle and the mavis, and



U bhi gì,
Gu bhi gò,
Gu bhi gì,
Guile mhór !
Na h-ealachan !

Guth na h-eala,
Guth an eòin,
Guth na h-eala
Air an lón.

Gu bhi gì,
Gu bhi gò,
Gu bhi gì,
Guile mhór !
Na h-ealachan !

VOICE OF THE SWAN

Loch Aoineart, South Uist

other birds of our western coasts, some of them only visitors, whether of summer or of winter.

I have seen men and women, boys and girls, who could sing and croon and whistle imitations of birds so effectively that the birds themselves stood still and listened, turning their heads this way and that to ascertain whence the sound came, and tentatively, inquiringly, cautiously drawing nearer to it.

Gu vi gì,
Gu vi gò,
Gu vi gì,
Loud ' guile ' !
The swans !

Voice of the swan,
Voice of the bird,
Voice of the swan
Upon the lake.

Gu vi gì,
Gu vi gò,
Gu vi gì,
Loud ' guile ' !
The swans !

AN EALA

UILIOG ì ! guiliog ò !
Guiliog ì ! guiliog ò !
Guiliog ì ! guiliog ò !
Guth na h-eala, guth an eòin !

Guth na h-eala 's i sa cheò,
Guth na h-eala 's i sa bhròn, [ghlò
Guth na h-eala mochla lò, [moch a lò
Guth na h-eala air an lón.

Guth na h-eala 's i sa chuan,
Guth na h-eala 's i cho fuar,
Guth na h-eala 's i cho cruaidh,
Guth na h-eala 's i sa chuan.

Mo leth-chas dubh,
Mo leth-chas dubh,
Mo leth-chas dubh
Air mèirseal ;
Mo leth-chas dubh
Am beul an t-sruth,
Is té dhiubh glugach
Reubte.

THE SWAN

Guiliog ì ! guiliog ò !
Guiliog ì ! guiliog ò !
Guiliog ì ! guiliog ò !
Voice of the swan, voice of the bird !

Voice of the swan, and she in the mist,
Voice of the swan, and she in sorrow,
Voice of the swan in the early day,
Voice of the swan upon the lake.

Voice of the swan, and she in the ocean,
Voice of the swan, and it so cold,
Voice of the swan, and it so keen,
Voice of the swan, and she in the ocean.

My one foot black,
My one foot black,
My one foot black
A-marching ;
My one foot black
At mouth of brook,
My other plashing
Wounded.

AN EALA BHÀN

HAIDH Calum Cille mach
Madainn mhìn mhoch ;
Faicear an eala bhàn,
Guile guile,
Shìos air an tràigh,
Guile guile,
Le tuiream bhàis,
Guile guile.

Eala bhàn 's i leòinte leòinte,
Eala bhàn 's i breòite breòite,
Eala bhàn an dà sheallaidh,
Guile guile,
Eala bhàn an dà mhanaidh,
Guile guile,
Beatha agus bàs,
Guile guile,
Guile guile.

Ce as do thuras,
Eala an tuiream ?
Arsa Calum Cille gràidh,
Guile guile.
A Éirinn mo shnàmh,
Guile guile,
O'n Fhéinn mo chràdh,
Guile guile,
Guin geur mo bhàis,
Guile guile,
Guile guile.

THE WHITE SWAN

Columba went out
An early mild morning ;
He saw a white swan,
'Guile guile,'
Down on the strand,
'Guile guile,'
With a dirge of death,
'Guile guile.'

A white swan and she wounded, wounded,
A white swan and she bruised, bruised,
The white swan of the two visions,
'Guile guile,'
The white swan of the two omens,
'Guile guile,'
Life and death,
'Guile guile,'
'Guile guile.'

Whence thy journey,
Swan of mourning ?
Said Columba of love,
'Guile guile.'
From Erin my swimming,
'Guile guile,'
From the Fiann my wounding,
'Guile guile,'
The sharp wound of my death,
'Guile guile,'
'Guile guile.'

Eala bhàn na hÉireann,
Is cara mi dh'an fheumnach ;
Sùil Chrìosd air do chràdh,
Guile guile,
Sùil seirc agus bàidh,
Guile guile,
Sùil meirc agus gràidh,
Guile guile,
Dha do dhèanamh slàn.
Guile guile,
Guile guile.

Eala na hÉireann,
Guile guile,
Cha bhi beud ort,
Guile guile ;
Slàn dha d' chreuchdan,
Guile guile.

Bhaintighearna na tuinne,
Guile guile,
Bhaintighearna na tuire,
Guile guile,
Bhaintighearna na fuinne,
Guile guile.

Do Chrìosd a' ghlòir,
Guile guile,
Do Mhac na hÒigh,
Guile guile,
Do'n Ardrigh mhór,
Guile guile,
Dhà-san do cheòl,
Guile guile !
Dhà-san do cheòl,
Guile guile !
Guile guile !

White swan of Erin,
A friend am I to the needy ;
The eye of Christ be on thy wound,
' Guile guile,'
The eye of affection and of mercy,
' Guile guile,'
The eye of kindness and of love,
' Guile guile,'
Making thee whole,
' Guile guile,'
' Guile guile.'

Swan of Erin,
' Guile guile,'
No harm shall touch thee,
' Guile guile,'
Whole be thy wounds,
' Guile guile.'

Lady of the wave,
' Guile guile,'
Lady of the dirge,
' Guile guile,'
Lady of the melody,
' Guile guile.'

To Christ the glory,
' Guile guile,'
To the Son of the Virgin,
' Guile guile,'
To the great High-King,
' Guile guile,'
To Him be thy song,
' Guile guile ! '
To Him be thy song,
' Guile guile ! '
' Guile guile ! '

FOGHNADH FEAMAINN

The people of the Western Isles are greatly dependent upon seaweeds for the manuring of their lands. The soil, being for the most part either peaty or sandy, and containing little lime, mineral salts, etc., is poor and infertile unless constantly refreshed by seaweed, which, though rather poor in quality, is available in large quantity. Seaweed is detached by the action

HÀINE 's gun tàine feamainn,
Thàine 's gun tàine brùchd,
Thàine buidheag 's thàine liaghag,
Thàine biadh mu 'n iadh an stùc.

Thàinig Mìcheal mìl na conail,
Thàinig Brighde bhìth na ciùin,
Thàinig a' Mhàthair mhìn Mhoire,
'S thàinig Connan àigh an iùil. [Pàdraig

The people have a simple, effective way of clearing the ground of large boulders. They kindle a good fire of their best peats on the top of the stone. When the stone is sufficiently heated they pour cold water on it, and the boulder breaks into manageable fragments. If they wish to split the stone in a particular direction, for lintels, corner-stones and the like, they extend the fire in that direction, along the natural cleavage if possible. The stone being heated and the fire swept aside, two parallel banks of plastic boulder-clay are hastily laid along the line of the fire. Into this improvised channel a continuous stream of cold water is poured, when the rock splits, invariably along the required line.

Another method the old people had was to drill short holes at intervals along the given line, generally along the stratum. Into these holes they drove wedges of dry wood, and then left them to the rains. Under moisture the wedges expanded so much that their combined pressure along the whole line was enough to split stratified granite.

In their present depressed condition the people do not practise the old ingenuity of their fathers.

ABUNDANCE OF SEAWEED

of storms and thrown upon the shores by the prevailing westerly winds. The scarcity of seaweed caused by a prolonged calm period is a serious matter ; the people watch and hope and pray for the coming of seaweed, and are anxious at the prospect of impending famine. When the seaweed comes they rejoice and sing hymns of praise to the gracious God of the sea Who has heard their prayers.

Come and come is seaweed,
Come and come is red sea-ware,
Come is yellow weed, come is tangle,
Come is food which the wave enwraps.

Come is warrior Michael of fruitage,
Come is womanly Brigit of gentleness,
Come is the mild Mother Mary,
And come is glorious Connan of guidance. [Patrick

It is worth while to record the answer given to the writer by a man conveying ' brùchda dubh,' seaweed for manure, from the shore to the ' mòinteach,' moor. The man stood fully six feet tall. He was leading one horse, while another horse was tied to its tail. Each horse had two creels slung across its back.

' Car son nach 'eil cairtean agaibh air na h-eich an àite nan cliabh ? ' arsa mise. ' Bheireadh aon each leis ann an cairt uiread ri sia eich le cléibh.'

' Is ann mar seo a bha sinne bho chruthaich Dia an saoghal, agus a Mhoire Mhàthair ! is cinnteach gur h-ann mar seo a bhitheas sinn gon an tig crìoch air an t-saoghal—gu là a' bhreitheanais ! '

' Why do you not have the horses harnessed to carts instead of creels ? ' said I. ' One horse and cart would carry as much as six with creels.'

' It is thus we have been since God created the world, and Mary Mother ! it is certain that thus we shall be until the world comes to an end—until the day of judgment ! '

ORTHA FEAMAINN

ORADH mara gu tìr,
  Toradh tìre gu muir ;
Neach nach dèan 'na ìr,
  Crìon gum bi a chuid.

Feamainn 'ga cur gu tìr,
  Builich, a Thì na buil ;
Toradh 'ga chur an nì,
  A Chrìosda, thoir mo chuid !

PRAYER FOR SEAWEED

Produce of sea to land,
Produce of land to sea ;
He who doeth not in time,
Scant shall be his share.

Seaweed being cast on shore
Bestow, Thou Being of bestowal ;
Produce being brought to wealth, [fruitfulness being
O Christ, grant me my share ! caused in kine

IASGACH: FISHING

From the manner in which Christ spoke of fish the people look upon fish as semi-sacred. The fish was a symbol of Christ Himself. Besides this, the people cherish many curious beliefs and customs and have many sayings and stories about fish and fishing.

A mother in Barra sent her two boys to fish. They came home with nothing, saying :

'Is corrach gob dubhain, a mhàthaireag.'

'Narrow is a hook's point, little mother.'

To this she promptly replied :

'Masa corrach gob dubhain,
Is farsainn bial tàibh, a mhiceanan.'

'If narrow a hook's point,
Wide is the mouth of a spoon-net, little sons.'

This woman was the wife of a schoolmaster in Barra. She was a native of Stirling, where no Gaelic is spoken, but after a year in Barra she spoke Gaelic well, and after two years she spoke it excellently. She used to reproach the people of Barra for not cultivating their flexible expressive language.

In Barra a fisherman will not wear clothing in which crotal is used. Crotal clings to the rocks, and were a fisherman to fall into the sea the crotal in his clothing would cling to the rocks in the bottom of the sea and prevent his coming to the surface.

In Barra the fishermen used to set their lines on New Year's Day. This gave them a claim for the season on the banks on which they set their lines. There the lines might remain, perhaps with only a few hooks attached, until St Bride's Day or thereabouts, marked with a buoy, that other lines might not be shot there and become entangled. No one else made claim to a place thus marked, for 'ciad seilbh seilbh is fearr còir,' 'first possession has the best right.' When the fishing season came these first hooks were taken up. The first hook of the season is then put down in the name of Father, Son and Holy Ghost. (See also i. 173.)

When a man becomes a regular fisherman he is seized by his fellow boatmen and dipped in a convenient sea pool, to initiate him into the craft.

A' CHAILLEACH: THE HAG

In those places where the crofters' fields are generally of a size and near each other, there is great striving to finish the harvest in time and not to be the last to have the corn cut. It was supposed that he who finished last had to support an invisible hag, 'cailleach,' all the winter. It was the custom to bind up a handful of straw, the last sheaf of corn cut on the field, and to make it up into the likeness of a woman with docken and ragweed stalks, and tied with threads of various colours. This was called in Argyll, Perthshire, Uist, and other places the 'cailleach.' When a man finished cutting his corn he sent the 'cailleach' to a man who had not finished. This was considered a great insult to the recipients and was deeply resented, sometimes to the shedding of blood.

Caution had to be used in conveying the sheaf; usually a young man mounted on a horse passed the neighbour's uncut field at full gallop as if on urgent business, and threw the 'cailleach' into the field on his course.

A man went on horseback in this fashion from Bornish to Milton in South Uist. After placing the 'cailleach' he started to return. Two men on horseback set out after him, overtook him, and brought him back to Milton. They shaved his beard and hair and made 'bearradh eòin is amadain air,' a clipping of bird * and of fool on him, and sent him home.

'Dùghall an Droma,' Dugall of the Ridge, sent the 'cailleach' to 'Pàdra' Nicolson, Cnoc na Mòine, Benbecula. The messenger was caught, clipped, stripped, and sent home naked.

Other instances of violence done in consequence of sending the 'cailleach' might be given. A crofter or tacksman would sooner see his best cow dead than see the 'cailleach' on his 'iomair buana,' harvest rig.

In Harris, Skye, and Glen Elg the last sheaf of the harvest is called the 'gobhar bhacach,' halting goat. Dire evil and misfortune are predicted for the man on whom it falls—

Thig earchall is mearchall is gearchall
Air cearban na gobhair bhacaich.

Cattle-loss, death-loss, and mischance
Will befall the luckless one of the 'gobhar bhacach.'

* The phrase was originally 'bearradh geòin (geòine),' 'fool's tonsure, clipping in mockery.'

AN ÀIRIGH

Lewis is the only place in Scotland, probably the only place in Britain, where the people still go to the ' àirigh,' moorland shieling or mountain pasturage. Throughout Lewis the crofters of the townland go to the shieling on the same date each year, and they return from it on the same date each year. The sheep and cattle know their day as well as do the men and women, and on that day the scene is striking and touching—all the ' nì,' flocks, are astir and restless to be off, requiring all the care of the people to restrain them and keep them together and in proper order. Should any event, such as a death and burial, cause the people to postpone the migration, the flocks have to be guarded day and night, or they would be off to their summer pastures by themselves.

Most of the shielings are several miles, some six or eight, some twelve or fourteen miles, from the townland homes. The moorlands are rough and rugged and full of swamps and channels, and the people use much care in guiding the cattle, especially the young ones not yet experienced in travelling. Even these, however, soon learn, being ' gey gleg in the uptak,' very quick of apprehension. It is instructive to see the caution with which the older animals travel over the rough channeled moors, daintily feeling their way when not sure of their ground. When they reach their camping ground the cattle and sheep soon spread themselves over the heather, being tired and hungry. While being milked the cattle eat the fodder which the girls and women have brought in creels.

This fodder is not so much grass as vegetables of various kinds, some of them of the most unpromising quality, such as nettles, dockens, ragworts, chickweed, common rushes and bulrushes. These the Lewis cattle eat with relish as a change from the heather and tussock-grass of the moorland. But it is still more curious to see them greedily eating fish-bones, especially the spinal bones of the cod and ling. There is nothing that a Lewis cow so much enjoys—not the most succulent clover nor the greenest corn in the blade. It is a common thing to find the side of a house partly or wholly covered with fish-bones, drying in the summer sun and becoming impregnated with the peat-reek which streams through the straw thatch. The bones are sometimes given to the cattle entire, but generally they are first more or less crushed between stones. Even so, it is difficult to conceive how the sharp spines fail to tear and injure the mouths, throats and stomachs of the cows. The people, however, say that no injury results ; on the contrary, the fish-bones are a valuable food, and on a cold day nothing can be more wholesome. When a cow comes in wet, cold and shivering, a

THE SHIELING

fish-bone is given her to chew. This chewing tries her to the utmost, and soon upon the point of every hair of her body stands a bead of perspiration, while from her rises a cloud of steam. The people are keen observers, and they follow the teaching of their forefathers, who studied nature with observant eyes and with intelligent interest.

The island of Berneray in Loch Roag is cut off by a deep channel some hundreds of yards wide, through which the tide runs rapidly and strongly. Over this channel the people of the island swim their cattle, at high or low tide in order to avoid the worst currents. The calves are generally carried across in boats ; but the calves are in a hurry to follow their mothers, and the mothers are in a hurry to be over the sound and on the moorland, and despite all precautions they dash into the sea and are out in the current, the calves rushing after them and struggling bravely with this new element. The masterful strength of the tide gives full scope to the strong experienced cow, but the weak, inexperienced calf is swept away like a leaf. Now is the time for the men in the boats—they pursue the calves over the stream and either draw them into the boats or lead them to land. Calves and cows having reached the shore safely, they shake the water from their shaggy backs, rush up the rocky beach, and are off to the moorland and their own pastures. It is worth going far to witness this exciting scene.

The shieling time is the most delightful time of the rural year, the time of the healthy heather bed and the healthy outdoor life, of the moorland breeze and the warm sun, of the curds and the cream of the heather milk. The young men come out from the townland in twos and threes and half-dozens to spend the night among the maidens of the shieling ; some of them play the pipes or some other instrument, and the song and the dance and the merriment begin and are continued all night long under the moon on the green grass before the shieling door. I have heard old men and women waxing eloquent over these lightsome days and nights of their youth, and again sobbing and sighing over awakened memories too tender for words.

While the flocks are away at the moorland pastures the home pastures have grown rich and green, and on reaching home after a weary march and long fasting the cattle, like children, have to be restrained from eating too much. This good feeding produces good milking, and there is food for man and beast all autumn and winter through, and joy in house and byre.

SAODACH A' CHRUIDH

THE man or woman, youth or maiden, who goes 'a' saodach (saodachadh) a' chruidh,' driving the cows, to the morning pastures, sings a song to the flock as they move leisurely along. The melody is very pleasing to man and evidently to beast. The song commends the cattle to the keeping of Mary the mild, to the keeping of Brigit the fair, and to the keeping of Michael

UMA dùinte dhuibh gach sloc,
Guma sùmhail dhuibh gach cnoc,
Guma clùmhaidh dhuibh gach nochd,
Am focharadh nam fuarbheann.

Comraig Mhoire Mhàthar dhuibh,
Comraig Bhrighde ghràidhe dhuibh,
Comraig Mhìcheil àighe dhuibh,
Lùth is làn bhur cuallach.

Tearmad Charmaig chuimir dhuibh,
Tearmad Bhriain na luinge dhuibh,
Tearmad naoimh Mhaol Duinne dhuibh
Am bugalach 's an crualach.

Cluanas Mhoire Mhàthar dhuibh,
Cluanas Bhrighde thàna dhuibh,
Cluanas Mhìcheil àighe dhuibh,
An creim, an cnàmh, an cnuasachd.

The person who goes to bring the cattle home probably meets them coming on their way. When they come in sight, the man or woman, youth or maiden, addresses them in a rich variety of endearing terms, and as he draws nearer he strikes up a song of welcome to the cattle, 'fàilte a' chruidh,' to which they respond with a low modulated moan, sometimes breaking forth into a bellow. Some cow has hustled her way to the front, and the rest follow her as a leader. The bull always brings up the rear.

Occasionally a young animal during the day separates himself from the herd and remains, after they have gone homeward, grazing in some

DRIVING THE COWS

the valiant, whose sword is sharp but whose shield is strong. The song is sung in slow measured cadences charming to hear ; and it is interesting to see the measured tread of the older cattle keeping time with the well-known music. The native intelligence of the Highland cattle has often been noticed by strangers.

Closed to you be every pit,
Smooth to you be every hill,
Snug to you be every bare spot,
  Beside the cold mountains.

The sanctuary of Mary Mother be yours,
The sanctuary of Brigit the loved be yours,
The sanctuary of Michael victorious be yours,
  Active and full be you gathered home.

The protection of shapely Cormac be yours,
The protection of Brendan of the ship be yours,
The protection of Maol Duinne the saint be yours
  In marshy ground and rocky ground.

The fellowship of Mary Mother be yours,
The fellowship of Brigit of kine be yours,
The fellowship of Michael victorious be yours,
  In nibbling, in chewing, in munching.

hidden hollow, oblivious of the approach of night. The herdsman, fearing that the truant may have been caught in a bog or fallen over a rock, searches high and low, near and far. At last coming in sight of him, he addresses him in terms and tones different from those he used to the others. The animal stops grazing and looks up—it is only for a moment : he is off at his hardest, taking the nearest way for home, over a lakelet, across a river, over whatever obstacle may lie in his path. ' Tuigidh an cù a choire féin.' —' The dog understands his own fault.'

AN SAODACHADH

OMHNADH Odhrain uidhir dhuibh,
Comhnadh Bhrighde Mhuime dhuibh,
Comhnadh Òighe Mhuire dhuibh
Am bugalach 's an cruadhlach,
Am bugalach 's an cruadhlach.

Cumail Chiarain dhuibhe dhuibh,
Cumail Bhrianain bhuidhe dhuibh,
Cumail Dhiarmaid dhuinne dhuibh
A' snodanadh nan cluanan,
A' snodanadh nan cluanan.

Tearmad Fhinn mhic Cumhaill dhuibh,
Tearmad Charmaig chuimir dhuibh,
Tearmad Chuinn is Chumhaill dhuibh
O ghearrachu 's o ianlainn,
O ghearrachu 's o ianlainn.

Comaraig Chaluim Chille dhuibh,
Comaraig Mhaol Ma-Ruibhe dhuibh,
Comaraig Bhanachaig bhlighinn dhuibh
Dh'ur sireadh is dh'ur n-iarraidh,
Dh'ur sireadh is dh'ur n-iarraidh.

Cuartachadh Mhaol Odhrain dhuibh,
Cuartachadh Mhaol Òighe dhuibh,
Cuartachadh Mhaol Domhnaich dhuibh
Dh'ur comhnadh is dh'ur cuallach,
Dh'ur comhnadh is dh'ur cuallach.

THE DRIVING

The protection of Odhran the dun be yours,
The protection of Brigit the Nurse be yours,
The protection of Mary the Virgin be yours
  In marshes and in rocky ground,
  In marshes and in rocky ground.

The keeping of Ciaran the swart be yours,
The keeping of Brianan the yellow be yours,
The keeping of Diarmaid the brown be yours,
  A-sauntering the meadows,
  A-sauntering the meadows.

The safeguard of Fionn son of Cumhall be yours,
The safeguard of Cormac the shapely be yours,
The safeguard of Conn and of Cumhall be yours
  From wolf and from bird-flock,
  From wolf and from bird-flock.

The sanctuary of Colum Cille be yours,
The sanctuary of Maol Ruibhe be yours,
The sanctuary of the milking Maid be yours,
  To seek you and search for you,
  To seek you and search for you.

The encircling of Maol Odhrain be yours,
The encircling of Maol Òighe be yours,
The encircling of Maol Domhnaich be yours,
  To protect you and to herd you,
  To protect you and to herd you.

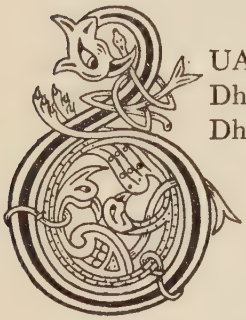
Sgiath rìgh na Féinne dhuibh,
Sgiath Rìgh na gréine dhuibh,
Sgiath Rìgh na reula dhuibh
An éiginn is an cruaidhchas,
An éiginn is an cruaidhchas.

Dìonadh Rìgh na rìghre dhuibh,
Dìonadh Ìosda Crìosda dhuibh,
Dìonadh Spiorad ìocshlaint dhuibh
O dhìbheirt is o dhuaireap,
O mhìochu is o ruadhchu.

The shield of the king of the Fiann be yours,
The shield of the King of the sun be yours,
The shield of the King of the stars be yours
In jeopardy and distress,
In jeopardy and distress.

The sheltering of the King of kings be yours,
The sheltering of Jesus Christ be yours,
The sheltering of the Spirit of healing be yours
From evil deed and quarrel,
From evil dog and red dog. [wolf

BUACHAILLEACHD CHALUIM CHILLE



UACHAILLEACHD Chaluim Chille
Dha bhur cuartach a' falbh 's a' tilleadh,
Dha bhur cuartach an srath 's an iomair
Agus an iomall gach garbhlaich ;

Dha bhur cumail o shloc 's o eabar,
Dha bhur cumail o chnoc 's o chreaga,
Dha bhur cumail o loch 's o leagadh,
Gach feasgar agus anmoch ;

Dha bhur cumail o'n mhoisein mhillte,
Dha bhur cumail o'n chroisein chrìona,
Dha bhur cumail o'n roisein rionga
Is o na sìodhaich chearbach.

Sìth Chaluim dhuibh san ionailt,
Sìth Bhrighde dhuibh san ionailt,
Sìth Mhoire dhuibh san ionailt,
'S bhur tilleadh dachaidh anaglainn.

COLUMBA'S HERDING

May the herding of Columba
Encompass you going and returning,
Encompass you in strath and on ridge
And on the edge of each rough region ;

May it keep you from pit and from mire,
Keep you from hill and from crag,
Keep you from loch and from downfall,
Each evening and each darkling ;

May it keep you from the mean destroyer,
Keep you from the mischievous niggard,
Keep you from the mishap of bar-stumbling
And from the untoward fays.

The peace of Columba be yours in the grazing,
The peace of Brigit be yours in the grazing,
The peace of Mary be yours in the grazing,
And may you return home safe-guarded.

SIAN CHAORACH

IAN a chuir Moire
M'a comhail chaorach,
Romh ianaibh, romh chonaibh,
Romh bhiastaibh, romh dhaoinibh,
Romh mhadaidh, romh mhèirlich,
Romh fheòcaill, romh thaghain,
Romh shùil, romh ghnù,
Romh ghùid, romh ghaobain.
An sloc bhur comhdhail,
Comhnadh Dhé dhuibh ;
An cnoc bhur laighe,
Slàn dhuibh éirigh.

SAIN FOR SHEEP

The sain placed by Mary
  Upon her flock of sheep,
Against birds, against dogs,
  Against beasts, against men,
Against hounds, against thieves,
  Against polecats, against marten-cats,
Against eye, against envy,
  Against disease, against ' gaoban.'
In the hollow of your meeting,
  Be yours the aiding of God ;
On the hillock of your lying,
  Whole be your rising.

SIAN SEILBH

Beulaiche : Gill-Easbaig Curraidh, griasaiche

IAN a chuir Brighid
M'a nì, m'a buar,
M'a marc, m'a mìs,
M'a cìob, m'a h-uain ;

Gach là agus oidhche,
Ri teas agus fuachd,
Gach moch agus anmoch,
Ri sorch agus duar ;

Dh'an cumail o bhog,
Dh'an cumail o chruaidh,
Dh'an cumail o lag,
Dh'an cumail o bhruaich ;

Dh'an cumail o shùil,
Dh'an cumail o thuar,
Dh'an cumail o gheas,
Deas agus tuath ;

Dh'an cumail o ghoimh,
Soir agus suar,
Dh'an cumail o fharmad
Is o chealgach na duaidh ;

CHARM FOR STOCK

Reciter : Archibald Currie, shoemaker

The charm placed of Brigit
About her neat, about her kine,
About her horses, about her goats,
About her sheep, about her lambs ;

Each day and night,
In heat and cold,
Each early and late,
In darkness and light ;

To keep them from marsh,
To keep them from rock,
To keep them from pit,
To keep them from bank ;

To keep them from eye,
To keep them from omen,
To keep them from spell,
South and north ;

To keep them from venom,
East and west,
To keep them from envy
And from wiles of the wicked ;

Dh'an cumail o ghadhar
Is o adhaircean a chéile,
O ianlaith nan aonach
Is o bhiastach nan sléibhe ;

O mhadadh allaidh,
O mhadadh reubainn,
O mhadadh ruadh,
O Luath na Féinne.

AN TARBH GÀIDHEALACH

'S ANN air an druim fhraoich a rugadh mi,
'S ann air an druim fhraoich a rugadh mi,
'S ann air an druim fhraoich a rugadh mi,
'S air bainne bó gaoil a thogadh mi.

An Tarbh Gallda

Air làr an taigh mhóir a rugadh mi,
Air làr an taigh mhóir a rugadh mi,
Air làr an taigh mhóir a rugadh mi,
'S air mil 's air beòir 's air fìon 's air feòir a thogadh mi.

Thionndaidh an tarbh Gàidhealach air agus mharbh e an tarbh Gallda.

NOLLAIG DO SPRÉIDH

DOWN to the middle of the nineteenth century it was customary in the Island of Lismore to give a special breakfast to all animals upon the farm on Christmas morning. Cattle and horses got a sheaf of corn in the stall, sheep got sheaves of corn spread out for them on the field, while pigs and poultry got special feeding of an appropriate sort. Even the birds of the air received a special feast. When a tree was at hand a sheaf of

To keep them from hound
And from each other's horns,
From the birds of the high moors
And from the beasts of the hills ;

To keep them from wolf,
From ravaging dog,
To keep them from fox,
From ' Luath ' of the Fiann. [' Swift '

THE HIGHLAND BULL

'Tis on the heather ridge I was born,
'Tis on the heather ridge I was born,
'Tis on the heather ridge I was born,
And on the milk of a beloved cow was reared.

The Lowland Bull

'Tis on the floor of the big house I was born,
'Tis on the floor of the big house I was born,
'Tis on the floor of the big house I was born,
And on honey and beer and wine and grasses was reared.

The Highland bull turned on the Lowland bull and killed him.

CHRISTMAS FOR STOCK

oats was suspended to a branch ; otherwise a pole was put up and the sheaf tied to the top of the pole.

In Breadalbane it is said that the cows in the byres go down on their knees at midnight on Christmas Eve. The bees too leave their hives at three o'clock on Christmas morning, returning again immediately.

BÓ NAM BEANNACHD

O Chatrìona Nic Nìll, Ceann Tangabhall, Barraidh

THUBHAIRT am beulaiche : An uair a bha Calum Cille fuireach anns an Aoi thàinig brònag bhoireannaich dh'a gearan féin ris agus a dh'iarraidh comhairle air, oir b'e Calum Cille ceann gliocais an domhain agus ceann leigheis an t-saoghail.

Thubhairt am boireannach bochd, 'Bhàsaich mo dhuine tighinn dachaidh as an tràigh fhaochag, agus bhàthadh mo mhac a' snàmh a dh'Eilean nam Ban tighinn a choimhead a mhàthar, agus dh'fhàgadh mise le triùir dhìlleachdan gun chlì gun treòir. Tha aghan lurach agam, ach cha toir e bainne do'n chloinn agus cha ghabh e ris an laogh, agus naram bheil fios am fo'n ghréin ghil ciod e nì mi no co an taobh an tionndaidh mi.'

Thubhairt Calum Cille ris a' bhrònaig bhochd, 'Rinn mi boilisgean bhó agus eòilisgean each ri mo latha agus ri mo linn. Bha iad agam ann an leabhar craicinn agus bha an leabhar craicinn agam anns an uinneig. Ghoideadh orm an leabhar craicinn agus chailleadh orm na h-orrachan cruidh agus na rolaichean each, agus chan 'eil aonan agam air sgiala dhiubh an diugh. Ach nì mi rann dutsa, a bhrònag, a ghabhas tu dha t' aghan, agus mum bi an rann a mach ullamh gabhaidh an t-aghan r'a laogh. Agus is ainm dh'an rann seo " Òra nan Aighean Fiadhaich." ' Agus sheinn Calum Cille an òra dh'an bhrònaig bhochd agus na deòir a' sruthadh le a ghruaidh.

Is e Calum Cille òraidiche agus òranaiche agus ceòlraiche b'fhearr a rugadh le mnài.

ÒRA NAN AIGHEAN FIADHAICH

'AGHAN gaolach, na bi 't aonar,
Biodh do laoghan air do bhialaibh ;
Seall thu 'n druis ud thall air laomadh,
Is i ag aomadh le na smiaran.

He ho-li-bhó 's a bhó ri ag,
Ri ag bhó, gabh ri d' laogh !

THE COW OF BLESSINGS

From Catherine MacNeill, Ceann Tangabhall, Barra

The reciter said : When Colum Cille was dwelling in the Aoi (Iona), a poor little wretched woman came to put her trouble to him and to ask his advice, for Colum Cille was the world's head of wisdom and the head of healing of the universe.

The poor woman said, ' My man died when he was coming home from the strand of periwinkles, and my son was drowned when he was swimming to the Isle of Women to visit his mother, and I am left with three orphans without pith or power. I have a lovely little heifer, but she will not give milk for the children and she will not take to her calf, and I know not under the white sun what to do or which way to turn.'

Colum Cille said to the poor little woman, ' I have made prattlings of cows and incantations of horses in my day and in my generation. I had them in a skin book, and I had the skin book in the window. The skin book was stolen from me, and I lost the charms for cattle and the incantations for horses, and I have none of them available this day. But I will make a rune for thee, poor little woman, which thou shalt sing to thy heifer, and before thou shalt have finished the rune the little heifer shall have taken to her calf. And the name of this rune is " The Charm of the Wild Heifers ".' And Colum Cille sang the charm to the poor little woman with the tears streaming down his cheeks.

Colum Cille was the best at speaking and the best at singing and the best at melody that was born of woman.

THE CHARM OF THE WILD HEIFERS

My heifer beloved, be not alone,
Let thy little calf be before thee ;
See yon bramble bush a-bending,
And bowing down with brambles.

He ho-li-vó 's a vó ri ag,
Ri ag vó, take to thy calf !

Tàlaidh do luran riut féin,
Gun cuir thu dh'an bhuaile treud ;
Buachailleachd Chaluim dhut 'na dhéidh,
Rinn e an luinneag seo dhut féin.

Is cinnteach tha 'n seanfhacal caon,
Bó nam beannachd bó nan laogh ;
Bó nam mallachd bó nan sliabh,
Nach do chaisg ar pathadh riamh.

Minig a muigh bó gun laogh,
Ainmig a staigh bó gun laogh,
Talcas a' chruidh bó gun laogh,
Salchar a' chruidh bó gun laogh.

Ceann ri gualainn bó gun laogh,
Cas ri crualainn bó gun laogh,
Iomall buaile bó gun laogh, [diomall
Bó gun bhuadhachd bó gun laogh.

Mullach beinne bó gun laogh,
Urlar glinne bó gun laogh,
Fud na firich bó gun laogh,
Gun ìm gun ghruitheam bó gun laogh.

Gleannan fàsaich bó gun laogh,
Greannan grända bó gun laogh, [greannag
Giobar gàrraidh bó gun laogh,
Giodar bàthaich bó gun laogh. [giodag, gioball

Tha an t-agh dubh air tighinn gu réite,
Nì thu ri do luran geuma ; [laoiceann
Thig thu dachaidh le na treuda,
Caisgidh tu pathadh nan ceuda.

Coax thy pretty one to thyself,
Till thou sendest to the fold a herd ;
Columba's tending shall be thine behind them,
He made this lilt for thyself.

Certain is the gentle proverb,
The cow of blessings is the cow of calves ;
The cow of curses is the moorland cow,
That has never quenched our thirst.

Often afield is the calfless cow
Seldom within is the calfless cow,
Despised among cattle is the calfless cow,
Refuse among cattle the calfless cow.

Head to shoulder is the calfless cow,
Foot to mountain is the calfless cow,
At the edge of the fold is the calfless cow,
Cow without profit is the calfless cow.

On crest of hill is the calfless cow,
On floor of glen is the calfless cow,
Ranging the upland goes the calfless cow,
Nor butter nor crowdie from the calfless cow.

In desert glens strays the calfless cow,
Ugly and bristling of shag is the calfless cow,
Leaper of walls is the calfless cow,
Dirt of byre is the calfless cow.

The black heifer is reconciled,
Thou wilt make lowing to thy pretty one ; [little calf
Thou wilt come home with droves,
Thou wilt quench the thirst of hundreds.

M'aghan dubh thu ! m'aghan dubh !
Is ionann dhomhsa agus dhut.
Nar caillear ort do laoghan dubh ;
Mis is m'aon mhac gaoil fo mhuir.

He ho-li-bhó 's a bhó ri ag,
Ri ag bhó 's a bhó ri ag ;
Ri ag bhó 's a bhó ri ag,
Ri ag bhó, gabh ri d' laogh !

AM BEANNACHADH BANACHAIG

Chaidh a' bhantrach bhochd dhachaidh agus ghabh i an òra dh'an bhoin agus ghabh a' bhó do'n laogh. Is ann sin sheinn a' bhean rann buidheachais do Chalum Cille, agus thubhairt i :—

Mo bheannachd air Calum gu bràth,
'S tu mac is fearr air na bhàrcadh tonn ;
Is tacara dhomh do ghlòir 's do ghràdh
'N uair a thàlaidh tu an t-agh donn.

Cha ghluais e rium cas no ceann, [i
Cha ghluais e rium eang no taobh ;
Lìonaidh e an cuman dh'an chlann
An déidh a theann a thoir dh'an laogh.

An sin a' Bheannachd : an seo an Ceartachadh. Thubhairt Calum Cille :—

Na can rium an corr dha d' bhriathar,
Is beag mo chiatadh dha do chéill ;
Na leig na brosgail as do bhial,—
Is beag am fiach am fianais Dé.

My little black heifer thou ! my little black heifer !
The same lot is mine and thine.
May thy little black calf not be lost to thee ;
But mine only son beloved is beneath the sea.

He ho-li-vó 's a vó ri ag,
Ri ag vó 's a vó ri ag,
Ri ag vó 's a vó ri ag,
Ri ag vó, take to thy calf !

THE MILKMAID'S BLESSING

The poor widow went home and she crooned the charm to the cow and the cow took to her calf. It was then that the woman sang a stave of thankfulness to Columba, and she said :—

My blessing on Colum till doom,
Thou art the best son on whom wave (of baptism) was poured ;
Bountiful to me was thy speech and thy love
When thou didst coax the brown heifer.

She moves not against me foot nor head,
She moves not against me hoof nor side ;
She fills the pitcher for the children
After giving the calf his fill.

That is the Blessing : here is the Correction. Columba said :—

Say no more to me of thy speech,
Small is my liking for thy sense ;
Let not the flattery out of thy mouth,—
Small is its worth in the sight of God.

Cha robh mac màthar air talamh
Co math ri Macan nan nèamh ;
Chruthaich e màgach na machrach,
Snàmhach mara is sgiathlach speur.

FUIDHEALL

Leum nan gàrradh bó gun laogh,
Teum nan nàbaidh bó gun laogh,
Mallachd buachaill bó gun laogh,
Ceann ri crualaich bó gun laogh.

Ceann gun bhuaidh i bó gun laogh,
Ceann na duaidh i bó gun laogh ;
Cha bhi dealbh air bó gun laogh,
Cha bhi sealbh air bó gun laogh.

Ceann an aird i bó gun laogh,
Ceann gun àgh i bó gun laogh ;
Diùgh na bàthach bó gun laogh,
Diùgh na tàna bó gun laogh.

There has been no son of mother on earth
So good as the dear Son of heaven ;
He created the creeping thing of the plain,
That which swims in the sea and the winged creature of the skies.

FRAGMENT

" Leap the dyke " is the calfless cow,
Vexation of neighbours the calfless cow,
Curse of herdsman the calfless cow,
Head to rocky ground the calfless cow.

A useless head is the calfless cow,
A head of mischief is the calfless cow ;
No shapely form has the calfless cow,
No increase has the calfless cow.

Head on high is the calfless cow,
Head without triumph is the calfless cow ;
Worst of the byre is the calfless cow,
Worst of the herd is the calfless cow.

ÒRA NAN SINE

The woman who gave this divided the four teats of the cow according to four different purposes. She said that the milk of each teat possessed qualities peculiar to itself. The milk of one contained more butter, the milk of another more casein, the milk of another more sugar, and the milk of a fourth more fat, than the milk of the other teats.

For each of the four she had a different name. The two front teats together were called ' tòsdaidh,' ' fronts,' and separately ' tòsdaidh toisgeil

INE Mhoire,
Sine Bhrighde,
Sine Mhìcheil,
Sine Dhé.

Cha laigh gnù,
Cha laigh tnùth,
Cha laigh sùil
Air rùn mo chléibh.

Cha laigh gìomha,
Cha laigh mìorun,
Cha laigh dìobhail
Air mo Mhìneig féin.

Cha laigh gisne,
Cha laigh spìde,
Is i fo dhìdein
Rìgh nan reul ;
Is i fo dhìdein
Rìgh nan reul.

PRAYER OF THE TEATS

(toisgeal) ' and ' tòsdaidh doisgeil (doisgeal) ' or ' tuathail,' ' right and left fronts.' The two after-teats she called ' tòndaidh,' and each separately ' tòndaidh toisgeil (toisgeal)' and ' tòndaidh doisgeil (doisgeal) ' or ' tuathail.'

The four teats were dedicated to four individuals, sometimes four members of the family, sometimes four saints.

Teat of Mary,
Teat of Brigit,
Teat of Michael,
Teat of God.

No malice shall lie,
No envy shall lie,
No eye shall lie
Upon my heart's dear one.

No fear shall lie,
No ill-will shall lie,
No loss shall lie
On my own ' Mìneag.' [' Gentle '

No spell shall lie,
No spite shall lie
On her beneath the keeping
Of the King of the stars ;
On her beneath the keeping
Of the King of the stars.

In sitting down to milk the cow the woman says or sings or

Beannaich, a Dhé, mo bhoineag,
Beannaich, a Dhé, mo mhiann ;
Beannaich féin mo chomann
Is bleoghan mo làmh, a Dhia.

Beannaich, a Dhé, gach sine,
Beannaich, a Dhé, gach miar ;
Beannaich féin gach boinne
Théid dha m' ghogan, a Dhia !

After this prayer the woman sings songs and croons, lilts and lullabies, to cow after cow till all are milked. The secular songs and the religious songs of the people are mixed and mingled, song and hymn alternating in unison with the movements of the hands and the idiosyncrasies of the milker.

Nor is it less interesting to observe the manner in which the cows themselves differentiate between the airs sung to them, giving their milk

Thoir am bainne, m'eudail !
Thoir am bainne, m'eudail !
Thoir am bainne, m'eudail !

Thoir am bainne
'S gheibh thu ceannach,—
Bonnach brathainn,
Brìgh na brailis,
Fìon na cailis,
Mil is marrum,
M'eudail !

Thoir am bainne
'S gheibh thu ceannach,—
Feòir na machair,
Ceò nan achadh,
Beòir na bracha,
Ceòl na farcha,
M'eudail !

intones a short rhythmical prayer.

Bless, O God, my little cow,
Bless, O God, my desire ;
Bless Thou my partnership
And the milking of my hands, O God.

Bless, O God, each teat,
Bless, O God, each finger ;
Bless Thou each drop
That goes into my pitcher, O God !

freely with some songs and withholding it with others. Occasionally a cow will withhold her milk till her own favourite lilt is sung to her. The intelligence of these Highland cows is instructive and striking to the student of nature.

These differences are well known to the observant people themselves, who discuss them and discriminate between certain traits in the nature and character of their cows and horses and other animals.

Give the milk, my treasure !
Give the milk, my treasure !
Give the milk, my treasure !

Give the milk
And thou'lt get a reward,—
Bannock of quern,
Sap of ale-wort,
Wine of chalice,
Honey and the wealth of the milk,
My treasure !

Give the milk
And thou'lt get a reward,—
Grasses of the plain,
Milk of the fields,
Ale of the malt,
Music of the lyre,
My treasure !

Thoir am bainne, m'eudail !
Thoir am bainne, m'eudail !

Thoir am bainne
'S gheibh thu beannachd
Rìgh na talamh,
Rìgh na mara,
Rìgh nam flatha,
Rìgh nan aingeal,
Rìgh na Cathrach,
M'eudail !

THOIR AM BAINNE, M'EUDAIL

Thoir am bainne, m'eudail,
Thoir gu tairis teudach,
Thoir am bainne, m'eudail,
Gu teudach 's gu ciùin.

Give the milk, my treasure !
Give the milk, my treasure !

Give the milk
And thou'lt have the blessing
Of the King of the earth,
The King of the sea,
The King of heaven,
The King of the angels,
The King of the City,
My treasure !

GIVE THE MILK, MY TREASURE

Give the milk, my treasure,
Give quietly, with steady flow,
Give the milk, my treasure,
With steady flow and calmly.

TATAN BEOTHAICH

OBA 'ga chur ad chluais dheis
Gu do leas is chan ann gu t'aimhleas ;
Gaol na fearainn tha fo d' chois,
Is fuath na fuinn bho'n d'fhalbh thu.

Tha fois aig mo ghaol a nochd
Am fochara nam farrabheann ;
Do cheangal teann am làimh nochd,
Tha glas iarainn ort, a Tharragheal.

CRÒNAN BLEOGHAIN

Fuiridh m'agh, fanaidh m'agh,
Fuiridh m'agh riumsa,
Fuiridh m'agh biorach dubh
Air mullach an tuilm rium.

Ged bhiodh crodh chàich a muigh,
Ged bhiodh càch a muigh,
Ged bhiodh crodh chàich a muigh,
Cha bhi m'agh donn ann.

ATTRACTING AN ANIMAL

The spell is placed in thy right ear
For thy good and not for thy harm ;
Love of the land that is under thy foot,
And dislike of the land thou hast left.

My love has rest this night
Hard by the mountain ridges ;
Thy fast binding in my bare hand,
An iron lock is upon thee, ' Breast-white.'

MILKING CROON

My cow will wait, my cow will stay,
My cow will wait for me,
My black sharp-headed cow will wait
On the top of the knoll for me.

Though others' cows should be out,
Though others should be out,
Though others' cows should be out,
My dark cow will not be with them.

THOIR AM BAINNE, BHÓ DHONN

THOIR am bainne, bhó dhonn !
Thoir am bainne, bhó dhonn !
Thoir am bainne, bhó dhonn,
Gu trom agus gu torrach !

Thoir am bainne, bhó dhonn !
Thoir am bainne, bhó dhonn !
Thoir am bainne, bhó dhonn—
Uailsean a' tighinn dh'an bhaile !

Thoir am bainne, bhó dhonn !
Thoir am bainne, bhó dhonn !
Thoir am bainne, bhó dhonn—
Mac Néill ! Mac Leòid ! Mac Cailein !

Thoir am bainne, bhó dhonn !
Thoir am bainne, bhó dhonn !
Thoir am bainne, bhó dhonn,
Agus na sonn air pathadh !

GIVE THE MILK, BROWN COW

Give the milk, brown cow !
Give the milk, brown cow !
Give the milk, brown cow,
  Abundantly and richly !

Give the milk, brown cow !
Give the milk, brown cow !
Give the milk, brown cow—
  Nobles are coming to the townland !

Give the milk, brown cow !
Give the milk, brown cow !
Give the milk, brown cow—
  MacNeill ! MacLeod ! MacCailein !

Give the milk, brown cow !
Give the milk, brown cow !
Give the milk, brown cow,
  For the heroes are thirsty !

CRÒNAN CRUIDH

O Mhàiri Nic Rath, banarach, Taobh Tuath, Na Hearadh

BHITHEADH Màiri a' seinn a' chrònain seo dh'an chrodh dar a bhitheadh i dh'am bleoghan anns a' bhuailidh agus air an àirigh.

Mo thé dhubh bheag,
Hó hi rì !
Mo thé dhubh bheag,
A hó seó !
Mo thé dhubh bheag,
Hó ri rì !
Mo thé dhubh bheag,
A hó seó !

Cha toir mi luchd nan gaban thu, [Sasannaich
Cha toir mi luchd nan garlach,
Cha toir mi luchd nam praban thu—
'S ann bhios thu aig a' Ghàidheal !

Cha toirinn thu dh'an bhleidire
A bhios am freasdal nàire,
Cha toirinn thu dh'an sgeigire—
'S ann bheirinn thu dh'an àireach !

Cha toirinn thu dh'an bhuachaille
Seach sluagh a bhith dha m' chàineadh—
'S ann bhios thu aig an tuathcheathairn
Shuas air buail na h-àirigh !

Cha toirinn thu dh'an fhìdhleir
Na idir dh'ingnean tàilleir—
'S ann bhios thu aig na h-uaislean
Dha d' bhleoghan shuas air ardaibh !

CATTLE CROON

From Mary MacRae, dairymaid, North End, Harris

MARY used to sing this croon to the cattle when she would be milking them in the fold or at the shieling.

My little black one,
Hó hi rì !
My little black one,
A hó seó !
My little black one,
Hó ri rì !
My little black one,
A hó seó !

I'll not give thee to the big-mouthed folk, [the English
I'll not give thee to the folk of the starvelings,
I'll not give thee to the rheumy-eyed folk,
'Tis with the Gael that thou shalt be !

I'd not give thee to the wheedler
Who has not yet found shame,
I'd not give thee to the mocker—
'Tis to the dairyman I'd give thee !

I'd not give thee to the cowherd
Lest folk should revile me—
'Tis with the farmers thou shalt be
Up in the fold of the shieling !

I'd not give thee to the fiddler
Nor at all to the claws of a tailor—
'Tis with the gentry thou shalt be,
Being milked up on the heights !

M'AGH DONN

Mary MacNeill was known as Màiri Raghaill, Ranald's Mary, or Màiri ni Raghaill, Mary daughter of Ranald. She had been 'ceanna-bhanach-aig,' head milkmaid, for fifty-five years with the MacNeills of Barra. Feeling herself become too frail for her work, she left Eòlaigearraidh and went to live in a little bothy by herself. When General MacNeill came home from the wars, he asked Màiri ni Raghaill to come and sit 'aig cachaileith na cuithe, a' coimhead nan laogh a' dol a steach agus a mach,' at the gateway of the fold, watching the calves go in and out. 'Tha sùil Màiri ni Raghaill a' cur lì agus loinne air a' chrodh agamsa,' 'The eye of Mary daughter of Ranald is putting lustre and fatness upon my calves,' he was wont to say.

This woman was full of song and story. My informant said, 'Bha ficheadan agus ficheadan, ciadan agus ciadan

Ó m'aghan, hó m'agh donn !
Hó m'aghan, hó m'agh donn !
M'aghan cridhe gaolach gràdhach,
Saoghach nam bó bàn a bh'ann.

Hó m'aghan, hó m'agh donn !
Hó m'aghan, hó m'agh donn !
M'aghan cridhe gaolach gràdhach,
Chan iarr thu laogh na laoiceann orm.

Hó m'aghan, hó m'agh donn !
Hó m'aghan, hó m'agh donn !
M'aghan grìsionn gaolach gràdhach,
Gun rea'adh tu slàn thar bharr nam beann.

Hó m'aghan, hó m'agh donn !
Hó m'aghan, hó m'agh donn !
M'aghan mìseach gaolach gràdhach,
Gun rea'adh tu liom thar bharr nan tonn.

MY BROWN COW

òrain shìodha agus shaoghail, luinneagan àirigh, bà agus bleoghain aig Màiri ni Raghaill. A' bhó bu chrosda bha riamh am buaile Mhic Néill, chuireadh Màiri ni Raghaill gu fois i agus gon a bainne a thoir seachad do laogh agus do bhanachaig. Bha guth ciùil agus dòigh ainneamh aice.' —' Scores and scores, hundreds and hundreds of songs of fairies and of the world, lilts of shieling, of cows and of milking had Mary daughter of Ranald. The crossest cow that was ever in MacNeill's fold, Mary could quiet her and make her give milk to calf and to milkmaid. She had a musical voice and a rare way with her.'

Almost all the many songs and lullabies that this wonderful woman knew died when she died or when the evicted people of Barra were scattered over northern Canada.

Ho my little cow, ho my brown cow !
Ho my little cow, ho my brown cow !
  Little cow of my heart, dear, beloved,
Jewel of the white cows art thou.

Ho my little cow, ho my brown cow !
Ho my little cow, ho my brown cow !
  Little cow of my heart, dear, beloved,
Thou seekest not calf nor calfling * of me.

Ho my little cow, ho my brown cow !
Ho my little cow, ho my brown cow !
  My little brindled cow, dear, beloved,
Safe thou wouldst cross the crest of the peaks.

Ho my little cow, ho my brown cow !
Ho my little cow, ho my brown cow !
  My sweet little cow, dear, beloved,
With me thou wouldst cross the crest of the waves.

* See ii. 317.

OCH A MHAOL

CH a Mhaol, thoir am bainne,
'S e do laogh tha thu gearan,
Och a Mhaol, thoir am bainne.

Tha thu shìol a' chruidh ghuailfhinn
Bha air bhuail aig mo sheanair.

Tha thu shìol a' chruidh ghaolaich
Bh'aig mo dhaoine air ghleannaibh.

Tha thu shìol a' chruidh uai'rich
Bha aig uai'sibh nan Sraithibh.

Ach sguirim dha m' chuanal,
Tha mo luaidh-sa san anart.

Tha mo laogh-sa san fhuar-lic,
'S cha ghluais e san earrach.

O sguirim dha m' chaoineadh
'S mo ghaol 'na shuain chadail.

O sguirim dha m' chaoineadh,
Gura faoin dhomh mo ghearan.

O HORNLESS ONE

O Hornless One, give thou the milk,
It is thy calf thou art bewailing,
O Hornless One, give thou the milk.

Thou art of the seed of the white-shouldered kine
That my grandfather had in his fold.

Thou art of the seed of the beloved kine
That my people had in the glens.

Thou art of the seed of the proud kine
That the nobles of the Straths possessed.

But cease I from my crooning,
My love is in the linen shroud.

My calf is in the cold grave,
And he shall not stir in spring.

O cease I from my wailing,
Since my love is deep asleep.

O cease I from my wailing,
I do idly to lament.

CRÒNAN BLEOGHAIN

Ò-AN, hò-an, canam crònan ;
Sil, a bhóthag, sil a' mhòthain,
Lus na meala, lus an Domhnaich !
An comhnadh Chrìosda bhuain mi mòthan,
Is gleidhidh e mo bhainne air dhòigh dhomh.

An ceud sileadh do Chalum Cille mo ghaoil,
'S e dhùin dhut gach sloc, 's e shùmhail dhut gach cnoc,
'S e stiùir thu a nochd dhachaidh gun lochd ;
O beannachd nam bochd dha m' bhuachaille caomh !
Sil, O sil a bhóthag bainne a' mhòthain dha m' chomhlaiche caomh !

Hò-an, hò-an, canam crònan ;
Sil, a bhóthag, sil a' mhòthain,
Lus na meala, lus an Domhnaich !
An comhnadh Chrìosda bhuain mi mòthan,
Is gleidhidh e mo bhainne air dhòigh dhomh.

An dara sileadh dh'an deòrachan sgìth 's dh'an dìlleachdan mhaoth ;
Cha bhi dòigh air bóthaig am buaile ròga ich ;
Is meirg nach comhnadh le deòrach 's le monagan maoth ;
Sil, a bhóthag, bainne a' mhòthain 's nan neòineinean naomh !
Sil, O sil bainne dh'an deòrachan sgìth 's dh'an dìlleachdan mhaoth !

MILKING CROON

Hò-AN, hò-an, I'll lilt a croon ;
Pour, little cow, milk of the pearlwort,
Herb of sweetness, herb of the Lord !
With aiding of Christ I culled the pearlwort,
And it will keep for me my milk aright.

The first flow for Columba of my love,
'Tis he closed for thee each pit and smoothed for thee each hill,
'Tis he who guided thee home to-night unharmed ;
O the blessing of the poor upon my loving herdsman !
Pour, O pour, little cow, milk of the pearlwort for my dear companion !

Hò-an, hò-an, I'll lilt a croon ;
Pour, little cow, milk of the pearlwort,
Herb of sweetness, herb of the Lord !
With aiding of Christ I culled the pearlwort,
And it will keep for me my milk aright.

The second flow for the weary pilgrim and the tender orphan ;
There is no comfort for a little cow in an ill-kept fold ;
Alas for him who would not aid pilgrim and tender little child ;
Pour, little cow, milk of the pearlwort and of the sacred daisies !
Pour, O pour milk for the weary pilgrim and for the tender orphan !

Hò-an, hò-an, canam crònan ;
Sil, a bhóthag, sil a' mhòthain,
Lus na meala, lus an Domhnaich !
An comhnadh Chrìosda bhuain mi mòthan,
Is gleidhidh e mo bhainne air dhòigh dhomh.

An treasa sileadh dha m' chéile fir 's dha m' ghilleachan gràidh ;
Gum fàs e ri latha 's gum fàs e ri oidhche,
Ri gréin na goillse 's ri gealaich na soillse !
Sil, a bhóthag, bainne a' mhòthain nan sobhrag 's nan seamarag àigh !
Sil, O sil bainne tiugh, miath tiugh, bheir ìm agus gruth,
Agus sul dha m' dhuine 's mo lurachan gràidh !

Hò-an, hò-an, canam crònan ;
Sil, a bhóthag, sil a' mhòthain,
Lus na meala, lus an Domhnaich !
An comhnadh Chrìosda bhuain mi mòthan,
Is gleidhidh e mo bhainne air dhòigh dhomh.

An ceathramh sileadh . . .

Hò-an, hò-an, I'll lilt a croon ;
Pour, little cow, milk of the pearlwort,
Herb of sweetness, herb of the Lord !
With aiding of Christ I culled the pearlwort,
And it will keep for me my milk aright.

The third flow for my goodman and my darling little boy ;
May he be growing by day and may he be growing by night,
With the sun of showers and with the moon of radiance !
Pour, little cow, milk of the pearlwort, the primrose and the shamrock benign !
Pour, O pour milk thick, rich and thick, that will give butter and curds
And fatness for my man and my lovely little boy !

Hò-an, hò-an, I'll lilt a croon ;
Pour, little cow, milk of the pearlwort,
Herb of sweetness, herb of the Lord !
With aiding of Christ I culled the pearlwort,
And it will keep for me my milk aright.

The fourth flow . . .

ÒR AN IME

Beulaiche : Ceit Nic Nìll, bochdag, Breubhaig, Barraidh

THE ' crannachan,' a kind of churn, is a cylindrical vessel of staves. Its lid is detachable and has a hole in the centre with a cuplike lip. Through this hole passes a staff or plunger with a perforated disc fixed to its lower end. The plunger is called ' loinid,' ' simid,' ' ceann-simid,' ' maide maistridh.' The cuplike lip of the hole is designed to intercept any cream that may come up with the plunger in the process of churning.

The ' crannachan ' supplanted churns of other types. One of these was the ' cuinneag,' stoup. This too was circular and built of staves, but it was much wider at the base than at the top. It had no plunger. The cream having been put in, the mouth of the vessel was covered with the dressed skin of lamb, sheep, kid, goat, or calf, and tightly bound with a cord of linen or leather. This covering was called ' bùilig,' ' bùilich,' ' bùileach.' The ' cuinneag,' thus secured, was placed on a bench, bed, table or other suitable place, and the process of churning consisted in agitating it rapidly to and fro.

The ' crannachan,' staff-churn, was felt to be an innovation.

O'n chailleadh a' chuinneag
Chan fhaicear a' bhùilig,
Is cleachdannan ùr
Air tighinn dh'an àit,
Ach seasamh ri crannachan
Is faide shlat-shiùil
Do mhaide 'ga stiùradh
Fodha gu mhàs.

CHARM OF THE BUTTER

Reciter : Kate MacNeill, pauper, Breubhaig, Barra

Since lost is the stoup
Not seen is the covering,
New-fangled fashions
Having come to the land,
But standing at a staff-churn
With the length of a sailyard
Of a stick driven hard
Down to its base.

' Cuman,' ' crathadair,' ' imideal,' ' simideal,' ' meadar,' ' muidhe,' ' cùdainn,' ' currasan '—these were the names of other churns superseded by the ' crannachan,' some of them, however, denoting vessels used for various domestic purposes besides churning.

The ' imideal ' is more properly the skin, otherwise called ' bùilig.'

Cuman is snàthainn is imideal
Ceithir-thimcheall Lùb Theamradail.

Milking-cogue and cord and covering of skin
Right round the ' Lùb ' of Teamradal.

The meaning is that these were numerous around the ' Lùb,' Bend, of Teamradal, Loch Carron.

[pp. 84-85

ÒR AN IME

N òr rinn Calum Cille
Do mhongag a' ghlinne,
A mhórachadh a h-ime,
A chorrachadh a bainne.

Thig, a storra, thig ! [storrach
Thig, a storra, thig !
Thig, a storra, meallan móra,
Thig, a storra, thig !

Fhir chuir ial an gil 's an grian,
Fhir chuir biadh an dias 's an tàn,
Fhir chuir iasg am burn 's am blian,
Cuir an t-iam a nìos 'na thràth !

Thig, a storra, thig !
Thig, a storra, thig !
Thig, a storra, meallan móra,
Thig, a storra, thig !

CHARM OF THE BUTTER

The charm made of Columba
To the maiden of the glen,
Her butter to make more,
Her milk to make surpassing.

Come, ye rich lumps, come !
Come, ye rich lumps, come !
Come, ye rich lumps, masses large,
Come, ye rich lumps, come !

Thou Who put beam in moon and sun,
Thou Who put food in ear and herd,
Thou Who put fish in stream and sea,
Send the butter up betimes !

Come, ye rich lumps, come !
Come, ye rich lumps, come !
Come, ye rich lumps, masses large,
Come, ye rich lumps, come !

EÒIR A' MHUIDHE

Beulaiche : Iseabal Nic Eachainn, coitear, Bun Easain, Muile

IÙD, a Chaluim Chille chaoimh,
Greas an loinn air a' bharr ;
Fhaic thu dìlleachdain gun suim
A' feitheamh beannachd tuinn nan tàin.

Stillim ! steòilim !
Strichim ! streòichim !
Cuir a sìos am breòichim
Is thoir a nìos an slàn !

Siùd, a Bhrighde bhanailt bhìth,
Greas an t-ìm air a' bharr ;
Fhaic thu Peadair dìorrais shìos
A' feitheamh ceapaire buidhe bàn.

Stillim ! steòilim !
Strichim ! streòichim !
Cuir a sìos am breòichim
Is thoir a nìos an slàn !

Siùd, a Mhoire Mhàthair mhìn,
Greas an t-ìm air a' bharr ;
Fhaic thu Pòl is Iòin is Ìos
A' feitheamh shìos ri ìm an àigh.

Stillim ! steòilim !
Strichim ! streòichim !
Cuir a sìos am breòichim
Is thoir a nìos an slàn !

INVOCATION AT CHURNING

Reciter : Isabel MacEachainn, cottar, Bunessan, Mull

Come, thou Calum Cille kindly,
Hasten the lustre on the cream ;
Seest thou the orphans unregarded
Waiting the blessing of the milk-wave of the kine.

Stillim ! steòilim !
Strichim ! streòichim !
Send down the broken
And bring up the whole !

Come, thou Brigit, handmaid calm,
Hasten the butter on the cream ;
Seest thou impatient Peter yonder
Waiting the buttered bannock white and yellow.

Stillim ! steòilim !
Strichim ! streòichim !
Send down the broken
And bring up the whole !

Come, thou Mary Mother mild,
Hasten the butter on the cream ;
Seest thou Paul and John and Jesus
Waiting the gracious butter yonder.

Stillim ! steòilim !
Strichim ! streòichim !
Send down the broken
And bring up the whole !

LUATHADH

Five minor processes are involved in waulking. There is first the process of thickening the cloth ; second the process of cleansing the cloth ; third, the process of folding it ; fourth, the process of giving it tension ; and after these the rite of consecrating the cloth. All these processes are performed with care of eye and deftness of hand come of ability and experience.

During the work the women sing lively, stirring, emphatic songs. One sings a verse, all join in the chorus. The leader usually sits at the head of the waulking-frame ; if she is advanced in life she is not allowed to work, in which case she sits a few feet back and in a line with the frame. The women keep time with their arms or feet.

Most of the songs sung are war-songs, love-songs, boating-songs, and hunting-songs. In all these the lovers or husbands or chiefs of the women form the subject of the song, which is fervid and personal to a degree. There are also perhaps impromptus, on some local topic, perhaps on the real or supposed love-affairs of one or more of the girls present. Perhaps the hunter who has looked in with his dog and his gun in passing, or the traveller with his staff and his plaid who has come to see and to listen, may form the subject of an impromptu song to a well-known air. In this case the women politely endow the subject of the song with many merits and good qualities, both mental and physical, which he, modest man, never knew he possessed.

When the process of waulking is completed the cloth is cleansed and washed with plenty of soap in a burn or stream if one is convenient. The cloth is carried to and from the water on a hand-barrow. After it is washed it is placed in folds, forming about a square of the cloth, and piled over one another. This process is called ' coinnleachadh,' ' cur chlò air choinnlean.' From these folds the cloth is rolled upon a piece of wood, round or flat as may be most conveniently got. This process is called ' cornadh,' ' cornadh a' chlò,' ' cornadh an aodaich,' ' cur a' chlò air chorn,' ' cornaich an clò.' The cloth is rolled slowly and carefully, bit by bit, hard and firm as the strong arms of the women can make it, in order that the tension may be evenly distributed. When the ' cornadh ' is completed and the end secured, the web of cloth is laid across the waulking frame. The ceremony of consecration is now performed, the first part solemnly, the second jubilantly. There are three celebrants, the oldest of them leading, the others following according to age. The first celebrant seizes the cloth and moves round about half a turn. Freeing her hands, she seizes it again and brings it round to complete the turn. With the first move the woman says, ' Cuirim car deiseal,' ' I give a turn sunwise ' ; and with the second move, completing the circle, she completes the sentence, ' am freasdal an Athar,' ' dependent on the Father.' The other two women turn the web similarly in name of Son and in name of Spirit.

WAULKING *

'Làn luathadh,' a full waulking, was an elaborate and beautiful operation. It was complicated and required experience and knowledge, and on this account one or two or three women specialists were appointed to conduct it. There was a 'bean luathaidh,' waulking woman, to lead the waulking. There was a 'bean dhuan,' woman of songs or lilts, to lead the singing; and there was a 'bean dhlighe,' woman of ceremony, to lead the processes in their order. The best workers and the best singers were chosen for the purpose, special stress being laid upon ceremony and upon music.

In the island of Coll there was a race of women called 'Clann Pheidirein,' descendants of Peter, Patersons, who were famous through the generations for their knowledge of the formalities and the technicalities and the melodies of the waulking. Before the people were evicted one or more of these women presided over every waulking in the island. The last of the family was Janet Paterson, Greòsabal, aged eighty-two. She had all the processes of the waulking as no one else had, and carried them out as no one else could. These Mac Pheidirein women had a wonderful fascination over the workers and the singers at the waulking.

'Chan fhaodar an t-aon òran a sheinn dà uair aig an aon luadh. Ma sheinnear, thig a' mhàthair chlò agus fàgaidh i an t-aodach stiallach tana agus mar a bha e an toiseach.'—'The same song may not be sung twice at the same waulking. If the same song be sung twice, the cloth-mother will come and render the cloth as thin and streaky as it was before.' At the waulking in the island of Miu'alaidh, Mingulay, near Barra, in 1866, I asked a beautiful girl to sing a certain song over again. She blushed and looked confused and abashed, and the women looked in an embarrassed way at one another. The leader said that were they to sing the same song twice at the same waulking the cloth would become thin and streaky and white as 'rùsg na caora,' the sheep's fleece, and there was no knowing what mischief might not befall the wearer of the cloth or the singer of the song. The hands of these girls were small, the fingers tapered, the arms muscular, the girls themselves of medium height, strongly made, well formed, muscular, and well mannered.

'Casadh' means hair or pile. 'Casadh,' 'basadh' and 'basradh' all refer to the same operation, the process of raising a pile on the cloth. 'Thathar a' tutanadh an aodaich a null agus a' tatanaich an aodaich a nall bho thaobh gu taobh agus bho cheann gu ceann na cléithe, agus 'ga bhasradh le basaibh nam boireannach.'—'The cloth is dragged hither and the cloth is drawn thither from side to side and from end to end of the frame or hurdle, and a pile raised on it with the women's palms.'

* See i. 306 f.

ÒRAN CUARTACHAIDH

The circuiting song is sung by the maidens around the waulking frame, the matrons taking no part beyond an occasional lift with the chorus. As the song goes round every maiden present has an opportunity of trying her talent at impromptu verse. In these verses the girls banter one another about their lovers or supposed lovers, their merits and demerits, mental

Hill ! hill ! hó ! hillin ó !
Hill ! is ho ro bhà o !

An raoir cha d'fhuair mi norra cadail,
Hill ! hill ! hó ! hillin ó !
A nochd chan fhaigh mi uiread,
Hill ! hill ! hó ! hillin ó !

Ge do bhiodh i riobach riabhach,
Cuiridh a crodh ciar a mach i.

Ge do bhiodh i riobach ròmach,
Is bòidheach loinneach crodh a h-athar.

Ge do bhiodh i cairtidh crainntidh,
Is bòidheach bàinghil a crodh beannach.

Ge do bhiodh i ocrach aognaidh, [aogaidh
Och mo ghaol an fhaodail fhalaich !

Ged bhiodh a sùilean frasach frògach,
'S a bial mar òmar, gheibh i leannan.

CIRCUITING SONG

and physical endowments, virtues and defects of any kind coming in for special attention. Some of these impromptus are clever and amusing, and some occasionally bitter. The following song was sung by a maiden whose lover was said to have left her for one endowed with more substance.

HILL ! hill ! hó ! hillin ó !
Hill ! is ho ro bhà o !

Last night I got not a wink of sleep,
Hill ! hill ! hó ! hillin ó !
This night I shall not get as much,
Hill ! hill ! hó ! hillin ó !

Though she were tattered and brindled,
Her dusky cattle will fetch her out.

Though she were tattered and shaggy,
Fat and fair are her father's cattle.

Though she were wizened and shrivelled,
Fair and white are her horned cattle.

Though she were hungry and like death,
Oh my love the hidden windfall !

Though her eyes were watery, hollow,
And her mouth like amber, she'll get a lover.

Ach laighim sùmhail socrach suaineach,
Gun chrodh dubh no ruadh no ballach.

An raoir cha d'fhuair mi norra cadail,
Hill ! hill ! hó ! hillin ó !
A nochd chan fhaigh mi uiread,
Hill ! hill ! hó ! hillin ó !

RANNAN A RINNEADH AIR CLÉITH

The following lines were composed at the waulking frame

A NIGHEAN ud thall, grian bhith 't aghaidh !
Thug thu dhìom mo churral foghair,
Mo churral Mìcheil bho m' cheann-adhairt,
Mo chonail mìsean measg nan gobhar.

'D é ma thug, cha b'ann gun chobhair,
Ach le dubh innleachd nam ban odhar ;
Is tus a' mhìseag thog an todhar,
Is mis a' mhìneag nach tug bleoghan.

Clach am bròig dhuit do leaba,
Cail am fiacaill duit do chadal,
Calg an sùil duit do bheatha,
Caithris corrach dh'oidhche 's latha.

Nar faicear suainean air a chluasaig,
Nar faicear sùilean air a ghualainn,
Ach thus dh'an cur is Géige dh'am buana,
Is Morc dh'an cròthadh dha na saibhlean uaine !

But I lie snug, easy and sleepful,
Without cattle black or red or dappled.

Last night I got not a wink of sleep,
Hill ! hill ! hó ! hillin ó !
This night I shall not get as much,
Hill ! hill ! hó ! hillin ó !

VERSES MADE AT THE WAULKING FRAME

by a young woman to her successful rival.

Thou girl over there, may the sun be against thee !
Thou hast taken from me my autumn carrot,
My Michaelmas carrot from my pillow,
My procreant buck among the goats.

But if thou hast, it was not without help,
But with the black cunning of the dun women ;
Thou art the little she-goat that lifted the bleaching,
I am the little gentle cow that gave no milking.

Stone in shoe be thy bed for thee,
Husk in tooth be thy sleep for thee,
Prickle in eye be thy life for thee,
Restless watching by night and by day.

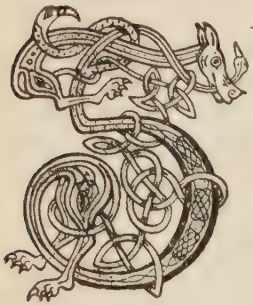
May no little slumberer be seen on thy pillow,
May no eyes be seen upon thy shoulder,
But mayest thou sow them and Géige reap them,
And Morc garner them to the green barns !

BASRADH

DAR a thàthar a' cur a' chlò air coinnlean thàthar 'ga bhasradh agus 'ga bheannachadh—

Dh'an Athair,
Dh'an Mhac,
Dh'an Spiorad.

Mun dealaich iad théid màthair mhac a suas a chum fear an taighe, agus a' dèanamh beic dha, their i ris :



UN caith thu 'n clò
'Na phiullagan,
Gun caith thu 'n clò
'Na pheallagan,
Gun caith thu 'n clò
Le biadh is ceòl
Anns gach dòigh
Bu mhath leinn thu ;

'Na do nàire,
'Na do shlàinte,
'Na do chairdean,
'Na do rùn,
An gràs an Athar,
An gràs a' Mhic,
An gràs an Spioraid,
An gràs Trì nan dùl.

HAND-SMOOTHING

When the cloth is being piled they smooth it out with their palms and bless it—

To the Father,
To the Son,
To the Spirit.

Before they part, a mother of sons goes up to the man of the house, and making a courtesy to him she says to him :

Mayest thou wear the cloth
To shreds,
Mayest thou wear the cloth
To rags,
Mayest thou wear the cloth
With food and music
In every way
As we would fain have thee ;

In thy modesty,
In thy health,
In thy friends,
In thy love,
In the grace of the Father,
In the grace of the Son,
In the grace of the Spirit,
In the grace of the Three of the elements.

COISRIGEADH AN AODAICH

From Duncan Cameron, police constable, Morvern,

UIRIM an deasalt
Am freasdal Athar.

Dara coisreagan :
Cuirim an deasalt
Am freasdal Mic.

Treas coisreagan :
Cuirim an deasalt
Am freasdal Spioraid.

An triùir :
Agus gach deasalt
Am freasdal Teòra,
'S gach car a théid dhà
An sgàth Teòra.

Agus gach deasalt
Am freasdal Teòra.

CONSECRATION OF THE CLOTH

a man who was full of valuable old lore.

First consecrator :

I give the sunwise turn
Dependent on the Father.

Second consecrator :

I give the sunwise turn
Dependent on the Son.

Third consecrator :

I give the sunwise turn
Dependent on the Spirit.

The three :

And each sunwise turn
Dependent on the Three,
And each turn it takes
For the sake of the Three.

And each sunwise turn
Dependent on the Three.

BEANNACHADH

HAN ath-aodach seo,
'S chan fhaighdh e,
Cha chuid chléir e,
Cha chuid sagairt e,
'S cha chuid deòir e ;

Ach do chuid féin,
A mhic mo chré,
Ri gile 's ri gréin,
Am fianais Dhé,
'S gleidh agad e !

Gu meal thu e,
Gun caith thu e,
Gun ceal thu e,
Gum faigh thu e
'Na strìcean,
'Na stròicean,
'Na struaicean,
'Na striollagan !

BLESSING

This is no second-hand cloth,
And it is not begged,
It is not property of cleric,
It is not property of priest,
And it is not property of pilgrim ;

But thine own property,
O son of my body,
By moon and by sun,
In the presence of God,
And keep thou it !

Mayest thou enjoy it,
Mayest thou wear it,
Mayest thou finish it,
Until thou find it
In shreds,
In strips,
In rags,
In tatters !

CUNNTAS NA H-ACAINNE GRIASACHD

Aona mhinidh aona cheap,
Dà mhinidh dà cheap,
Trì minidh trì cip,
Ceithir minidh ceithir cip,
Cóig minidh cóig cip,
Sia minidh sia cip,
Seachd minidh seachd cip,
Ochd minidh ochd cip,
Naoi minidh naoi cip ;
Minidh agus ceap,
Buaicein agus geir,
Ite circe mar bharr
Gus a stopaḍh throimh 'n t-sàil,
Ochd gramanna diag
Bho shròin shuas gu sàil sìos mun cuairt
Anns a' bhròig Ghàidhealaich.

' Ite circe mar bharr ' means that hen's feathers were used in place of bristles to push the strong thread through the thickest part of the shoe, at the heel. Leather thongs or laces were sometimes used instead of waxed

THE COUNTING OF THE SHOEMAKING-TOOLS

One awl one last,
Two awls two lasts,
Three awls three lasts,
Four awls four lasts,
Five awls five lasts,
Six awls six lasts,
Seven awls seven lasts,
Eight awls eight lasts,
Nine awls nine lasts ;
Awl and last,
Wax and tallow,
Hen's feather as a point
To thrust it through the heel,
Stitches eighteen
From snout above round about down to heel
In the Gaelic shoe.

thread, and only one thread or lace was used instead of two, one on each side, so as to make the tension equal. So Mr Alexander Stewart, of Ceann na Coille, Glen Lyon, informs the editor.

TAGHADH FIODH

Tagh seileach nan allt,
Tagh calltainn nan creag,
Tagh fearna nan lón,
Tagh beithe nan eas.

Tagh uinnseann na dubhair,
Tagh iubhar na leuma,
Tagh leamhan na bruthaich,
Tagh duire na gréine. [darach

ROGHA

Coit cheanna bhord,
Bròg cheanna bhalt,
Cruach cheanna dhias,
Cliabh cheanna shlat.

CHOICE OF TIMBER

Choose the willow of the streams,
  Choose the hazel of the rocks,
Choose the alder of the marshes,
  Choose the birch of the waterfalls.

Choose the ash of the shade,
  Choose the yew of resilience,
Choose the elm of the brae,
  Choose the oak of the sun.

CHOICE

These are said to be the best.

Boat of board-ends,
  Shoe of welt-ends,
Stack of ear-ends,
  Creel of rod-ends.

BIADH AGUS CAISEART AN TUATHANAICH

Trì pinntean do mhiodhg amh,
Làn a' chumain chait do bhrochan,
Cuaganach math bonnaich
'S e leth-uair san luaith,
Clàr a chudaigean eadar gach ochdnar.

Gach closach agus gach blianach a thuiteas air mullach tuim no tuilm no tulaich, no ann an gleann am bonn beinne a chlòimh a chraiceann.

B'e sud an culaidh, le bonna bhròg an do sheiche do chiad a dh'iall an Donn Ghualain * a chuireadh na naoi mairt air dhàir leis an aona gheum ghuranach.

* *I.e.* an Donn Chúailnge.

THE FARMER'S FOOD AND FOOTGEAR

THREE pints of raw whey,
The fill of the cat's cogue of porridge,
A good thick round bannock
That has been half an hour in the ashes,
A trough of coalfish among every eight.
Every carcase and every pithless beast that falls on top of knoll or hillock or height, or in glen at mountain's foot, for wool and for skin.
That were the raiment, with shoe-soles of the hundred-thonged hide of the Brown Bull of Cuailnge, who would put nine cows in heat with the one bruling bellow.

IORRAM HIRTEACH

MARTIN reports that the men and women of St Kilda had a genius for poetry, music and dancing, to all of which they were addicted. Dr Johnson, on the other hand, declared that no good poetry could come from St Kilda. The technique and diction of the following pieces would not satisfy Johnson, but they have other qualities that might please him. Though not old, they have a charming simplicity and intense feeling. They are some of several * which the writer took down on 22nd May 1865 from the recitation of Eibhrig Nic Cruimein, Euphemia MacCrimmon, cottar, aged eighty-four years, who had many old songs, stories, and traditions of the island. I would have got more of these had there been peace and quiet to take them down, but this was not to be had among a crowd of naval officers and seamen and St Kilda men, women and children, and, even noisier than these, St Kilda dogs, mad with excitement and all barking at once. The aged reciter was much censured for her recital of these songs and poems, and the writer for causing the old woman to stir the recesses of her memory for this lore ; for the people of St Kilda have now discarded songs and music, dancing, folklore, and the stories of the foolish past.† We were silenced, but not subdued, and I fear that one of us was

> ' Even in his penance
> Planning sins anew.'

Euphemia MacCrimmon said that the ' comhradh,' conversation, was composed by her own father and mother before they were married.‡

It was seldom that a St Kilda man died a natural death. When a St Kildan was asked, ' Ciod e am bàs a fhuair t'athair ? ', ' What death did your father get ? ', the answer would too often be, ' Chaidh e leis,' ' He went over (the rock) ' ; sometimes ' Chaidh a bhàthadh,' ' He was drowned ' ; infrequently ' Fhuair e bàs cinn-adhairt,' ' He got a pillow-death, died in his bed.' Euphemia MacCrimmon's own father and her mother's father were on the rock ' ag ianach,' hunting birds. The younger man was on a ledge below, seizing the birds, and the elder man on a ledge above,

* Others have been published already.

† St Kilda is now (1940) without permanent human inhabitants.

‡ An earlier manuscript of the Collector's contains the second and third sections of this song (*i.e.* those beginning ' Buidheachas ' and ' Nàile '), and also this note : This is all I have been able to get of the song ; I wish much I could get the whole, but I have no idea where to find it. The old man Ruairidh Domhnallach [Roderick MacDonald], aged eighty-five, in Clachan a' Ghluib, North Uist, from whom I got these verses, heard the song many years ago from a servant girl he had from St Kilda. I would walk forty miles to procure the rest of the song. I doubt not but the gannets are meant by the phrase ' na h-eòin mhóra.'

ST KILDA LILT

holding the rope. The fulcrum against which the latter held his feet suddenly broke away from the parent rock, precipitating the two helpless men into the seething Atlantic. Their bodies, when recovered, were much mangled, though the birds under their girdles had kept them afloat. These accidents caused much misery to the little community. Their distress was often rendered the more bitter that the wild sea around their rocky island often made it impossible to recover the dead, though the bodies could be seen buoyed up by the birds secured to them. The people are now either more cautious than their fathers were, or better provided, for accidents are fewer.

On one occasion eighteen men came from St Kilda to Uist for corn seeds for their crofts, their own scant crops having been destroyed by the storms of the previous autumn. They were taken to Balranald, one of the best and biggest and best known farms in the Western Isles, and there they got all they wanted. They then started out on their long and perilous homeward voyage, which, alas, they never made, their frail coracle being swallowed up in the wild waves of the stormy Atlantic.

The St Kilda men's visit was long remembered, for it caused much amusement at the time ; the artless simplicity, the peculiar words, and the lisping accent of the men were talked of long afterwards, but always kindly. If a question were asked of one of them, all the eighteen men would reply simultaneously, with one voice and one accord. Mrs MacDonald of Balranald asked, ' Am bi pòsadh agus baisteadh agaibh ann an Tiort ? ' ' O ghà'ag (ghràdhag) ghaolach, cha bhi, cha bhi pòsadh no baisteadh againn, is ann a tha sinn a chon a dhol a dhìth. Cia mar a phòsas no a bhaisteas sinn, nach d'eug a' bhramach-innilt ? agus chan urra dhuinn clann a bhith againn, agus is ann a tha sinn, a ghà'ag, an annar a dhol a dhìth.' ' Ciod e an rud a tha anns a' bhramach-innilt ? ' ' Tha, a ghà'ag, am boireannach a tha am bun na bratha (mnatha) a tha cur na cloinne chon an t-saoghail.'—' Do you have marriages and baptisms in St Kilda ? ' ' Oh my dear beloved, no, we have no marriages or baptisms, rather we are dying out. How shall we marry and baptize, did not the " bramach-innilt " die ? and we cannot have children, and we are, my dear, like to die out.' ' What is the " bramach-innilt " ? ' ' It is, my dear, the female who attends to the woman who is sending children into the world.'

' Bramach-innilt,' midwife, bondswoman, handmaiden, is the regular word in St Kilda for what others usually call ' bean-ghlùin.' Ordinarily the ' bean-shiùla ' goes upon one knee, only in the remote island of Heisgeir the ' bean tuisil ' (' tuisilidh ') goes upon both knees.

IORRAM HIRTEACH

Esan :

Bhuam cas-chrom, bhuam cas-dìreach,
Bhuam gach mìs is cìob is uan ;
Suas mo lòn, nuas mo ruba,—
Chuala mis an gug sa chuan !

Buidheachas dh'an Tì, thàine na gugachan,
Thàine 's na h-eòin mhóra cuide riu ;
Cailin dubh ciar dubh, bó sa chrò !
Bó dhonn, bó dhonn, bó dhonn bheidireach,
Bó dhonn, a rùin, a bhligheadh am bainne dhut,
Hó ró rù rà rì roideachag,
Cailin dubh ciar dubh, bó sa chrò !
Na h-eòin a' tighinn, cluinnim an ceòl !

Ise :

Nàile, 's e mo chuat am buachaill
Bhagradh am bata 's nach buaileadh !
Cailin dubh ciar dubh, etc.

Esan :

Mhoire, 's i mo rùn an cailin,
Ge dubh a cùl is cubhr a calann !
Cailin dubh ciar dubh, etc.

Ise :

Is tu mo luran, is tu mo leannan,
Thug thu thùs dhomh am fulmair meala !
Cailin dubh ciar dubh, etc.

ST KILDA LILT

He :

Away bent spade, away straight spade,
Away each goat and sheep and lamb ;
Up my rope, up my snare,—
I have heard the gannet upon the sea !

Thanks to the Being, the gannets are come,
Yes, and the big birds along with them ;
Dark dusky maid, a cow in the fold !
A brown cow, a brown cow, a brown cow beloved,
A brown cow, my dear one, that would milk the milk for thee,
Ho ro ru ra ree, playful maid,
Dark dusky maid, a cow in the fold !
The birds are a-coming, I hear their tune !

She :

Truly my sweetheart is the herdsman
Who would threaten the staff and would not strike !
Dark dusky maid, etc.

He :

Mary, my dear love is the maid,
Though dark her locks her body is fragrant !
Dark dusky maid, etc.

She :

Thou art my handsome joy, thou art my sweetheart,
Thou gavest me first the honied fulmar !
Dark dusky maid, etc.

Esan :

Is tu mo smùidein, is tu mo smeòirein,
Is mo chruit chiùil sa mhadainn bhòidhich !
Cailin dubh ciar dubh, etc.

Ise :

M'eudail thusa, mo lur 's mo shealgair,
Thug thu 'n dé dhomh 'n sùl 's an gearrbhall.
Cailin dubh ciar dubh, etc.

Esan :

Thug mi gaol dhut 's tu 'nad leanabh,
Gaol nach claon gun téid mi 's talamh.
Cailin dubh ciar dubh, etc.

Ise :

Is tu mo chugar, is tu mo chearban,
Thug thu am buit dhomh 's thug thu an gearr-
bhreac.
Cailin dubh ciar dubh, etc.

Esan :

Mo shùgradh sùl thu 's mo shùgh sòlais,
'S m'fhairchill bhinn thu 'm beinn a' cheòthaich.
Cailin dubh ciar dubh, etc.

Ise :

Tì dha d' chùmhnadh, Dùl dha d' chomhnadh,
Spiorad Naomh a bhith chùl do lòin !
Cailin dubh ciar dubh, bó sa chrò !
Bó dhonn, bó dhonn, bó dhonn bheidireach,
Bó dhonn, a rùin, a bhligheadh am bainne
dhut,
Hó ró rù rà rì roideachag,
Cailin dubh ciar dubh, bó sa chrò !
Na h-eòin a' tighinn, cluinnim an ceòl !

He :

Thou art my turtle-dove, thou art my mavis,
Thou art my melodious harp in the sweet morning.
Dark dusky maid, etc.

She :

Thou art my treasure, my lovely one, my huntsman,
Yesterday thou gavest me the gannet and the auk.
Dark dusky maid, etc.

He :

I gave thee love when thou wast but a child,
Love that shall not wane till I go beneath the earth.
Dark dusky maid, etc.

She :

Thou art my hero, thou art my basking sunfish,
Thou gavest me the puffin and the black-headed guillemot.
Dark dusky maid, etc.

He :

The mirth of my eyes and the essence of my joy thou art,
And my sweet-sounding lyre in the mountain of mist.
Dark dusky maid, etc.

She :

May the Being keep thee, the Creator aid thee,
The Holy Spirit be behind thy rope !
Dark dusky maid, a cow in the fold !
A brown cow, a brown cow, a brown cow beloved,
A brown cow, my dear one, that would milk the milk for thee,
Ho ro ru ra ree, playful maid,
Dark dusky maid, a cow in the fold !
The birds are a-coming, I hear their tune !

CHA B'E SGIOBA NA FAICHE

CHAIDH ochd fir dheug de mhuinntir thuath Irt do Bhoirearaidh air tòir mhult. Bha iad ochd seachdainean deug ri port am Boirearaidh. Cha d'fhàgadh aig an taigh anns an eilean ach an aon duine d'am b'ainm Calum. Bha boireannaich an eilein cho diumbach do Chalum agus gum biodh iad a' dèanamh phort agus rann agus òran dha, té 'ga chur sìos agus té 'ga thoir a nìos, té 'ga chàineadh agus té 'ga mholadh.

CHA b'e sgioba na faiche [fairce
Ghabh Di-Ciadaoin an t-aiseag :
Gura sgeula nan creach mura beò sibh.

Gur h-e chum sibh cho fad uam
Am muir ard 's a' ghaoth chas oirbh,
Chor 's nach d'fhaod sibh a' cheartair thoir seòl dhi.

Gur h-e turas gun bhuannachd
Thug air falbh an duin uasal
Gus an aon mhac thoir uamsa 's o Dhomhnall.

Dh'fhalbh mo mhac 's mo thriùir bhràithrean,
Aon mhac peathar mo mhàthar,
Sgeul is cruaidh' thig no thàinig, m'fhear pòsda.

'S e chuir mi tharraing na luatha
'S a thoir treis air an ruamhar
Na fir a bhith uam 's gun bhrath beò orr.

Mi gun sùgradh gun mhire
Am shuidh air urlar a' ghlinne ;
Tha mo shùilean a' sileadh, 's tric deòir orr.

IT WAS NO CREW OF LANDSMEN

Eighteen men of the people of north St Kilda went to Boreray to fetch wethers. They were eighteen weeks storm-stayed in Boreray. There was left at home in St Kilda only one man called Calum (Malcolm). The women of the island were so displeased with Calum that they were making tunes and verses and songs to him, one woman putting him down and another bringing him up, one woman dispraising him and another praising him.

It was no crew of landsmen
Crossed the ferry on Wednesday :
'Tis tidings of disaster if you live not.

What has kept you so long from me
Is the high sea and the sudden wind catching you,
So that you could not at once give her sail.

'Tis a profitless journey
That took the noble man away,
To take our one son from me and from Donald.

My son and my three brothers are gone,
And the one son of my mother's sister,
And, sorest tale that will come or has come, my husband.

What has set me to draw ashes
And to take a spell at digging
Is that the men are away with no word of their living.

I am left without fun or merriment
Sitting on the floor of the glen ;
My eyes are wet, oft are tears on them.

ÒRAN LUATHAIDH IORTACH

Agus O iorrach a' chuain, [iubhrach ?
Agus O sna hiùra bho'aich,
Agus O iorrach a' chuain.

Dhèanainn an clò bàn dhuit,
Snàth mar an sìoman reamhar,
Agus O iorrach a' chuain.

Dhèanainn dhuit an cuaran iteach,
A luaidh 's a liosdaidh nam fearu,
Agus O iorrach a' chuain.

Bheirinn dhuit a' mhogais phrìseil,
'S am ball sinnsir bh'aig mo sheanair, [innsir
Agus O iorrach a' chuain.

Mo ghaol sealgair a' bhigein,
'S moiche thig thar linne choimhich, [cheathaich
Agus O iorrach a' chuain.

Mo ghaol maraiche nan tonn,
'S mór am fonn bhiodh air a mhalaigh,
Agus O iorrach a' chuain.

ST KILDA WAULKING SONG

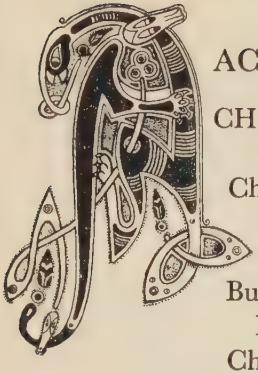
I would make the fair cloth for thee,
Thread as the thatch-rope stout.

I would make the feathered buskin for thee,
Thou beloved and importunate of men.

I would give thee the precious anchor,
And the family gear which my grandfather had.

My love is the hunter of the bird,
Who earliest comes over foreign sea. [misty

My love the sailor of the waves,
Great the cheer his brow will show.



ACHLASAN CHALUIM CHILLE

ACHLASAN chaomh Chaluim Chille
Gun sireadh dhomh gun iarraidh !
Cha togar as mo chadal mi
'S cha sparrar mi air iarann.

Buainidh mi an donn duilleach,
Luibh a fhuaradh am bonn bearraidh ;
Cha tugainn i do bhean no dhuine
Gun tuilleadh 's mo mhìle beannachd.

Buainidh mi an donn dorlach,
An luibh a dh'ordaich Crìosda ;
'S i chuireas bainn' air dhòigh dhomh,
'S i chuireas pòr san nì dhomh.

BUAINIDH mise m'achlasan,
Luibh allail nam ban fionn,
Luibh na cuirme shòlasaich
Bha 'n cùirt shòghail Fhinn.

Luibh fhireann i, luibh bhoireann i,
Luibh thogadh crodh is laogh,
Luibh Chaluim chaoimh chonnalaich,
Luibh loinneil nam ban caon.

B'fhearr a duais fo m'achlais
Na prasgan do chrodh àil ;
B'fhearr a duais bhuadha
Na cuallach do chrodh bàn.

SAINT COLUMBA'S PLANT

ARMPIT-PACKAGE * of Columba kindly
Unsought by me, unlooked for !
I shall not be lifted away in my sleep
And I shall not be thrust upon iron.

I will pluck the brown leafy one,
Herb found at a steep bank's foot ;
Nor to man nor to woman would I give it
Without more than my thousand blessings.

I will pluck the brown handful,
The herb ordained of Christ ;
'Tis it will set my milk aright,
'Tis it will make my cattle fruitful.

I WILL pluck my armpit-package,
Renowned plant of the fair women,
Plant of the joyful feast
That was in the delightful court of Fionn.

'Tis male plant, 'tis female plant,
Plant that would rear cattle and calf,
Plant of kindly wise Columba,
Lovely plant of the gentle women.

Better the reward of it under my arm
Than a crowd of calving kine ;
Better the reward of its virtues
Than a herd of white cattle.

* See ii. 96 f.

BRISGEIN

THE ' brisgein,' root of silverweed, is often mentioned in the old songs and sayings, for it was in much favour among the people.

Brisgein beannaichte earraich,
Seachdamh aran a' Ghàidheil.

The blest silverweed of spring,
One of the seven breads of the Gael.

Am brisgein biadhtach,
An seachdamh biadh is ciataiche thig
thromh thalamh.

The feeding silverweed,
One of the seven most excellent breads
that come through the ground.

IL fo thalamh [min
Brisgein earraich.
Mil is annlan
Omhan samhraidh.
Mil is conail
Curral foghair.
Mil is cnamhsachd
Cnothan geamhraidh
Eadar Féill Andrais
Agus Nollaig.

SILVERWEED

The root was much used throughout the Highlands and Islands before the potato was introduced. It was cultivated, and so grew to a considerable size. As certain places are noted for the cultivation of the potato, so certain places are remembered for the cultivation of silverweed. One of these was Lag nan Tanchasg in Paible, North Uist, where a man could sustain himself on a square of ground of his own length. In dividing ' mór-fhearann,' common ground, the people lotted their land for ' brisgein ' much as they lotted their fishing-banks at sea and their fish on shore. The poorer people exchanged ' brisgein ' with the richer for corn and meal, quantity for quantity and quality for quality. The ' brisgein ' was sometimes boiled in pots, sometimes roasted on stoves, and sometimes dried and ground into meal for bread and porridge. It was considered palatable and nutritious.

Honey under ground [meal
Silverweed of spring.
Honey and condiment
Whisked whey of summer.
Honey and fruitage
Carrot of autumn.
Honey and crunching
Nuts of winter
Between Feast of Andrew
And Christmastide.

GARBHAG AN T-SLÉIBHE

'Garbhag an t-sléibhe,' fir club-moss, grows wild on the hill; it is of much

HIR a shiubhlas gu subhach,
Chan éirich dhut beud na pudhar
Ris a' ghréin na ris an dubhar
'S garbhag an t-sléibh air a shiubhal.

AM BUAGHARLAN

The ragwort or ragweed was much prized by the old people. They stored it among the corn to keep away mice. 'Lus na Frainge,' the tansy, was also used for this purpose.

The fairies (some say the 'sluagh,' host) sheltered beside the ragwort in stormy nights; and the fairies rode astride the ragwort in voyaging

A bhuacharlain! a bhuacharlain!
'S a bhean a bhuail am buacharlan!
Nan éireadh marbh na h-uaghacha,
Bhiodh cuimhn air bualadh buacharlain.

THE CLUB-MOSS

efficacy in the home and on the journey—you will not go astray if you find it without searching.

Thou man who travellest blithely,
Nor hurt nor harm shall befall thee
Nor in sunshine nor in darkness
If but the club-moss be on thy pathway.

THE RAGWORT

from island to island, from Alba to Erin, from Alba to Manainn, and home again (*cf.* ii. 354 f.).

In the Outer Isles, for want of better material, the stem of the ragwort was used for making creels. It was also used as a switch for cows, horses and children. The following is the verse addressed by the first wife to the second wife for ill-using the children of the mother in the grave.

Thou ragwort ! thou ragwort !
And thou woman who plied the ragwort !
If the dead of the grave should rise,
The plying of the ragwort would be remembered.

A' CHARR ÀIGH

O Iseabail Nic Eachainn, coitear, Bun Easain, Muile

UAINIDH mi mo charr àigh
Mar bhuain Brighde le leth làimh,
A chur brìgh an cìch 's an carr,
A chur sùgh an ùth 's an àr,
Ìm is gruth, sul is càis, [ul is àl
Mar shruth a' tuil a uchd nan àgh,
Mar mhil a' sil a dil nan aird.

Aoin Ungtha-ghil Dhé nan gràs,
Cum rium mo chuid féin,
Cum rium cuid nan gràs, [sul nan tàn
Cum uam cuid nan nàmh, [chàich
Cum uam sluagh nam breug, [na Géig
Cum uam buad nam bàs,
Cum uam buad nam beud,
Cum uam an ath-dàir,
Cum uam am far-laogh bréig.

Lus na cìob aca-san,
Lus na brìgh agamsa

. . . . .

'S ann tha bheannachd anns a' bharr, [anns an àis
'S ann tha 'n toradh anns an tàn,
'S ann tha 'n onair anns an dàir,
Aoin Ungtha-ghil Dhé nan gràs.

THE GRACIOUS ROOT

From Isabel MacEachainn, cottar, Bunessan, Mull

I WILL cull my gracious root
As Brigit culled it with her one hand,
To put essence in breast and gland of milk,
To put substance in udder and in kidney,
Butter and curd, fat and cheese, [rich grass (?) and flocks
Like stream pouring from breast of fortune,
Like honey distilling from the love on high.

Thou only anointed white One of the God of grace,
Keep Thou for me mine own,
Keep Thou to me the share of grace, [fatness of herds
Keep Thou from me the goods of foes, [others
Keep Thou from me the folk of lies, [of death
Keep Thou from me the . . . of death,
Keep Thou from me the . . . of harm,
Keep Thou from me the re-pairing,
Keep Thou from me the false calf. [*i.e.* abortive

The plant of heathgrass be theirs,
The plant of substance be mine

. . . . . .

There is blessing in the crop, [in the fruit
There is fruitage in the kine,
There is honour in the pairing,
Thou only anointed white One of the God of grace.

A uchd Dhé nan dùl,
A uchd lùth na slàint,
Cum rium cuid mo rùin,
Cum rium cuid mo ghràidh,
Cum uam buad nam bù,
Cum uam nuall nan nàmh.

Thàinig Brighde dhachaidh
Le ìm, le gruth, le càis,
Is chuir i fo na naoi glasa glinn
Na naoi mill an sàs—
Mill Dhé nan dùl,
Mill Chrìosda chùmh,
Mill Spioraid Nùmh,
Trì-Ùn nan gràs.

AN T-SOBHRACH

The primrose is mentioned in many of the rimes of the people. It

Sobhrach, sobhrach
'S feada-coille,
Biadh na cloinne
'S t-samhradh ;
Geimileachd, geimileachd,
Fìon agus feadagan,
Biadh nam fear
Sa gheamhradh.

Wine and plovers (the golden plover is the one meant) are

'Co math ri fìon is feadagan.'

In dependence on the God of life,
  In dependence on the power of health,
Keep Thou for me my share desired,
  Keep Thou for me my share beloved,
Keep Thou from me the . . . of bane,
  Keep Thou from me the howling of foes.

Brigit came homeward
  With butter, curd and cheese,
And she laid under the nine firm locks
  The nine stocks securely—
    The stock of the God of life,
    The stock of the Christ of love,
    The stock of the Spirit Holy,
  The Triune of grace.

THE PRIMROSE

was much relished by children.

Primrose, primrose
  And wood-sorrel,
  The children's food
    In summer ;
'Geimileachd, geimileachd,'
  Wine and plovers,
  The food of men
    In winter.

the best of food. Hence the saying—

'As good as wine and plovers.'

A' CHUILC

CHUILC gun bheannachd,
A chuilc gun bhuaidh,
A chuilc le 'n tugadh
Deoch an fhuais ;
Gach gaoth tha sraon
Thar chnoc is chluan
Toir gaoir an aoig
Troimh chuilc an fhuais,
Troimh chuilc an fhuais !

THE REED

Thou reed unblest,
  Thou reed unholy,
Thou reed wherewith was given
  The drink accurst ;
Every wind that sobs
  Over knoll and plain
Groans the death-groan
  Through the reed accurst,
  Through the reed accurst !

IUBHAR BEINNE

UAINIDH mis an iubhar àigh
Tre aon asna àlainn Ìos,
An ainm Athar agus Mic agus Spioraid àis,
Air anrach, air anrath, air sgìos.

Buainidh mis an iubhar àigh
Tre trì asna àlainn Ìos,
An ainm Athar agus Mic agus Spioraid gràis,
Air cruaidh, air cràdh, air cìch.

Buainidh mis an iubhar àigh
Tre naoi asna àlainn Ìos,
An ainm Athar agus Mic agus Spioraid gràis,
Air bàthadh, air gàbhadh, air gìomh.

MOUNTAIN YEW, OR JUNIPER

I WILL pluck the gracious yew
Through the one fair rib of Jesus,
In name of Father and Son and Spirit of wisdom,
Against distress, against misfortune, against fatigue.

I will pluck the gracious yew
Through the three fair ribs of Jesus,
In name of Father and Son and Spirit of grace,
Against hardness, against pain, against anguish of breast.

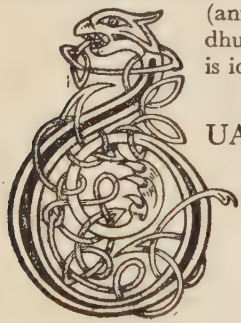
I will pluck the gracious yew
Through the nine fair ribs of Jesus,
In name of Father and Son and Spirit of grace,
Against drowning, against danger, against fear.

AM MONALAN

THUBHAIRT Iseabal Nic Eachainn : Is e luibh beannaichte ta sa mhonalan mhaoth. Ghiùlain an Òigh Moire, a' Mhàthair, Rìoghainn an domhain, oirdheirceas an t-saoghail, am monalan maoth 'na broilleach fad dà bhliadhna, dar a chaidh i dh'an Éiphit le Leanabh a cuim, Ìosa Crìosda Mac an Dé bheò, 'na glacaibh. Riamh o'n uair sin theirear ris a' mhonalan mhaoth bheannaichte

Luibh Moire chaomh,
Luibh Chrìosda naomh.

Is mór sin a' bhuadh atà ann an lusan an làir agus ann an àis na mara, nan cuireadh sinne suim annta agus feum a thoir asda—a Rìgh, is mór sin ! Cha do chuir Tì nan dùl nì riamh ann an cruthachadh an domhain anns nach do chuir e math m'a choinneimh—cha do chuir nì riamh. A Rìgh, is iomadh sin, math atà ann an ùir na talamh agus ann an onagail (ann an onaghail, am burn) na mara, nam b'aithne dhuinn feum math a dhèanamh dhiubh—is iomadh sin, is iomadh sin, a Rìgh innich nan dùl !



UAINIDH mis am monalan,
Luibh a bheannaich Crìosd,
Luibh Chaluim Chille chonnail,
Luibh Moire, luibh Brighd.

Buainidh mis am monalan,
Luibh sollain, luibh sìth,
Luibh bainne, luibh saille,
Luibh nan naodha brìgh.

Buainidh mis am monalan
Dh'an Teòra tha 'nan Aon,
Dh'an Athair, dh'an Mhac,
Dh'an Spiorad eocha Naomh. [ocha, eachda

THE ' MONALAN '

ISABEL MACEACHAINN said : A blessed plant is the smooth ' monalan.' The Virgin Mary, the Mother, the Queen of the world, the glory of the universe, carried the smooth ' monalan ' in her bosom for the space of two years, when she went to Egypt with the Child of her body in her arms, Jesus Christ the Son of the living God. Ever since that time the blessed smooth ' monalan ' is called

Plant of Mary loved,
Plant of Christ holy.

Great is the virtue that is in the plants of the ground and in the fruit of the sea, were we but to hold them in esteem and turn them to good use —O King, great indeed ! The Being of life never set a thing in the creation of the universe but He set some good within it—He never did. O King, many a good is in the soil of the earth and in the depth of the sea, did we but know to make good use of them—many and many a good, O Thou perfect King of life !

I WILL cull the ' monalan,'
Plant blessed of Christ,
Plant of wise Columba,
Plant of Mary, plant of Brigit.

I will cull the ' monalan,'
Plant of rejoicing, plant of peace,
Plant of milk, plant of fatness,
Plant of the nine essences.

I will cull the ' monalan '
To the Three Who are in One,
To the Father, to the Son,
To the Holy Spirit strong.

AM MÒTHAN

The ' mòthan ' or ' mòlus,' pearlwort,* is rare, and is found in the moorland and the hill. It has five- or six-pointed leaves and red roots.

It is a ' lus beannaichte,' blessed plant, according to some, because it was the first plant on which Christ placed His foot when He came to earth ; according to others, because it was the first plant on which he placed His foot after He rose from the dead ; and a third reason given is that He lay on it when He was out and away from His enemies.

It was used, and is still to some extent used, for purposes varying according to the district or island. If placed over the ' arddoras,' lintel of the door, it prevents the ' sluagh,' airy host, from entering the house and from beguiling and spiriting away any of the household. When placed under the right knee of a woman in labour it has a soothing spiritual effect on the woman, ensures her relief, and secures to her and her child immunity from being spirited away by the fairies. When the ' mòthan ' is so used, ' dh'fheumte am fàinne pòsaidh agus a chuile fàinne eile a thoir bharr làimh a' bhoireannaich air an leaba-làir '—the marriage ring and every other ring must be removed from the hand of the woman on the floor-bed, in order that the influence of the plant may not be checked or diverted.

It is used in many districts for a love-philtre. If a girl be kissed by her lover while even a small piece of the ' mòthan ' is in her mouth, the lover is ever after her adoring slave. Love-sick maidens wet their lips or drink the juice of the ' mòthan ' to entice the loved one. In this case the plant is placed in ' uisge sèimh,' still or silent water, and the juice pressed out of it and then drunk. The person who draws the water must observe silence from the time of setting out to the time of returning from the well, whence the name ' uisge sèimh.' It is drawn from a sacred well. In Ardchattan this was ' Tobar Bhaodain,' St Baodan's Well, close to ' Teampall Bhaodain,' St Baodan's church, behind the ancient Priory. In Nigg, near the town of Aberdeen, the holy well was ' Tobar Mhoire,' Mary's Well, usually called the Lady's Well. Still or silent water for healing and enticing was taken from this well in recent years and may perhaps still be taken.

A small bag containing the ' mòthan ' and an iron nail is put under the milk boyne ; the virtue of the plant joined to that of the iron avails much. When placed in the fore hooves of the bull when with the cow, the ' mòthan ' sains the cow's milk from having its ' toradh,' substance, spirited away, and her calf from ' dosgaidh is altradh,' mischance and mishap. A cow that ate the pearlwort is sained, and no evil influence can affect her or the calf she carries or the milk she gives or the man, woman or child that drinks the milk.

* But see ii. 110 f., 329.

Chaidh dìst bhan dh'an chuithe a thoir air falbh an toraidh. Ghabh té dhiubh null gu bó mhór liamhaidh dhonn taobh an tolmain an oir na cuithe, a' cnàmh a cìre agus a' cnuasach a cuid, ach có, a ghràidhein, a b'urrainn innseadh 'd é air an robh i a' smuaineachadh? Thug a banachompanach an aire dh'an bhoireannach agus dh'eubh i dhi, ' Faodaidh tu tilleadh, a mhuinneag, dh'ith a' bhó mhór liamhaidh dhonn am mòthan air an t-sliabh.' Thill am boireannach air a' chas-cheum agus ghabh i suas gu bó mhór dhrimionn dhubh air cnocan cruinn am bràigh na buaile, a' cnàmh a cìre, ag òl na gile agus a' deoghal na feòchain.—Two women went to the fold to spirit away the substance (of the milk). One of them went towards a big spreading brown cow beside the hillock on the edge of the fold, chewing her cud and ruminating, but who, my dear, could tell of what she was thinking in her mind? The woman's companion observed her and called to her, ' Thou needst not, dame, go near the big spreading brown cow, she has eaten the pearlwort on the moor.' The woman turned on her tracks and approached a big black white-backed cow on a round hillock in the upper part of the fold, chewing her cud, drinking the moon and sucking the breeze.—The ill women then did their will with this cow and all the others save the cow that ate the pearlwort, and not an atom of substance did they leave!—Oh, not an atom of substance did the ill women leave!

My dear old informant told me this in good faith, and expressed satisfaction that the women's evil design had been in one case thwarted. I suggested ' gun robh an dà bhaidhbh a' dol a dhèanamh saobh bhleoghain,' that the two wicked women were going to do the false milking. She acknowledged that that might be so, but maintained that in any case the ' mòthan ' was a blessed plant full of charms and virtues to man and beast, and that it had been blessed by Christ Son of the Mary Mother and by Bride the Fostermother and by Calum Cille the best beloved of men and the most potent of saints. The narrator and the writer fell into a general discussion about the power of saints, the wickedness of the false milking, the evil spiriting away of substance, and the efficacy of the pearlwort. Of all these the aged reciter told many stories with the realism, vividness and conviction of all her kind. It is impossible to realise, without having experienced it, the charm, the power, the fascination of these old-world narrators over an audience. They were able men and women, with a courtesy and a politeness of manner all their own, and full of old-world ways and learning. May peace and blessing be with them for ever!

The ' saobh bhleoghan,' false milking, mentioned above was a kind of theft severely punished, first by being buried alive, upstanding, in the gateway of the fold, so that the cows going in and out might trample over the woman's body in contempt; this was modified to the taking off of the right arm from the shoulder, then from the elbow, then from the wrist. In the island of Vallay, North Uist, is a small deep hollow in the ground caused by the sinking of the ground as the body of the upright victim decayed and fell to the bottom of the cylindrical grave.

AM MÒTHAN

Beulaiche : Iseabal Nic Eachainn, Bun Easain, am Muile

UAINIDH mi am mòthan
Fo ghréin ghil an Domhnaich,
Fo làimh chaoimh na hÒighe,
An Té nì mo chomhnadh,
An tréine na Teòire
A dheònaich dha fàs.

Feadh a ghleidheas mi am mòthan,
Gun ghò bithidh mo bhile,
Gun chlibe bithidh mo shùil,
Gun teum bithidh mo làmh,
Gun chràdh bithidh mo chridhe,
Gun troma bithidh mo bhàs.

The following version is from the Rev. Dr Kenneth MacLeod, who says : ' I do not know the " monalan " plant. Is it the same as

BUAINIDH mis am mòthan
Fo ghréin ghil an Domhnaich,
Fo làimh na hÒighe,
An ainm na Teòra
A dheònaich a fhàs.

Fhad 's a ghleidheas mi am mòthan,
Gun lochd mo shùil,
Gun lot mo bheul,
Gun sprochd mo chridhe,
Gun chlibe mo bhàs.

THE PEARLWORT

Reciter : Isabel MacEachainn, Bunessan, Mull

I WILL cull the pearlwort
Beneath the fair sun of Sunday,
Beneath the gentle hand of the Virgin,
She who will defend me,
In the might of the Trinity
  Who granted it to grow.

While I shall keep the pearlwort,
  Without wile shall be my lips,
Without guile shall be mine eye,
  Without hurt shall be mine hand,
Without pain shall be my heart,
  Without heaviness shall be my death.

the " mòthan " ? I have heard many rimes about the " mòthan "—here is one of them '—

I WILL cull the pearlwort
Beneath the fair sun of Sunday,
Beneath the hand of the Virgin,
In name of the Trinity
  Who willed it to grow.

While I shall keep the pearlwort,
Without ill mine eye,
Without harm my mouth,
Without grief my heart,
  Without guile my death.

ROID

HA mis dha do bhuain,
A roid ruadh réidh,
An ainm Athair nam buadh,
An ainm Mac mo luaidh,
An ainm Spiorad buan Dhé.

Air bhuadh deagh fhear,
Air bhuadh deagh réis,
Air bhuadh deagh bhean,
Air bhuadh deagh bheatha,
Air bhuadh deagh cheum.

Air bhuadh deagh ghaol,
Air bhuadh deagh leum,
Air bhuadh deagh adhbhar,
Air bhuadh deagh shaoghal
Gun bhaoghal gun bheum.

BOG-MYRTLE

I AM plucking thee,
  Thou gracious red myrtle,
In name of the Father of virtues,
In name of the Son Whom I love,
  In name of God's eternal Spirit.

For virtue of good man,
  For virtue of good span,
For virtue of good woman,
For virtue of good life,
  For virtue of good step.

For virtue of good love,
  For virtue of good leap,
For virtue of good cause,
For virtue of good life
  Without peril without reproach.

AN T-SEAMARAG

SHEAMARAG nan duilleag,
A sheamarag nan dual,
A sheamarag na guidhe,
A sheamarag mo luaidh.

A sheamarag mo chumhaidh,
Lus Pàdraig nam buadh,
A sheamarag Mhic Mhuire,
Ceann-uidhe nan sluagh.

A sheamarag nan gràs,
Nan àgh is nan tuam,
Mo mhiann anns a' bhàs
Thu bhith fàs air m'uaigh.

THE SHAMROCK

Thou shamrock of foliage,
  Thou shamrock entwining,
Thou shamrock of the prayer,
  Thou shamrock of my love.

Thou shamrock of my sorrow,
  Plant of Patrick of the virtues,
Thou shamrock of the Son of Mary,
  Journey's-end of the peoples.

Thou shamrock of grace,
  Of joy, of the tombs,
It were my wish in death
  Thou shouldst grow on my grave.

ÒR ANACAINNT

O Ùna Dhomhnallaich, croitear, Buail Uachdrach, Ìochdar,
Uibhist a' Chinn a Deas

THIS poem was recited to expel ill-will and to counteract bad report and evil speaking. The man suffering from these went to the ' mòd ' or court held on the hill or knoll without or in the house within. He held his staff

DÙINIDH mi mo dhorn,
Is dùthaidh domhs am fiodh ;
Is ann a shaoradh dòchainn
A thàinig mi staigh.

Triùir mac Rìgh Cluainnidh,
Is Manann mac Rìgh Lir,
Is macan Rìgh an Earraidh Uaine,
A nochd a shaoras mis.

Nì Fionn Flath na Féinne
O'n bhréig mo thoir a nìos,
Is nì Cumhall còdh nan geur-lann
Is Goll nam beum mo dhìon.

Nì Briain binn mo sheunadh,
Is Briais béis mo leas,
Is Calum Cille Cléireach,
Is Alasdair air neif.

Nì seachd feachd na Féinne
Le'n lannan geur mo dhìon,
Is nì macan Rìgh na Gréige
Na tula-bhreug chur dhìom.

PRAYER AGAINST ILL REPORT

From Una MacDonald, crofter, Buail Uachdrach, Ìochdar, South Uist

in his grasp and his wit upon his tongue, and looking round defiantly upon those present, he said his rune in the full assurance that it would obtain a hearing and be efficacious.

I WILL close my fist,
  Fitly I hold the staff;
'Tis to efface evil speaking
  That I have come within.

The three sons of King Cluainnidh,
  And Manann son of King Lear,
And the young son of the King of the Green Vesture,
  'Tis they shall set me free this night.

Fionn the Prince of the Fiann
  Shall deliver me from the lie,
And valiant Cumhall of the keen blades
  And Goll of the blows shall shield me.

Briain the melodious shall sain me,
  And Briais of virtue shall aid me,
And Columba, the Cleric,
  And Alexander, against venom.

The seven hosts of the Fiann
  With their keen blades shall shield me,
And the young son of the King of Greece
  Shall take the black lies from off me.

Théid mi sìos le Fìte,
  Bheir Brighde nìos mo cheann ;
Is ann a shaoradh mìchliu
  A thàinig mise nall.

I shall go down with Fìte,
Brigit shall raise up my head ;
'Tis to efface ill report
That I have come hither.

ÒRA CEARTAIS

Beulaiche : Catrìona Nic Nìll, bochdag, Breubhaig, Barraidh

FALBHAIDH tu am traisg moch madainneach agus ruigidh tu allt crìche trì-mheurach. Liuthaidh tu do bhathais anns an t-sruth

Ann an ainm Athar,
Ann an ainm Mic,
Ann an ainm Spioraid,
Ann an ainm nan Trithe. Amen.

Their thu an sin :—

FALBHAIDH mi an ainme Dhé,
An riochd féidh, an riochd each,
An riochd nathrach, an riochd rìgh,
Is treasa mì na gach neach.

Làmh Dhé dha m' chumail,
Gràdh Chrìosda dha m' phòraibh,
Spiorad treun dha m' liuthail,
An Triùir dha m' dhìon 's dha m' chomhnadh,
An Triùir dha m' dhìon 's dha m' chomhnadh ;
Làmh Spioraid dha mo liuthail,
An Triùir gach ceum dha m' chomhnadh.

Rinn té an t-eòlas seo agus i dol a chon mòid agus fios aice gun robh nàimhdean ann air thoiseach agus 'na h-aghaidh. Thog am boireannach bochd a ceann agus sheall i thall air a' bhaile bha roimpe far an robh am mòd gu suidhe, agus fios aice gun an aon neach beò air talamh nam beò air a taobh ach Dia caomh nan dùl. Thubhairt an truaghan, agus i 'ga sàrachadh an làthair anam agus cuirp :—

Is dubh am bail ud thall,
Is duibhe daoine th'ann ;
Is mis an eala bhàn,
Banrigh'nn os an cionn.

INVOCATION FOR JUSTICE

Reciter : Catherine MacNeill, pauper, Breubhaig, Barra

THOU shalt go fasting early in the morning and thou shalt come to a boundary stream of three branches. Thou shalt bathe thy forehead in the stream

In name of Father,
In name of Son,
In name of Spirit,
In name of the Three. Amen.

Thou shalt say then :—

I WILL go in the name of God,
In likeness of deer, in likeness of horse,
In likeness of serpent, in likeness of king,
Stronger am I than all persons.

The hand of God keeping me,
The love of Christ in my veins,
The strong Spirit bathing me,
The Three shielding and aiding me,
The Three shielding and aiding me ;
The hand of Spirit bathing me,
The Three each step aiding me.

A woman made this charm when going to a court, knowing that there were enemies ahead and against her. The poor woman raised her head and looked yonder upon the town that was before her where the court was to sit, knowing that there was no one alive in the land of the living upon her side but the loving God of life. The poor unhappy one, oppressed in soul and body, said :—

Black is yonder town,
Blacker men therein ;
I am the white swan,
Queen over them.

BUADH MÒID

Éiridh tu moch madainneach agus théid thu mach cuart. Theirig thun allt crìche nach traoigh ri teas, ri tiormach, ri sgreigeadh gréine, ri dèabhadh samhraidh. Agus tumaidh tu t'aghaidh anns an t-sruth trì turais an déidh a chéile. Agus an déidh sin ionnlaididh tu t'aodann anns na naodha gatha caona gréine. Gabhaidh tu t'urnaigh agus gabhaidh tu chum a' mhòid ; agus nar bheil nì no neart, eadar ùir agus adhar, eadar nùmh agus talamh, a dh'fhoghnas dhut, a dhrùidheas ort, a chuireas riut, a chumas uat do chuid féin.

Agus an toiseach tòiseachaidh gabhaidh tu an t-òra seo le cridhe ceart caon, agus their thu mar seo :—

An ainm agus an ordan
Rìgh ghlòrmhoir nan dùl ;

An ainm agus an ordan
Chrìosda chomhlain nan rùn ;

An ainm agus an ordan
Spiorad foirfe nan iùl ;

An ainm agus an ordan
Cumhachd is comhnadh na Triùir ;

An ainm agus an ordan
Cumhachd is comhnadh na Triùir :

Ta mi ag ionnlaid m'aodainn
Is na naodh gatha gréine,
Mar a dh'ionnlaid Moire a Mac
Am bainne brac na béire.

SUCCESS OF MOOT

Thou shalt arise early in the morning and go forth afield. Thou shalt betake thee to a boundary stream that shrinks not in heat, in drought, in parching of sun, in drouth of summer. And thou shalt dip thy face in the stream three times in succession. And after that thou shalt bathe thy countenance in the nine gentle rays of the sun. Thou shalt say thy prayer and proceed to the moot, and no matter nor might, between ground and sky, between heaven and earth, shall prevail against thee, shall have effect on thee, shall oppose thee, shall keep from thee that which is thine.

And at the very beginning thou shalt utter this invocation, with a right and a calm heart, and thus shalt thou say :—

In the name and in the dignity
Of the glorious King of life ;

In the name and in the dignity
Of the sufficing Christ of love ;

In the name and in the dignity
Of the perfect Spirit of guidance ;

In the name and in the dignity
Of the might and aiding of the Three ;

In the name and in the dignity
Of the might and aiding of the Three :

I am bathing my face
In the nine rays of the sun,
As Mary bathed her Son
In the fermented milk of the ' brac.'

ORTHACHAN LEIGHEIS

CHARMS FOR HEALING

DROCH SHÙIL

EÒLAS FOIREIGINN

Ceathrar gu tinneas air sùil,
Fear agus bean, mac agus murn ;
Triùir gu tilleadh mì-rùin,
Athair is Mac is Spiorad Nùmh.

A' CHIAD DI-LUAIN 'AN RÀITHE

'A' CHIAD Di-Luain 'an ràithe bha an teaghlach air an cois much mocharach. Bheannaicheadh dh'an teaghlach le burn a fhuaradh o mhnaoi ghlic, no le burn a fhuaradh o mhnaoi aig an robh strian an eich uisge. Bha an latha sin 'na latha sonraichte gu casgadh beum sùla, agus gu tarrainn leannan r'a chéile, agus, mo chreach ! gu dealachadh.'—On the first Monday of the quarter the household was early astir. They were blessed with water got from a wise woman, or with water got from a woman who had the bridle of the water-horse. That day was a specially good day for checking evil eye, and for drawing lovers to one another, and, alas ! for parting.

The first Monday of the quarter was a favourite day for the men and women of the evil eye to practise their 'dubh-cheilg,' black guile, black art. This was the day on which the men and women of the 'frìth,' augury, cast their visions, and the men and women of the witchcraft spirited away the milk from the cows. It was unsafe to lend on this day, lest the luck of the house should go with the thing lent and never come back.

EVIL EYE

CHARM FOR CONSTRAINT

Four to work sickness with evil eye,
Man and woman, youth and maid;
Three to repel ill will,
Father and Son and Holy Spirit.

THE FIRST MONDAY OF THE QUARTER

Ceud Di-Luain an ràithe,
Feuch nach fàg an rath do thaigh.

The first Monday of the quarter,
Take care that luck leave not thy dwelling.

Ceud Luan an ràith earraich,
Na fàg do chrodh air faontradh.

The first Monday of the spring quarter,
Leave not thy kine neglected.

Some men observed this advice so closely that they kept their cattle indoors all day, letting them out for water only at nightfall, lest an evil eye should see them. No eye but the eye of the owner was allowed to see them, ' eagal gun laigheadh sùil orra,' lest an evil eye should lie on them.

TILLEADH DROCH SHÙL

Thubhairt Uilleam Mac Coinnich, clachair : Bha m'athair a' treabhadh as t-earrach dar a thàinig fear a nall tarsainn an loch air tòir coirce cuir. Fhuair an duine an rud a bha dh'a dhìth agus dh'fhalbh e air a' chascheum dhachaidh, a' toir taing dha mo sheanair air son a' chomhstaidh.

Cha luaithe thug an duine a chùl ris an taigh agus ris a' bhaile na thuit an làir taobh a' ghearrain anns a' chrann, ion marbh air an raon. Shìn i uaip a ceann agus a casan anns a' chlais. Shaoil le m'athair gun robh an làir marbh, agus ruith e staigh dh'an àth far an robh mo sheanair a' froiseadh arbhair agus a' fasgnadh sìl.

' Is i sùil Dhomhaill mhic Iain a laigh air a' bheothach bhochd,' ors mo sheanair.

' Mac an fhir mhóir ! bu dona dha sin a dhèanamh an déidh dhut an coirce cuir a thoir dha,' ors m'athair.

' Is dòcha nach robh àrach aig an duine bhochd air,' orsa mo sheanair caomh. ' Siubhail agus till an duine agus gun tilleadh e air an t-sùil.'

Ruith m'athair co luath agus a bheireadh a dhà chois e agus dh'eubh e ri Domhall mac Iain agus e dol dh'an bhàta agus am plàta coirce cuir air a dhruim. Thill an duine le nàir agus masladh, le tàir agus rudha gruaidh, ag ràdh nach robh sian àrach aige-san air mar a thachair agus mar a thuit dh'an làir.

Chaidh Domhall mac Iain deiseil air an làir trì turais, a' seinn rann comhnaidh agus a' guidhe air Trianaid shìorraidh nam feart tilleadh air an t-sùil a laigh air an làir. Cha luaithe thubhairt an duine an rann na thog an làir a ceann agus a leag i a casan agus a chuir i a ceithir chroibhean foipe agus a sheas i air a lurga loma dìreach. Thug i crathadh oirre féin agus chuir i a guala ris a' chrann agus tharraing i an crann anns an sgrìob mar nach bitheadh nithe cearr.

Bha Domhall mac Iain air a nàrachadh agus air a mhaslachadh mar a thachair, agus thubhairt e nach robh àrach air bith aige-san air a' chùis.

REPELLING THE EVIL EYE

William Mackenzie, mason, said : My father was ploughing in the spring when a man came over across the loch seeking oat-seed. The man got what he wanted and went homeward the way he had come, thanking my grandfather for the favour.

No sooner had the man turned his back on the house and homestead than the mare fell down by the gelding's side in the plough, to all appearance dead on the field. She stretched out her head and her legs in the furrow. My father supposed the mare to be dead, and he ran in to the kiln where my grandfather was shaking grain and winnowing seed.

' It is the eye of Donald, son of John, that has lain on the poor beast,' said my grandfather.

' Son of the big fellow ! that was ill done of him after you gave him the oat-seed,' said my father.

' Most likely the poor fellow could not help it,' said my kindly grandfather. ' Go and make the man return, that he may repel the eye.'

My father ran as fast as his two feet would carry him and called to Donald, son of John, as he was going to the boat with the sack of oat-seed on his back. The man returned with shame and confusion, with disgrace and flushing of cheek, saying that he could not in the least degree help what had befallen the mare.

Donald, son of John, went three times sunwise around the mare, singing a rune of aiding, and praying the eternal Trinity of power to repel the eye that had lain upon the mare. No sooner had the man uttered the rune than the mare raised her head and set down her legs and put her four hooves under her and stood upon her shanks straight and erect. She shook herself and put her shoulder to the plough and drew the plough in the drill as though there were nothing wrong.

Donald, son of John, was filled with shame and confusion by what had happened, and said that he could no way help its happening.

EÒILSE DROCH SHÙL

Thubhairt Màiri Ros, bochdag, Drochaid a' Bhann-ath : Chon tilleadh droch shùl éiridh tu moch madainneach agus théid thu chon allt crìch air an deachaidh am beò agus am marbh thairis. Togaidh tu boiseag burn taobh leis a' cheuma,

Ann an ainm Athar,
Ann an ainm Mic,
Ann an ainm Spioraid,
Trithinn nam buadh.

Agus tillidh tu dachaidh air a' chas-cheum leis a' bhoiseig bhurn anns a' chuman agus crathaidh tu am burn fìorghlan fuarghlan farghlan air cnàimh drom a' bheothaich air an do laigh an droch shùil. Agus nì thu gach sur dheth seo

Ann an sùil Dé,
Ann an rùn Ìos,
Ann an ùidh Spioraid,
Tiùraidh nam buadh.

Agus dòirtidh tu an drùpag uisge anns a' chuman cùl clach an teine. Agus nì thu chuile sur dheth seo ann an sùil agus ann an rùn na Tiùraidh os do chionn. Agus ma nì, théid mis am boinn agus am bannaibh gum bi do bheothach slàn agus fallan, agus gun éirich e air a cheithir chasan, agus gun tòisich e agus gun criomaich e am feur a tha fo chasan, gun chnead 'na cheann gun suth 'na chom, agus gum faigh e buaidh air a' bhaidhbh a chuir an droch shùil air.

Do theinn à bhith air na clacha teine,
Do thinneas air a' bhaidhbh.

CHARM FOR THE EVIL EYE

MARY ROSS, pauper, Bonar Bridge, said : To counteract evil eye you will rise early in the morning and go to a boundary stream over which the living and the dead have passed. You will lift a little palmful of water from the lower side of the pathway (bridge),

In the name of Father,
In the name of Son,
In the name of Spirit,
The Triune of power.

And you will return home upon the track with the little palmful of water in the vessel and you will sprinkle the water, pure, cold, surpassing, upon the backbone of the animal on which the evil eye has rested. And every whit of this you will do

In the eye of God,
In the love of Jesus,
In the heed of Spirit,
The Trinity of power.

And the little drop of water in the vessel you will pour behind the fire-flag. And every whit of this you will do in the eye and in the love of the Trinity above you. And if you do, I will go bound and bonded that your animal will be whole and healthy, and that he will rise on his four feet, and that he will begin to nibble the grass under his feet, without moan in his head or pain in his body, and that he will obtain victory over the wicked woman who put the evil eye on him.

Thy strait be on the fire-flags,
Thine ailment on the wicked woman.

TILLEADH DROCH SHÙL

O Chatrìona Nic Nìll, bochdag, Breubhaig, Barraidh

FEAR no té air an do thuit droch shùil, bha leigheas air a dhèanamh dha le rann a ràdh os a chionn agus a cheangal ma chaol an duirn. Bha leigheas eil ann—trì balgam burn fuar anns an robh bonn airgid 'na laighe ; bha a' chiad bhalgam an ainm an Athar, an dara balgam an ainm a' Mhic, an treas balgam an ainm an Spioraid.

S i mo shùil féin,
Is i sùil Dhé,
Is i sùil Mhic Dhé
A thilleas air a seo,
A dheabhas air a seo.

An neach a rinn duit an t-sùil,
Gum bu dùr i air féin,
Gum bu dùr i air a rùn,
Gum bu dùr i air a spréidh.

Air a mhnài, air a chloinn,
Air a chuid, air a chaoimh,
Air a chrodh, air a phòr,
Agus air a lòchraidh chaoin.

Air a làire glas is donn,
Air a ghearrain anns a' chrann,
Air a thàna dubh is bàn,
Air a ghràinnsich, air a phronn.

Air na banaibh beaga sìth
Ta ruidhleadh anns an tom,
Ta fuireach anns an fhrìth,
Ta lìonadh nan toll.

REPELLING THE EVIL EYE

From Catherine MacNeill, pauper, Breubhaig, Barra

MAN or woman on whom evil eye had fallen, a cure was made for him by saying a rune above him and binding it about the wrist. There was another cure—three mouthfuls of cold water in which a silver coin had lain ; the first mouthful was in the name of the Father, the second in the name of the Son, the third in the name of the Spirit.

IT is mine own eye,
It is the eye of God,
It is the eye of God's Son
  Which shall repel this,
  Which shall combat this.

He who has made to thee the eye,
  Surly lie it on himself,
Surly lie it on his affection,
  Surly lie it on his stock.

On his wife, on his children,
  On his means, on his dear ones,
On his cattle, on his seed,
  And on his comely kine.

On his mares grey and brown,
  On his geldings in the plough,
On his flocks black and white,
  On his corn-barns, on his coarse meal.

On the little fairy women
  Who are reeling in the knoll,
Who are biding in the heath,
  Who are filling the cavities.

CRONACHDAINN SŪLA

ÈANAM dhuit, a Dhubhag ghoire,
Uba Mhoire, uba Rìgh nan uile rìgh,
An uba is foirfe tha san domhan,
Thug thusa dhomh, a Dhé nan uile dhé.

Air sùil bhig, air sùil mhóir,
Air sùil ban luath lonach,
Air sùil ban luath lunach,
Air sùil ban luath lorach. [loireach

Air mo shùil féin,
Air do shùil féin,
Air sùil an fhir léith
Thàin an dé 'an doras.

Ge b'e có chuir thusa chuic
Le sùil, le tnùth, le gnù, le farmad,
Gun sìneadh saoghail a bhith aic
Air uachdar Locha Leargain. [Leige

A laighe air an cuid sùl,
A laighe air an cuid giùd,
A laighe air an cuid gnùid,
A laighe air an cuid farmaid.

A laighe air an laoigh bhoireann,
A laighe air an laoigh fhireann,
A laighe air am bàthan boinein,
A laighe air an graighean searraich.

COUNTERING THE EVIL EYE

Make I to thee, thou cherished 'Dubhag,' ['Black One'
The charm of Mary, the charm of the King of all kings,
The most perfect charm that is in the world,
Which Thou hast given me, O God of all gods.

Against small eye, against large eye,
Against the eye of swift voracious women,
Against the eye of swift rapacious women,
Against the eye of swift draggling women.

Against mine own eye,
Against thine own eye,
Against the eye of the grey man
Who came yesterday to the door.

Whosoever has brought thee to sore straits
With eye, with malice, with jealousy, with envy,
May her life not be prolonged
On the surface of Loch Leargain.

May it lie on their own eyes,
May it lie on their own sorceries,
May it lie on their own jealousy,
May it lie on their own envy.

May it lie on their cow calves,
May it lie on their bull calves,
May it lie on their fold of young cows,
May it lie on their foaling mares.

A laighe air an cloinn bhig,
A laighe air an cloinn mhóir,
A laighe air an gobhra mig,
A laighe air an caora clòimh.

A laighe air am fearaibh sgothach,
A laighe air am mnathaibh torrach,
A laighe air am macaibh morrach,
A laighe air an nigheanaibh comhach. [cumhach, comhad

A laighe air an altaibh chùl chinn,
A laighe air am féithibh chùl bhonn,
A laighe air gach aon sian sineach saoghail
As docha leis na daoine seach na chéile.

Ach do bhùir agus do bhròn,
Do mhòn agus do mhulad,
Do dhùir agus do dheòir,
Do threòchd agus do thuirim, [thròch

Bhith air spùilleach nan sgéith,
Bhith air béisteach nam bruthach,
Bhith air rùileach nan geug,
Bhith air éiteach nam mullach ;

Bhith air siubhlach nan sléibh,
Bhith air éisgeach nan srutha,
Bhith air sgrùdach nan geug,
O's iad féin is fearr fulang.

Aon trian an diugh,
Dà thrian a màireach,
Agus gach trian gu bràth
An ath latha.

May it lie on their little children,
  May it lie on their big children,
May it lie on their bleating goats,
  May it lie on their woolly sheep.

May it lie on their potent men,
May it lie on their pregnant women,
May it lie on their virile sons,
May it lie on their conceptive daughters.

May it lie on their back-head joints, [spinal cord
May it lie on their back-leg sinews, [tendo Achillis
May it lie upon each one of those things in the world
That these people love better than all else.

But be thy groan and thy grief,
  Thy yawn and thy heaviness,
Thy sadness and thy tears,
  Thy misery and thy lament,

Be they on the spoilers of the wings,
  Be they on the beasts of the braes,
Be they on the searchers of the branches,
  Be they on the withered heath of the hill-tops ;

Be they on the rangers of the mountains,
  Be they on the fishes of the currents,
Be they on the examiners of the boughs,
  Since these themselves can best endure.

One third to-day,
  Two thirds to-morrow,
And all thirds till doom
  The day thereafter.

CRONACHDAINN SŪLA

Beulaiche : Ceit Camshroin, coitear, Cill Targhlain, Siorramachd Inbhir Nis

Tha sibh a' falbh le crogan criadha gu ruig uisge ruith air a bheil am beò agus am marbh a' dol a null thairis. Chan fhaod sibh bhur bial fhosgladh ri neach no ri brùid no ri suth cruthaichte bho dh'fhalbhas sibh bho'n taigh gon an till sibh dachaidh. Air taobh shìos na drochaide air an téid am beò agus am marbh tarsainn, théid sibh air bhur glùin dheis agus togaidh sibh boiseag uisge air bhur dearnaibh anns a' chrogan agus tha sibh ag ràdhain mar seo :—

Ta mi togail boinnein burn
An ainm nùmh an Athar ;
Ta mi togail boinnein burn
An ainm nùmh a' Mhic ;
Ta mi togail boinnein burn
An ainm nùmh an Spioraid.

Cuiridh sibh braonan beag burn ann an dà chluais an neach no an nì air a bheil droch shùil, agus a sìos air druim na brùid air a bheil an dosgaidh, agus their sibh :—

Crath dhìot do dhìth,
Crath dhìot do ghnù,
Crath dhìot do dhosgaidh,
An ainm Athar,
An ainm Mic,
An ainm Spioraid Nùmh.

Dòrtar an corr burn air cloich ghlais no air creig dhìlinn nach tréig. Feumar ainm an duine no a' bheathaich a luaidh ri linn a bhith cur an uisge.

COUNTERING THE EVIL EYE

Reciter : Kate Cameron, cottar, Kiltarlity, Inverness-shire

You go with a clay crock till you reach running water over which the living and the dead cross. You must not open your mouth to person nor to animal nor to any created thing from the time you go away till the time you return home. On the lower side of the bridge on which the living and the dead go across, you shall go on your right knee, and you shall lift a palmful of water in the hollows of your hands into the crock, saying thus :—

I am lifting a little drop of water
In the holy name of the Father ;
I am lifting a little drop of water
In the holy name of the Son ;
I am lifting a little drop of water
In the holy name of the Spirit.

You shall put a small bedewing of water in the two ears of the person or of the neat whereon the evil eye has lain, and down the spine of the animal on which the illness is, and you shall say :—

Shake from thee thy harm,
Shake from thee thy jealousy,
Shake from thee thine illness,
In name of Father,
In name of Son,
In name of Holy Spirit.

The rest of the water must be poured on a grey stone or on a fixed rock that fails not. The name of the person or of the animal must be mentioned the while the water is applied.

[pp. 164-165

Ó thogas an cronachdainn sùl ?
Có ach thusa, a Dhé nan dùl !
A uchd Pheadair, a uchd Phòil,
A uchd na Triùir is fearr an glòir.

Paidir Moire a h-aon,
Paidir Moire a dhà,
Paidir Moire a trì,
Paidir Moire a ceithir,
Paidir Moire a cóig,
Paidir Moire a sia,
Paidir Moire a seachd.

Neart nan seachd Paidir Moire
Air clachaibh, air crannaibh,
Air lachaibh nan lianai, [lachraidh
Air crianlaich nan tom. [criallach

Air màgach na machrach,
Air maghan nam fonn,
Air séisdich na mara,
Air béistich nan toll.

Air damh donn an t-sléibhe,
Air an fheur ghlas fo m' bhonn,
Air ianlainn nan sgéithe,
Air éisge nan tonn ; [éisgich

O's iad féin is fearr fulang
Agus is cuimire com. [cumaichte, curanta, urranta

Who shall lift the evil eye?
Who but Thou, O God of life!
By power of Peter, by power of Paul,
By power of the Three best in glory.

Pater of Mary, one,
Pater of Mary, two,
Pater of Mary, three,
Pater of Mary, four,
Pater of Mary, five,
Pater of Mary, six,
Pater of Mary, seven.

The might of the seven Paters of Mary
Be upon stones and upon trees,
Upon the wild ducks of the swamps,
Upon the withered trees of the copses.

Upon the creeping things of the plain,
Upon the bear of the lands,
Upon the blowers of the sea,
Upon the beasts of the holes.

Upon the brown stag of the mountain,
Upon the green grass beneath my sole,
Upon the birds of the wings,
Upon the fish of the waves;

Since they themselves can best endure,
And are most symmetrical of form. [shapely,
stalwart, staunch

EÒLAS SNÀITHLE

The incantation of the threads was made to a sick animal, generally a cattle-beast. The threads were in the form of a cord of three ply and of three colours. The number was symbolic of the Trinity. The colours used were black, symbolic of the condemnation of God ; red, symbolic of the crucifixion of Christ ; and white, symbolic of the purification of the Spirit.

The cord was applied thrice around the tail of the animal affected and tied in a threefold loop of ingenious construction, resembling the device of the trefoil in masonry. With the first turn the operator spat upon the cord in the name of God the Father, with the second in the name of Christ, with the third in the name of the Spirit.

In February 1906 a man from Benbecula came to the island of Grimisey, North Uist, to buy a horse. Passing a crofter's house he saw a beautiful horse, praised it, and went on. He was hardly out of sight when the horse became ill, rolling on the ground in evident agony. Knowing that the stranger was reputed to have the evil eye, the owner of the horse hurried to a woman credited with power to counteract the evil. The woman twined with her teeth three threads of three ply and of different colours, and bade him tie these, one after the other, round the root of the horse's tail in name of Father, in name of Son, in name of Spirit, Triune of power. The man did so, and he had barely completed his work when the horse rose, shook himself, and began to browse.

The woman said that she inherited the power from her father, a good man of few words and of many prayers. She said that she knew immediately on beginning her prayer whether the illness was due to natural causes or to the evil eye. In the former event, she prescribed natural cures ; in the latter, she countered it through prayer. The evil eye of a man was more difficult to counteract than that of a woman, being, though less venomous, more powerful.

She declared that when she emerged from the struggle of counteracting the evil eye, she was mentally exhausted and had to rest for some days. She added that she felt sure that, were she to cease communing with God, He would immediately withdraw His gift and His countenance from her.

The writer knew the woman well, and can testify that she was a highly excellent woman, beloved and respected throughout a wide district.

There is a saying,

Thig luthan is cruthan
Bho bhun na droch shùl.

' Luthan ' and ' cruthan '
Come from the root of the evil eye.

THE CHARM OF THE THREADS

The following lines were copied by the Rev. Archibald MacDonald, of Kiltarlity, from the Records of the Presbytery of Kintyre and Islay, dated at Kilyorow in Arran, 11th November 1697.

'Milcolm MacIlvoil [Malcolm Macmillan] being called compeired and confessed he practised a charm (with a stringe and some words he spoke within the compasse of the stringe) for the rickets, possession, and any other sudden distemper, which he did practice by putting a lint thread to his breath and repeating the following words within the compasse of it, viz., Cuirim cumorich Dhia umid sluadh dall harrid do dhion vo gach gabhidh soisgeul Dhia na grais o mullach gu lar umid. Ga ghraichidh na fir hu 7 na millidh na mnaih thu.' * The lines may be rendered as follows :—

Cuirim comraich Dhé umad,
Sluagh dall tharad ;
Do dhìon bho gach gàbhadh ;
Soisgeul Dhé nan gràs
O mhullach gu làr umad.
Gun gràdhaicheadh na fir thu
Agus na milleadh na mnà thu.

I place the protection of God about thee,
Blind folk over thee (?) ;
Mayest thou be shielded from every peril ;
May the Gospel of the God of grace
Be from thy crown to the ground about thee.
May men love thee
And women not work thee harm.

When cattle are sent to pasture or brought from pasture the person in charge of them leaves one or two animals behind to follow. This wards off the evil eye, the stock not being complete before the herdsman.

When a person praises an animal the man in charge of it promptly praises it more warmly. Were a stranger to say, 'Is briagh a' bhó liamhach dhonn an toiseach na tàn,' 'Beautiful is the broad brown cow that is leading the herd,' the herdsman would reply, 'A Mhoire Mhàthair, 's i tha briagh ! Nar bheil bó air tàn san dùthaich co briagh rithe !' 'Mary Mother, she is beautiful indeed ! There is not a cow in any herd in the country so beautiful as she !'

A little boy at Leitir of Loch Duthaich fell under the power of the evil eye. No one knew what to do in the matter, and the father went to a

* The editor has not been able to verify the quotation.

woman at the head of Loch Carron to have the evil eye counteracted. He took with him a ' luideag léine,' rag of a shirt, belonging to the boy. The woman performed the counteraction of the evil eye and told the father that his child was now restored and laughing on his mother's knee. But the

CRONACHDAINN SŪLA

Dà shùil dheug re gach gnù, [tre
Dà shùil dheug re gach tnùth,
Dà shùil dheug re gach rùn,
Dà shùil dheug re gach dùil,
Dà shùil dheug re gach ùidh,
Dà shùil dheug re gach sùil,
Dà shùil dheug Mhic Dhé nan dùl,
Dà shùil dheug Mhic Dhé nan dùl.

CRONACHDAINN SŪLA

(Fuidheall)

A laighe air am macaibh morrach,
A laighe air am murnaibh comhach,
A laighe air gach saoghal sonach
Is docha leo féin na chéile.

woman herself became ill, and very ill, and was on the brink of death, and no one knew what to do or what to say or how to save her. She was ill for a day and a night, and then recovered. She said that she was always ill after performing the counteraction, whether for man or for beast.

THWARTING THE EYE

Twelve eyes against every malice, [through
Twelve eyes against every envy,
Twelve eyes against every purpose,
Twelve eyes against every hope,
Twelve eyes against every intent,
Twelve eyes against every eye,
The twelve eyes of the Son of the God of life,
The twelve eyes of the Son of the God of life.

I do not know what this represents unless it be the Twelve Apostles.

THWARTING THE EYE

(Fragment)

May it lie upon their virile sons,
May it lie upon their conceptive daughters,
May it lie upon each of their worldly joys
That they themselves love best.

EÒLAS FAIREIMIDH

O Dhùghall Mac Amhlaimh, Hacleit, Beinne Bhadhla

THUBHAIRT am beulaiche : Théid thu air do dhà ghlùn agus canaidh tu do dhà Chreud agus do Phaidir ann an sùil an Dé a chruthaich thu, ann an rùn a' Chrìosd a cheannaich thu, ann an ùidh an Spioraid a ghlanaich thu. Nì thu snàithle tromaghlas no ciarghlas no odharghlas air dhath na cadra agus their thu :—

HITHEADH sùil thu,
Labhair bial thu,
Smaoinich cridhe thu,
Mhiannaich ciall thu.

Trì Pearsa dha do choisrigeadh,
Trì Pearsa dha do chomhnadh,
An tAthair agus am Mac
Agus an Spiorad foirfe. [fòille

Ceathrar a rinn do lochd,
Fear agus bean,
Mac agus murn ;

Triùir cuirim dh'an tort,
Athair agus Mac
Agus Spiorad Nùmh.

Có tha 'gan tilleadh ?
Có tha 'gan tionnd ?
Trì Pearsa na Trianaid innich,
Trì Pearsa na Tiùrd.

CHARM FOR THE EVIL EYE

From Dugall MacAulay, Hacleit, Benbecula

The reciter said : Thou shalt kneel on thy two knees and thou shalt say thy two Credos and thy Pater Noster in the sight of the God Who created thee, in the love of the Christ Who purchased thee, in the heed of the Spirit Who cleansed thee. Thou shalt make a thread, dark-grey (?) or dusky-grey or dun-grey, of the colour of the cadder, and thou shalt say :—

An eye was seeing thee,
A mouth has named thee,
A heart has thought of thee,
A mind has desired thee.

May Three Persons sanctify thee,
May Three Persons aid thee,
The Father and the Son
And the perfect Spirit. [gentle

Four have wrought thy hurt,
A man and a woman,
A lad and a maiden ;

Three I set to oppose them,
Father and Son
And Holy Spirit.

Who is it that repels them ?
Who is it that averts them ?
The Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity,
The Three Persons of the Triune.

OBA RI SHŪL

Beulaiche : Màiri Nic Mhathain, coitear, Malacleit, Uibhist ; aois 69

EADAIL is Pòl is Eòin,
Triùir is bóiniche beul, [bóine
Dh'éirich a dhèanamh na h-òr
An comhnadh cathair nèamh ;

Ri glùn deas Dé Athar,
Ri glùn deas Dé Mhic,
Ri glùn deas Dé Spioraid ;

Air bana burshuileach, [buralach
Air feara furshuileach, [furalach
Air seanga surshuileach, [suralach
Air seachda sìochara sìodha. [seachara

Rinn ceathrar duit cron,
Rinn ceathrar duit curr, [cùr, curn
Fear agus bean,
Mac agus murn.

Triùir cuirim g'an casg,
Triùir cuirim g'an ciùn,
Athair agus Mac
Agus Spiorad Nùmh.

Ceithir ghaoide fichead
An aorabh dhaoin is bhrùid,
An aorabh fir is mnatha,
An aorabh mic is muirn.

CHARM FOR THE EYE

Reciter : Mary Mathieson, cottar, Malacleit, Uist ; aged 69.
17th March 1871

Peter and Paul and John,
Three most impressive of speech,
Arose to make the charm
In the protection of the city of heaven ;

At the right knee of God the Father,
At the right knee of God the Son,
At the right knee of God the Spirit ;

Against peering-eyed women,
Against keen-eyed men,
Against blear-eyed slender ones,
Against seven phantom fairies.

Four made to thee evil,
Four made to thee hurt,
Man and woman,
Youth and maid.

Three I set to check them,
Three I send to subdue them,
Father and Son
And Holy Spirit.

Four and twenty diseases
Inherent in men and beasts,
Inherent in man and woman,
Inherent in youth and maid.

Dia d'an sgrùd, Dia d'an sgual,
  Dia d'an sgròb, Dia d'an sgùl,
A t'fhuil, a t'fheòil, a t'fhual,
  A d' chnàmha caona cubhr ;

A t'fhéithean dlùth, a d' dhubhan dùr,
  A d' smior, a d' smuais, a ghaoil,
O'n là an diugh 's gach là dhiùbh
  Gu là dùnadh duit do shao'il.

Mar a thog Crìosd am meas
Thar bharra nam preas,
Gun togadh e dhìots a neis
  Gach gios agus glas agus galmachd ;

Mar a thog Crìosd an drùb [drùb chadail
Thar macan na h-ùir,
Gun togadh e dhìots, a rùin,
  Gach gnù, gach tnùth, gach farmad.

May God search them, may God quash them,
May God scrape them, may God quench them,
From thy blood, from thy flesh, from thy urine,
From thy smooth fragrant bones ;

From thy close veins, from thy hard kidney,
From thy pith, from thy marrow, beloved,
From this day forth and every day of them
Till the day thou shalt end thy life.

As Christ raised the fruit
Over the tops of the bushes,
May He lift from thee now
Each spell and ban and blindness ;

As Christ removed the sleep
From the little son of the grave,
May He remove from thee, dear one,
Each frown, each envy, each malice.

CASGADH BEUM SŪLA

ÈANAM dhuit eòlas
Gu casgadh beum sùla ;

Air na naodha conair,
Air na naodha conachair,
Air na naodha coilechinn,
Air naodha ban seanga sìth ;

Air sùil seana-ghille,
Air sùil seana-nighinn,
Air sùil seana-dhùine,
Air sùil seana-mhnì.

Masa sùil fir i,
I a lasadh mar bhìth,
Masa sùil mnà i,
I bhith dh'easbhaidh a cìch.

Falcadh d'a fual
Agus fuaradh d'a fuil,
D'a crodh, d'a caoire,
D'a daoine, d'a cuid.

CHECKING THE EVIL EYE

I MAKE for thee charm
To check the evil eye ;

Against the nine paths,
Against the nine tumults (?),
Against the nine crafty wiles,
Against nine slender women of faery ;

Against the eye of bachelor,
Against the eye of old maid,
Against the eye of old man,
Against the eye of old woman.

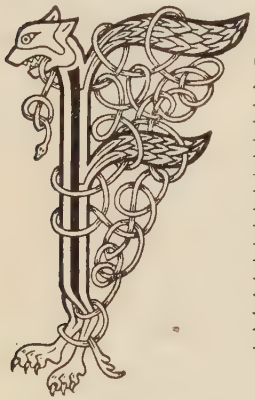
If it be eye of man,
May it flare like pitch,
If it be eye of woman,
May she want her breast.

Flooding be to her water
And chilling be to her blood,
To her cattle, to her sheep,
To her people, to her wealth.

TILLEADH SŪLA

From Mrs Ann Moore, *née* MacDougall, Thurso

Mrs Moore was but a young girl when she heard this rime from Mary MacNicoll, Bail Ùr, Lismore, who was then an old woman. She was known as 'màthair Dhùghaill Ruaidh,' mother of Red Dugall, a poor lunatic. Whether or not the moon had in fact aught to do with his disease,



OIDRIGEAN aon, [Fodragan a h-aon
Foidrigean dhà,
Foidrigean trì,
Foidrigean ceithir,
Foidrigean cóig,
Foidrigean sia,
Foidrigean seachd,
Foidrigean ochd,
Foidrigean naodh :

Na naodh foidrigein caomh
Trìd na Teòra Naomh
Thogail dhìot gach maon,
Gach caoch, gach anshocair.

REPELLING THE EYE

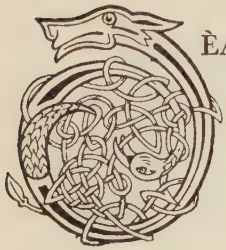
it is certain that he was most violent at the full of the moon. He was unusually strong at all times, but when his paroxysms were at their worst he had to be bound with the strongest ropes, for ordinary plough reins he broke like straws. The most fractious child in Lismore became meek at the mere mention of Dùghall Ruadh.

Rosary, one,
Rosary, two,
Rosary, three,
Rosary, four,
Rosary, five,
Rosary, six,
Rosary, seven,
Rosary, eight,
Rosary, nine :

The nine rosaries kindly
Through the Holy Three
To lift from thee each illness,
Each blindness, each affliction.

EÒLAS DROCH SHÙL

Beulaiche : Iseabal Nic Eachainn, coitear, Bun Easain, Muile



ÈANAM-SA duit [tobham-sa, dobham-sa
Upa ri shùil [eaba, oba
A uchd Pheadail, a uchd Phòil,
A uchd Bhrighde bhìth mo rùin.

Air sùil fir bhig,
Air sùil fir mhóir,
Air sùil fir a ghabhas
An rathad mór.

Air sùil eòin a théid dh'an adhar,
Air sùil eòin a théid dh'an mhara,
Air sùil geòidh a ghabhas seachad,
Air sùil an t-sluaigh gu léir ;

Air sùil fir ruaidh ràsanaich,
Air sùil mnà luath labharaich,
Air sùil nathair ruaidh neimheadaìl.

Sil, a Chaluim Chille chaoimh,
Sil, a Phàdra naoimh nam feart,
Sil, a Bhrighde bhìth na Bóinn,
Sil, a Mhoire mhór nan cleachd.

Gum bu slàn dh'an neach dh'an téid,
Gum bu slàn dhuit féin 'ga thort,
Gum bu slàn dh'an neach 'na dhéidh,
Gum bu slàn dhuit féin a nochd.

CHARM FOR EVIL EYE

Reciter : Isabel MacEachainn, cottar, Bunessan, Mull

I MAKE for thee
Charms for evil eye
In reliance on Peter and on Paul
And on quiet Brigit my beloved.

Against eye of little man,
Against eye of big man,
Against eye of man who travels
The high road.

Against eye of bird that flies to sky,
Against eye of bird that flies to sea,
Against eye of goose that passes by,
Against eye of all the host ;

Against eye of man red and harsh-spoken,
Against eye of woman swift and loud-spoken,
Against eye of serpent red and venomous.

Salve, O kindly Calum Cille,
Salve, O holy Patrick of marvels,
Salve, O quiet Brigit of the Boyne,
Salve, O great Mary of the ringlets.

Whole be he who receives it,
Whole be thou giving it (?),
Whole be he after it,
Whole be thyself this night.

Bithidh ise air eòl a' chruidh
  Mach air luinn Locha Léin [lunn

. . . . .
  . . . . .

Air sonas agus air sealbh
  An neach a bhitheas ann,
Fear no bean, mac no murn,
  Each no earc, bean no clann.

She will be guiding the cattle
Out on the waves of Loch Léin [Lake of Killarney
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

For the happiness and wealth
Of him who is there,
Man or woman, youth or maid,
Horse or cow, wife or children.

EÒLAS NA RUAIDHE

From Margaret MacDonald,

THE old Highland people maintained that there were twenty-four diseases inherent in man and in beast—

Ceithir ghalaran fichead grùid
An aorabh dhaoine agus brùid.

Four and twenty dreg diseases
Inherent in man and in beast.

The people said also that all diseases affecting themselves and their flocks were caused by 'frìdich bheaga bhìdeach bhrònach, làn nimhe neamha agus nàimhdeis,' microbes small, minute, miserable, full of spite, venom and hostility.

BHA Ìosa agus Moire fo choille agus a' falbh fàsaich ann an tìr aird àigh na hÉiphit. Agus ciod e ach a thàinig iad a chon bothaig bhig bhrònaich an leathoir glinne. Chaidh iad a steach dh'an bhothaig air tòir dibhe dhe'n uisge, agus iad 'gan losgadh le pathadh anns an tìr chruaidh chrainntidh thartmhor. Agus co bha fuireach anns a' bhothaig ach gum b'e brònag bhochd bhoireannaich, agus i a' dol a dhìth le ruaidh 'na brollach. Rùisg a' bhrònag bhoireannaich a brollach dh'an Mhoire Mhàthair, feuch am b'urrainn dhi dad a dhèanamh rithe no gnè faochaidh thoir dhi. Dh'iarr Ìosa air a Mhàthair ceal a chur air a' ghrìd, am brollach a thraoghadh, agus sìth a thoir dh'an bhoireannach. Agus seo an comhradh a thachair eadar Ìosa agus a Mhàthair :—

AIC, a Mhic, a' chìoch
Air lìonadh leis an at ;
Thoir-sa fois dh'an mhnaoi,
Thoir-sa a' ghrìd a pait.

Ìosa : Faic féin i, a Mhuire,
O's tu rug am Mac ;
Thoir-sa fois dh'an chìch,
Thoir-sa nìos a' bhean.

CHARM FOR ROSE

cottar, Òb, Harris

How they inherited these diseases the people do not know, but they think it to be probably through their own and their fathers' long continuance in offending God that these family afflictions came about,—some families and animals being more afflicted than others.

It was instructive to hear these unlettered men and women talking about 'frìdich,' 'microbes,' 'grìdean,' 'bacteria,' 'fìneagan,' 'mites,' and other animalcules 'an dualchas duine agus brùid,' 'hereditary to man and beast.'

The young people who are 'educated' do not believe in these 'seann rolaistean briagach,' 'old lying romances,' as they call them.

Jesus and Mary were under the wood (fugitives) and travelling in the desert land of Egypt. And what but that they came to a little miserable bothy in the skirts of a glen. They went into the bothy seeking a drink of water, for they were parched with thirst in the hard shrivelled thirsty land. And who was dwelling in the bothy but a poor little wretched woman near dying with rose in her breast. The poor woman bared her breast to the Mary Mother to see if she could do aught for her or give her any sort of relief. Jesus asked His Mother to destroy the microbe, to reduce the breast, and give the woman peace. And this is the conversation that occurred between Jesus and His Mother :—

Mary : Behold, O Son, the pap,
Filled full with swelling ;
Give Thou rest to the woman,
Bring Thou the microbe from out her tumour.

Jesus : Behold thou her, O Mary,
Since it was thou who bore the Son ;
Give thou rest unto the pap,
Relieve thou the woman.

Moire : Faic féin i, Chrìosd,
O's tu Rìgh nam feart ;
Thoir-sa fois dh'an mhnaoi,
Thoir an dìth a pait.

Ìosa : Chì mi, arsa Crìosd,
Is nì mi mar is ait ;
Nì mi slàn a' chìoch,
Is nì mi dìth dh'an phait.

Gum bu slàn dh'an mhnaoi,
Gum bu crìon dh'an at.

Mary : Behold Thou her, O Christ,
Since Thou art the King of power ;
Give Thou rest to the woman,
Bring the destruction from out her tumour.

Jesus : I will behold, said Christ,
And I will do as is thy wish ;
I will make whole the pap,
And I will dissolve the tumour.

Whole be the woman,
Shrunken be the swelling.

EÒLAS NA RUAIDHE

Beulaiche : Anna O Hianlaidh, coitear, Baghasdail o Thuath, Uibhist o Dheas

THE reciter was of the famous tribe of ' Tochradh Nighean a' Chathanaich,' the Dowry of the Daughter of O'Kane, who became the wife of ' Aonghus Òg,' Young Angus, son of ' Aonghus Mór,' Big Angus, prince of ' Innse Gall,' the Hebrides, who died in Islay and was buried in Iona in 1326 (Book of Clan Ranald, *Reliquiæ Celticæ*, ii. 158 f.).

The dower the lady obtained from her father when she left Ireland was a following of twenty-four gentlemen of good birth, a great acquisition to her lord when men and not sheep or deer were the strength of a chief.

AIC, a Mhic, an t-ùth,
Agus an rù air at ;
Innis sin do'n Mhnaoi,
O's ì rug am Mac.

Siubhail as, a rù, [rua
Faiceam cùl do chas ;
Gum bu slàn do'n ùth,
Gum bu sùight do'n at.

A rua rodaidh atmhoir,
Chruaidh bhrothaich bhreun,
Fag an t-ùth 's am brollach ;
Till an t-at, seo a' phait 'na feum.

CHARM FOR ROSE

Reciter: Ann O Henley, cottar, North Boisdale, South Uist. 24th April 1873

These men included the names of Martin, Mac Cuithein, Steel, O Hianlaidh and others. Some of them were not well liked in the country, according to the testimony of old native people.

The reciter said that this charm was good for swelling in the breast of a woman, and in the udder of a cow or mare, sheep or goat. She had cured all these by means of the 'eòlas,' charm, many times. The rune had to be repeated three times over the part affected, in the name of the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity.

See, O Son, the udder,
Swollen by the rose;
Tell Thou that to Our Lady,
For 'tis she who bore the Son.

Get thee hence, thou rose,
Let me see the back of thy feet;
Whole be the udder,
Drained be the swelling.

Thou rose, dark red and swelling,
Hard, scabby and foul,
Leave the udder and the breast;
Reduce the swelling, behold the pap distressed.

EÒLAS NA RUAIDHE

O Dhonnchadh Mac Eachainn, croitear, Staghlaigearraidh, Uibhist o Dheas

THE reciter was a man of much ability and intelligence, of observant eye and retentive memory. He was one of a band of pilgrims from Scotland who went to see the Pope, and he brought home a most informative account of his experiences. He described the person, vesture and jewels

ÒLAS a rinn Fionn mac Cumhaill
Dh'a dhearbh phiuthair chaomha fhéin,
Air ruaidh, air rachd, air rudhadh,
Air mìola mùgach sléibh ;

Air na saigheada sìdhe sìodha,
Air saigheada sìodha seun,
Air saigheada sluagha sàthach,
Air saigheada sàrach seud ;

Air mìolacha móra màgach
'S air corracha cnàmha créim [créin

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

An dàil Athar agus Mhic nan deur,
An dàil Spioraid foirfe tréin,
Na diùlt an àbha do neach 'na fheum,
Agus na teum i san Domhnach.

(An dàil Athar agus Mic,
An dàil iochd agus fòill,
Na diùlt an àbha dh'an iochd,
Agus na tiochd i san Domhn.)

CHARM FOR ROSE

From Duncan MacEachainn, crofter, Staghlaigearraidh, South Uist

of the Pope minutely, but he was more impressed by the Pope's kindliness in speaking to him. Archbishop MacDonald interpreted between the Pope and the Gaelic-speaking crofters, and he reported that the Pope was much impressed by the dignity, good sense, and good feeling of the simple crofter from the Western Isles.

The charm made by Fionn son of Cumhall
For his own sister dear,
Against rose, against pang, against reddening,
Against surly creatures of the mountain ;

Against the fairy elfin arrows,
Against elfin arrows charmed,
Against piercing arrows of fairy host,
Against harassing arrows on the journey ;

Against great creeping monsters,
And against gnawing cranes (?)
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

In tryst of Father and Son of tears,
In tryst of perfect Spirit of might,
Refuse not the prayer to one in need,
And say (?) it not on the Lord's Day.

(In tryst of Father and of Son,
In tryst of compassion and of gentleness,
Refuse not the prayer to compassion,
And say (?) it not on the Lord's Day.)

ÀIRNE MOIRE

AIC, a Mhoire Mhàthair,
A' bhean 's i ris a' bhàs.'
' Faic féin i, a Chrìosda,
O's ann dha t'iochd atà
Fois a thoir dh'an leanabh
'S a' bhean a thoir a spairn.

' Faic féin i, a Chrìosda,
O's tu Rìgh na slàint,
Thoir a' bhean o'n eug
Agus seun an leanabh bà,
Thoir-sa fois dh'an fhìonan,
Thoir-sa sìth dh'a mhàthair.'

ÀIRNE MOIRE

' Faic, a Mhoir, a' bhean,
Is i fo ghean do ghràis ;
Thoir a chead dh'an leanabh,
Thoir a' bhean o'n bhàs.'

' Faic féin i, a Chrìosda,
O's ann dha d' ghnìomh atà
Cead a thoir dh'an leanabh,
A' bhean a thoir an aird.'

' Dèanam mar is math leat,
A Mhàthaireag mo ghràidh ;
Bheirim cead dh'an leanabh,
Bheirim bean o bhàs.'

KIDNEY OF MARY *

'Behold, O Mary Mother,
The woman and she near to death.'
'Behold Thou her, O Christ,
Since it is of Thy mercy
To give rest to the child
And to bring the woman from her labour.

'Behold Thou her, O Christ,
Since Thou art the King of health,
Deliver the woman from death
And sain the innocent child,
Give Thou rest to the vine-shoot,
Give Thou peace to its mother.'

KIDNEY OF MARY

'Behold, O Mary, the woman,
And she beneath thy gracious pleasure;
Give freedom to the child,
Bring from death the woman.'

'Behold Thou her, O Christ,
Since it is of Thy doing
To give freedom to the child,
To raise up the woman.'

'I do as is thy wish,
Little Mother My beloved;
Freedom I give the child,
From death I bring the woman.'

* See ii. 225.

EÒLAS AT CÌCHE

Bho Chatrìona Nic Ghill-Eathain, croitear, Nàst, Gearrloch

THUBHAIRT am beulaiche : Bha Ìosa agus a Mhàthair a' siubhal slighe, agus anns an dol seachad chaidh iad a steach do thaigh a leigeil dhiubh an sgìth. Co bha comhnaidh anns a' bhothan ach bantrach bhochd agus triùir dilleachdan gun chlì gun treòir. Agus bha a' bhantrach bhochd a' fulang cràdh cruaidh le at cìche, agus a' chìoch féin air spreadhaidh le at.

Dh'iarr Ìosa air a Mhàthair cur as do'n ghrìd anns a' chìch agus sìth a thoir dh'an bhrollach agus slàinte a thoir dh'an bhoireannach. Ach thubhairt a Mhàthair ri Crìosd, ' Cuir féin, a Mhic, a dhìth a' ghrìd anns a' chìch. Is tusa féin, a Mhic nan deur agus nan dochann, a fhuair cumhachd o'n Athair air nèamh leigheachd a dhèanamh air talamh.'

Ta iomadh nì croiste agus nach cothromach (còir) a dhèanamh, agus tha e toirmisgte do fhireannach a làmh a chur air cìoch bhoireannaich. Ach thug Crìosda dhuinn samhladh anns a' chùis seo mar a thug e dhuinn an iomadh cùis eile. Shéid Crìosd anail bhlàth a bheòil air cìoch a' chràidh chruaidh, agus shìn e a làmh chaoin a null os cionn na cìche, agus thubhairt e :—

ÌTHEACHD dha do ghrìd,
Dìtheachd dha do at,
Sìtheachd dha do chìch,
Sìtheachd Rìgh nam feart.

Gileachd dha do bhian,
Crìonachd dha do at,
Slànachd dha do chìch,
Lìonachd dha do phait.

An làthair naomh an Athar,
An làthair naomh a' Mhic,
An làthair naomh an Spioraid,
Làthair naomh na h-iochd.

CHARM FOR SWOLLEN BREAST

From Catherine Maclean, crofter, Naast, Gairloch

The reciter said : Jesus and His Mother were travelling, and in the passing by they went into a house to rest. Who was dwelling in the cottage but a poor widow and three orphans without pith or power. And the poor widow was suffering hard pain from swelling in the breast, and the breast itself was near bursting with swelling.

Jesus asked His Mother to destroy the microbe in the pap, and to give peace to the breast and health to the woman. But His Mother said to Christ, ' Do Thou, O Son, destroy the microbe in the pap. It is Thou Thyself, O Son of tears and of sufferings, Who hast received from the Father in heaven power to perform healing on earth.'

There are many things that are crossed (forbidden) and not becoming to do, and it is forbidden to a man to place his hand on a woman's breast. But Christ gave us an example in this matter, as He gave us in many another. Christ blew the warm breath of His mouth on the tortured breast, and He stretched His gentle hand thither over the pap, and He said :—

Extinction to thy microbe,
  Extinction to thy swelling,
Peace be to thy breast,
  The peace of the King of power.

Whiteness be to thy skin,
  Subsiding to thy swelling,
Wholeness to thy breast,
  Fullness to thy pap.

In the holy presence of the Father,
  In the holy presence of the Son,
In the holy presence of the Spirit,
  The holy presence of compassion.

Cha luaithe labhair Léighe nam buadh agus nam beannachd na briathran brìoghmhor buadha seo na dh'eug a' ghrìd agus a thréig an t-at agus a shlànaich am boireannach.

Is iomadh rud mór math a rinn Crìosd caomh air talamh, agus gu sonraichte do bhoireannaich bhochda bha fulang cràdh agus amhghar agus masladh ann an sàmhchar cinn agus an cnàmhan cridhe. Is iomadh sin !

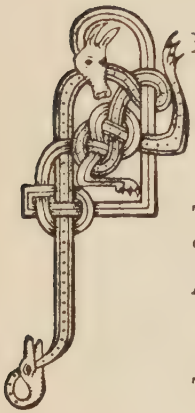
Bha mise a' tuineadh an siorrachd Mhoireibh, agus leighis mi at cìche deich no dusan boireannach am feadh a bha mi ann. Bhiodh muinntir a' magadh orm, ag ràdh gun robh buidseachd agam. Ach cha robh buidseachas agamsa, no nì cruthaichte ach an cumhachd a thug Dia dhomh, Dia nan dùl agus nan domhan, ris an robh m'urnaigh agus m'achan mo rùn a mheudachadh agus mo dhùrachd a dhaingeanachadh, mo bhriathran a bheannachadh agus mo làmh a neartachadh. Agus rinn Dia sin ; a' ghlòir dhà-san agus chan ann dhomhsa !

No sooner had the Physician of virtues and of blessings uttered these words of power and of virtue than the microbe died, the swelling subsided, and the woman was whole.

Many a great and good thing Christ did on earth, and especially to poor women who were suffering pain and tribulation and shame, in silence of head and in soreness of heart. Many a one that !

I was living in Moray, and I healed the breast-swelling of ten or twelve women while I was there. The people used to mock me, saying that I had witchcraft. But I had no witchcraft, nor anything in creation except the power that God gave me, the God of life and of the worlds, to Whom I prayed to increase my love, to confirm my earnestness, to bless my words and to strengthen my hands. And God did that ; the glory be to Him and not to me !

EAB AN DÉIDIDH



N eab a chuir Calum Cille
Ma ghlùn deas Mhaol Iodha,
Air ghuin, air ghoin, air ghuim,
Air ghalar dheud, air ghalar ghuim. [chuim

Thubhairt Peadair ri Seumas,
'Nar faigh mi fois o'n déideadh,
Ach a' laighe agus ag éirigh
Agus a' leum thar mo bhuinn.'

Thubhairt Crìosd a' freagar na ceist,
'Cha bhi an déideadh agus an rann
Anns an aon cheann am feasd.'

THE CHARM OF THE TOOTHACHE

The charm placed of Columba
About the right knee of Maol Iodha,
Against pain, against sting, against venom,
  Against tooth disease, against virulent disease. [bodily

Said Peter unto James,
'I get no respite from toothache,
But it is with me lying down and rising
  And leaping on my soles.'

Said Christ answering the problem,
  'The toothache and the rune
Shall not henceforth abide in the same head.'

BRISGEIN: THYROID GLAND

A GLAND in the throat of human beings and animals is called in Gaelic ' brisgein,' in English the thyroid gland. It is sometimes imperfect in a child from birth, in which case the child is dwarfed in mind and body. To remedy this the people applied the ' brisgein,' thyroid gland, of a sheep in the form of extract. A sheep born on ' Là Fhéill Brighde,' St Brigit's Day, called ' caora Bhrighde ' or ' caora Bhrighde mhìn,' the sheep of Brigit or the sheep of mild Brigit, was much sought for this purpose, but still more sought was a lamb born on this day, called ' uan Brighde ' or ' uan Brighde nan nì agus nam beannachd,' the lamb of Brigit or the lamb of Brigit of the flocks and of the blessings. On the removal of the ' brisgein ' the sheep or lamb was sacrificed to Brigit.

Not the least curious thing about the old Gaelic remedies is that many of them have been adopted in medical practice. Dr Donald Munro Morrison, the youngest son of the famous poet and blacksmith of Harris, ' Iain Gobha na Hearadh,' inherited his father's marvellous talent in mechanics and was also a distinguished student of chemistry ; he remarked that the Highlanders had cures for all the common ailments of man and beast, but where or how they had acquired them he could not understand ; he had analysed the plants, earths and other remedies they used, and in no instance were these misapplied, on the contrary their ingredients were those now used by practitioners in a more concentrated form.

A' BHUIDHEACH: JAUNDICE

A CURE for jaundice practised in the Outer Isles was to place a lump of salt butter on the stomach of the sick man. The butter was held in place by bandages passing round the man's body, so fixed on all sides that none of the melting butter could flow away. After some hours the invalid was attacked by ' gairiseann,' nausea, which continued until the butter was absorbed into the tissues. The jaundice then disappeared, and the patient became strong and healthy.

BUIRBEAN: CANCER

From Thomas Ross, ' Inbhir Charsla,' Inver Casslie, Sutherland, aged 96. 15th November 1905

A MAN at Ullapool was famous for curing the ' buirbean,' cancer, ' silteach,'

flow, and ' tinneas an rìgh,' king's evil. He cured many men and women of these diseases.

We were living at ' Drochaid Sguideil,' Conon Bridge. A cancer came in my sister's lip. Her lip was swelling and ever swelling, and the doctor said it was a bad case of cancer. My mother saw a man passing and went out and spoke to him. He came in and bathed his hands in a basin of clean cold water, and then bathed my sister's lip with this water. He told my mother to put the water in a bottle and to bathe my sister's lip with it at sunrise. My mother did as the man directed, and in three days the cancerous swelling disappeared, and never reappeared although my sister lived to old age. Everyone was surprised, and the doctor who said it was cancer was surprised. I do not remember the name of the man, and I never saw him before nor after, but I heard of him. My sister was Hanna Ross.

Bhathar a' cur fuar-lit de iteodha ri cnoidh buirbein. Bha am plàsd iteodha co teith agus co treas gun robh e a' spìonadh a' bhuirbein a bun, na friamhaichean a' tighinn leis a' bhuirbein mar na friamhaichean a' tighinn leis a' mhungach-mhear féin as an talamh.—A cold poultice of hemlock was applied to a cancer sore. The hemlock plaster was so hot and so strong that it drew the cancer out from the bottom, the roots coming with the cancer as the roots come with the hemlock itself out of the ground.

This was effective when done in time. When the disease became soft nothing could cure it.

A police inspector in Glasgow had cancer in the lower lip. Instead of having it cut he went to his native home near Fort William. There a man applied a poultice of hemlock to the lip and extracted the cancer bodily. The patient told my informant that the pain was excruciating. The flesh containing the cancer came away, carrying the roots with it. These were very numerous and resembled the fine thready roots of hemlock ; he could hear the sound of their breaking away. The patient placed the cancer in spirits and kept it for many years. My informant said that except for a hollow the man's lip seemed quite healthy and normal.

A man who had cancer in the lip or a woman who had cancer in the breast went to a rock on a hot sunny day. There he or she exposed the part affected to

Na naodh gatha gréine,
An ainm Dhé nan dùl.

The nine rays of the sun,
In name of the God of life.

There was a long hymn appropriate to this subject, but it is now lost.

O

CAOTHACH (CUTHACH), MEARAN, BOILE : MADNESS

THERE were various cures for madness, some of them rough. On ' Di-Daorn là Chaluim Chille,' Thursday the day of Columba, a strong man was to take the afflicted person behind him on the back of a grey horse at full speed and make a circuit round a ' comharra crìche,' march mark, and then round an immovable stone. Another cure common in the Isles was to tie a strong rope round the sufferer's waist and drag him behind a ' dà-ràmhach,' ' ce'rach,' ' siarach,' ' ochdrach no deich-ràmhach,' two-, four-, six-, eight-, or ten-oared boat, with all the speed the rowers could achieve.

Another was to dip him in ' Tobar Ma-Ruibhe,' Maol Ruibhe's well, in ' Eilean Ma-Ruibhe,' Maol-Ruibhe's isle, in ' Loch Ma-Ruibhe,' Loch Maree. Men and women down to recent times, and possibly still, were brought from long distances to the sacred shrine of Maol-Ruibhe ; in former days the pilgrimage was done openly, latterly by stealth.

Another famous place of cure was ' Poll Fhaolain,' St Faolan's pool in Strath Fillan ; here are two pools partly separated by a projecting rock, the upper called ' Poll nam Ban,' the pool of the women, the lower ' Poll nam Fear,' the pool of the men. The patient was led sunwise round the pool, first in name of Father, secondly in name of Son, thirdly in name of Spirit, and then immersed in the pool in name of the Trinity. He was led to ' Teampall Fhaolain,' St Faolan's church. A small stone basin was filled with ' uisge coisrigte,' consecrated water, and poured over his head. He was stretched out with his back to the ground in the church, placed between two sticks, and bound in a simple ingenious way. If he extricated himself before morning there were hopes of recovery ; if not, there was no hope. Sometimes he died during the night. The person who dipped the patient in the pool lifted three small stones from the bottom and threw them on a cairn near by ; sometimes a coin was also thrown into the cairn. A mad infuriated bull was thrown into ' Poll nam Ban ' and thence sprang into ' Poll nam Fear,' since when both pools have lost their efficacy.

Gealach Satharna foghair	Saturday's autumn moon
Gabhaidh boile seachd tràth.	Will take frenzy seven days.
Gealach ùr Satharna	New moon of Saturday
Gabhaidh mearan trì tràth.	Will take madness three days.

A ' gealachan,' from ' gealach,' moon, is a moonstruck person, a lunatic, also a man walking by moonlight.

BEAN GUN CHLOINN: CHILDLESSNESS

At Strolamas in Skye is a well called 'Tobar Cloinne' or 'Tobar na Cloinne,' the well of (the) children, the water of which conferred twin children upon a childless woman. The woman went to the well at dawn of day and drank of its water and appealed to its presiding deity, saying,

Uisg an easain air mo dhosan

. . . .

Tog dhìom do rosan rodaidh,
Is ùidh té na cabhaig orm.

The water of the little fall on my forelock

. . . . .

Lift thou from me thine ill mischance,
Since the wish of the woman of hurry is on me.

At Elgol, some miles away, is a well of similar virtues. In this case the wife and the husband must go to the well, drink of its water, and appeal to the guardian god of the fountain to listen to their prayer and to confer issue on them.

Every district of Scotland had a 'tobar slàinte,' healing fountain, whose water was clear and refreshing and whose situation was pleasing to the eye.

The plants 'trì-bhileach,' valerian or marsh-trefoil, and 'biolair Moire,' cress of Mary, water-cress, were given as a cure to childless women.

A' CHÌOCH SHLUGAIN: THE UVULA

John Mackenzie, smith, Aultbea, Ross, said: Thuit mo chìoch agus fad latha no dhà cha b'urra dhomh càil a shlugadh no facal a labhairt.—My uvula fell and for a day or two I could neither swallow anything nor speak a word. My mother sent a man to William Campbell to tell him of my condition and ask him to cure me. During the messenger's absence the uvula suddenly regained its position. The messenger on his return related that he had told William Campbell my name, and that Campbell went through a 'rann,' rune, appealing to the Three Persons of the Trinity to raise the uvula and heal me. William Campbell performed this cure for many persons throughout this wide district during his long life; he

had a great reputation for the cure and for the beautiful rune he sang for it.

A narrator at Meallan Thearlaich, Gairloch, said : My ' cìoch shlugain,' uvula, had fallen, and my mother went to a certain woman, who made ' eòlas na cìche,' the charm of the uvula, for me, in my absence. The uvula returned to its place, and the time at which it returned agreed with the time at which the woman made the ' eòlas.'

Margaret Mackenzie, ' am Poll Glas,' Polglass, Achiltibuie, Ross, performed the cure as follows. She went to the strand and brought thence what were called ' na cìochagan tràghad,' uvulas from the strand. She hung them above the fire, which was on the floor (by some others they were placed on the ' slabhraidh,' pot-chain). She recited a ' rann,' rune, and raised the fallen uvula. This highly excellent woman had many charms and a ' rann ' for each. Her son Roderick has learned some of them from her.

Another name for the uvula is ' an t-sineag.' There were some curious beliefs concerning it. ' Tha gead fuilt an crùn cinn neach a thogas a' chìoch shlugain, ge b'e co aig am bheil fios air a' ghead ; leis a' ghead a ghreimeachadh togaidh neach an t-sineag dh'a h-àite féin.'—There is a tuft of hair on the crown of the head that raises the uvula, whoever knows the tuft ; by grasping the tuft a person can lift the uvula to its own place. ' Tha féith ann an caol an duirn, " féith chaol an duirn," agus leis an fhuil a chur a suas anns an fhéith togaidh neach an t-sineag.'—There is a vein in the small of the wrist called ' the wrist vein,' and by driving the blood up the vein one can lift the uvula.—The hiccough can be stopped by the same means.

CLACH NATHRACH : SERPENT'S STONE

Seo rud a gheobhar a measg fraoich, gu sonraichte seann fhraoch mór gun losgadh. Thàtar a' dèanamh a mach gu bheil an nathair a' dol mun cuart agus mun cuart an goisne fraoich, a' cur cobhair no ronnan as a bial air a' ghoisne fhraoich gun stad gun tàmh. Chan 'eil duine tuigsinn car son tha seo. Dar a tha na ronnan a chuir an nathair air a' chraobh fhraoich a' fuarachadh agus a' tiormachadh, tha an stuth a' fàs co cruaidh ri cloich ach co eutrom ri spuing. Tha a' chlach nathrach mu mheudachd ubh eireige agus glas-dhorcha san dath. Tha meas mór aig seann daoine air a' chlach nathrach air son buadh leigheis agus air son buadh bean shìdh. Bha i gu math air at no gearradh no dochann no lionnadh air neach.

This is a thing found among heather, especially old tall unburnt heather. It is alleged that the serpent goes round and round the clump of heather, emitting a froth or spittle from its mouth upon the clump without stop or pause. No one understands why this is. When the spittle emitted by

the serpent on the heather plant cools and dries, the stuff grows as hard as a stone but as light as tinder. The serpent's stone is about the size of a pullet's egg and dark-grey in colour. Old people esteem it highly for its power in healing and for its power against fairy women. It was good for swelling or cut or bruise or festering in a person.

A boy was stung in the foot by a serpent. He ran to a stream and bathed his wounded foot. Then, running back to see whether the serpent had succeeded in reaching the water, he met it hastening to the stream. He cut it in five pieces, which he buried in a hole in the earth, closing this firmly with a sod. If this is not done the maggots produced by the rotting serpent fly about in the air, and should one of them strike a person in the face cancer will result. So said John Beaton, grandson of the famous 'Fearchar Léigh,' Farquhar the Physician, Dunvegan.

It is said that the largest serpents in Scotland were in Mull. Goats were kept to reduce their numbers, and afterwards the big sheep practically killed them out, as they also killed out several plants indigenous to the soil, once well known, now never seen.

CUR NAM BALLAN: CUPPING *

Cupping was done in various ways. One way was to burn a little spirit in a tumbler, and having thus exhausted the air in the glass, to place it immediately upon the part affected. This raised a blister, which was then pricked.

Murdoch Maclean, Breinish, Lewis, performs the operation of cupping, and thereby cures people of rheumatism and other complaints. His instrument is a cow's horn, cast by the living animal. An air-opening is made by drilling through the point of the horn. Over the base is placed a piece of 'streafon,' the membrane covering a calf at birth or the after-birth, proverbially fine and tough. 'Moireal Nic Leòid,' Muriel MacLeod, crofter girl, aged twenty-six, described how Murdoch Maclean operated on her:—When I was sixteen or seventeen I went to Berwick on Tweed as laundry-maid. I was strong and healthy and well grown, but the work was heavy and the food did not suit one who had been used to plain simple fare. I became ill, and the doctor, unable to give me relief, advised me to go home, which I did. My symptoms were still distressing—if I leant forward my eyes filled with water and I could not see, and I had great pain and dizziness in my head. The doctors at Stornoway, Lochs and Tarbert treated me twelve times with the 'cuileaga Spàinneach,' fly-blisters, but all to no purpose; if no worse, I was certainly no better. I then went to Murdoch Maclean. He placed the 'ballan,' cup or horn, on the back of my neck, and sucked through it until he had raised a large

* See ii. 226.

lump. He pricked this lump with a needle. Replacing the ' ballan,' he again sucked strongly and steadily. He applied the ' ballan ' in all five times, four times on the first night and once on the following night, this time upon the other side of my neck. He thus drew two saucers full of clear water streaked with blood. I felt severe pain, as though racked from head to foot. The marks of the ' ballan ' were deep in my flesh and the needle marks lasted a long time, but they were bathed and bandaged until they healed. I now feel as well and as healthy as I have ever felt in my life, and more than grateful to my kind benefactor Murdoch Maclean.

AN T-EÒLAS BALBH: THE DUMB CHARM

The ' Eòlas Balbh ' is for taking the ' goimh ' out of ' losgadh,' the smart out of a burn. The person who performs it breathes lightly upon the sore and moves his hand above it, turning slowly, and uttering a short prayer the while for assuaging the pain. The pain ceases immediately, and the wound heals almost as soon.

GILEAS: WHITENESS

To cure ' an gileas,' whiteness upon the tongue in infants, put the blood of a cockerel's comb upon the tongue, applying it with the cockerel's tail feathers. This will remove the ' gileas ' within a short time.

GREIM: STITCH

Were a boy to get a ' greim,' stitch, in his side in playing or running or jumping, he would lie on the ground with the sore side under. He would make the sign of the cross over the side affected, saying,

' Crois Chrìosda cheusda
Thoir éifeachd dha m' phian.'

' ' May the cross of Christ crucified
Be assuaging my pain.'

Innumerable phrases and sayings of this nature are common among the people, Roman Catholic and Protestant alike.

' Moir agus Micheal dhuit, a ghiullain.'

' Mary and Michael be with thee, little fellow.'

TEINE DÉ: GOD'S FIRE

'Teine Dé' or 'teine Diaidh,' 'God's fire,' denotes ringworm, for which there were many cures. Children bandied words over it, often in hot resentment. The following was a frequent rime in these encounters.

Teine Dé da do bhus !
Rug do mhàthair chéile luch ;
Thug thu féin a mach an gur,
Busan dubh an dranndain !

Ringworm be upon thy snout !
Thy mother-in-law brought forth a mouse ;
Thou thyself broughtest forth the hatching,
Black snoutie of the growling !

GOIRTEAS DROMA: SORE BACK

A child born feet foremost is made to walk along the back of a person suffering from a sore back.

TIONNDADH CRIDHE: DISPLACEMENT OF THE HEART

From Elspet Sutherland, crofter, Bay View Cottage, West Helmsdale

The following is a cure to replace the heart after fright: Go to a stream under a bridge over which the living and the dead pass. Take water from the stream in a wooden 'cuach,' cup. Lift three stones from the stream in the name of the Father, of the Son, of the Spirit. One stone must be round to represent the head ; one stone must be triangular to represent the heart ; one stone must be oblong to represent the body. Put these three stones into the 'cuach' of water and carry them home. Put the stones one by one into the fire until they are red-hot. Then take one stone out of the fire and place it in the water in the 'cuach,' observing carefully for how long it fizzled in the water before it was cooled. Do the same to the second and the third stones. The stone which makes the most prolonged and mournful sound indicates the seat of trouble, whether it be head, heart or body that is affected. [The account seems to be incomplete.]

EÒLAS AN SGUCHAIDH

SPRAIN is variously called 'sguchadh,' 'sguthadh,' 'sgiuchadh,' 'sgochadh,' 'sguch,' 'sguth,' 'sgiuch,' 'sgoch,' 'siachadh,' 'siach'; 'sguchadh féithe,' sprain of sinew; 'sguchadh lùthaidh,' sprain of joint; 'siachadh féithe,' strain of sinew, and 'siachadh lùthaidh,' strain of joint.

'Eòlas an sguchaidh,' the knowledge or charm of the sprain, is the invocation repeated during the rubbing of the injured limb. In this rubbing an extract of St John's wort or some other specific is applied, to moisten and relieve the part. Rubbing and singing proceed together; the rubbing is done soothingly and skilfully, and the hymn is sung tenderly and sympathetically. The hymn is punctuated throughout with something like a snort, or a small emission of breath between the slightly opened teeth.

The man or woman who operates provides himself or herself with a three-plied cord of hard lint, lint being sacred to Christ. This he divides into three parts of equal length. He makes a hard knot on the first part, breathing on it and touching the knot with his lips in the name of God the Father. He makes a second knot, touching it with his lips in the name of God the Son, and a third knot, touching it with his lips in the name of God the Spirit. He then ties the cord round the limb in the name of

Beulaiche: Iseabal Nic Eachainn, coitear, Bun Easain, Muile

IS a mharcraich gu stòld
An asal bheag bhòidheach ghrinn,
A leighis gach creuchd agus crò
Bha crochte ri pòr gach linn:

Rinn e subhach an dubhach 's an deòr,
Rinn e suamhar an duamhan 's an sgìth,
Rinn e saor an daor is an dòbh, [suamhan
Gach sean agus òg a bha 's tìr.

Dh'fhosgail e sùilean dh'an dall,
Mhosgail dh'an bhacach ceum,
Dh'fhuasgail dh'an teanga bha balbh,
Bheothaich dh'an mharbh san eug.

CHARM FOR SPRAIN

the Sacred Father, of the Sacred Son, of the Sacred Spirit. So with the second and third parts of the cord. There are thus thrice three knots upon the cord altogether. The cord is called ' tolm.'

With some, the cord is passed through the mouth and left in the mouth during the recital of the rune. The knot is drawn in the mouth, the first knot when the operator appeals to God the Father, the second when he appeals to God the Son, the third when he appeals to God the Spirit. With others, the knot is in the mouth while the operator utters the name of the man or woman or animal being treated. One operator used no knots.

This and every other charm is performed in reliance on the power of God, never on the performer's own skill.

Another treatment was described as follows. ' Tha crois 'ga cur le sùith air an sgocha an ainm nan Trì ta crochte air an t-slabhraidh. Tha an sùith 'ga fhàgail air a' chois no air an làimh gon am falbh e uidh ar n-uidh.'—The sign of the cross is made in soot upon the sprain in name of the Three Who hang on the pot-chain. The soot is left on the foot or on the hand until it gradually disappears.

Reciter : Isabel MacEachainn, cottar, Bunessan, Mull

He Who so calmly rode
The little ass fair of form,
Who healed each hurt and bloody wound
That clave to the people of every age :

He made glad the sad and the outcast,
He gave rest to the restless and the tired,
He made free the bond and the unruly,
Each old and young in the land.

He opened the eyes of the blind,
He awaked the step of the lame,
He loosed the tongue that was dumb,
He gave life to him that was dead.

Chaisg e dh'an fhuil a bha garg,
  Dh'aisig dh'an chalg a bha geur,
Dh'òl e dh'an dibh a bha searbh
  Ann an earbs Ard-Athar nan nèamh.

Lùthaich e Peadail is Pàl,
  Lùthaich e Màthair nan deur,
Lùthaich e Brighid nan tàn,
  Gach lùth agus cnàmh agus féith.

Suathadh agus sileadh
Le bua Chaluim Chille, [buaf, lus
Suathadh agus sileadh
  Le buadh Rìgh nan dùl.

Suathadh agus sileadh
Le bua Chaluim Chille,
Suathadh agus sileadh
  Le buadh Chrìosda chùmh.

Suathadh agus sileadh
Le bua Chaluim Chille,
Suathadh agus sileadh
  Le buadh Spioraid Nùmh.

Suathadh agus sileadh
Le bua Chaluim Chille,
Suathadh agus sileadh
  Le buadh Trì an Ùn.

Suathadh agus sileadh
An dual nam pòga milis
O bheòil agus bhilibh
  Teòire time na caoimh.

He stemmed the fierce-rushing blood,
He took the keen prickle from the eye,
He drank the draught that was bitter,
Trusting to the High Father of heaven.

He gave strength to Peter and Paul,
He gave strength to the Mother of tears,
He gave strength to Brigit of the flocks,
Each joint and bone and sinew.

Soothing and salving
With the wort of Columba,
Soothing and salving
With the grace of the God of life.

Soothing and salving
With the wort of Columba,
Soothing and salving
With the grace of the Christ of love.

Soothing and salving
With the wort of Columba,
Soothing and salving
With the grace of the Holy Ghost.

Soothing and salving
With the wort of Columba,
Soothing and salving
With the grace of the Three in One.

Soothing and salving
In the strength of the sweet kisses
From the mouth and the lips
Of the Three clement and kind.

Suathadh agus sileadh
An tuar nam pòga milis
O bheòil agus bhilibh
Teòire time na caoin.

Suathadh agus sileadh
An cuart nam pòga milis
O bheòil agus bhilibh
Ceòlraidh bhinne nan naomh.

Dòigh eile :

Luadhadh agus ligheadh
An dual nam pòga milis,
Luadhadh agus ligheadh
O bhilibh Rìgh nan dùl.

Soothing and salving
In the sign of the sweet kisses
From the mouth and the lips
Of the Three tender and mild.

Soothing and salving
In the shield of the sweet kisses
From the mouth and the lips
Of the musical choir of the saints.

Variant :

Rubbing and bathing
In name of the sweet kisses,
Rubbing and bathing
From the lips of the King of life.

EÒLAS AN SGUCHAIDH

N ainm Athar,
An ainm Mic,
An ainm Spioraid,
  Trì nan trì.

Cnèimh ri cnèimh,
Cuisil ri cuisil,
Céirein ri céirein,
  Ris a' chois chlì.

Créis ri créis,
Cneis ri cneis,
Gréis ri gréis,
  Ris a' chois chlì.

Fuil ri fuil,
Feòil ri feòil,
Féithe ri féithe,
  Ris a' chois chlì.

Smear ri smear,
Smuais ri smuais,
Saill ri saill,
  Ris a' chois chlì.

Streafon ri streafon,
Snàithle ri snàithle,
Seile ri seile,
  Ris a' chois chlì.

CHARM FOR SPRAIN

In name of Father,
In name of Son,
In name of Spirit,
The Three of threes.

Bone to bone,
Vein to vein,
Balm to balm,
To the left foot.

Sap to sap,
Skin to skin,
Tissue to tissue,
To the left foot.

Blood to blood,
Flesh to flesh,
Sinew to sinew,
To the left foot.

Marrow to marrow,
Pith to pith,
Fat to fat,
To the left foot.

Membrane to membrane,
Fibre to fibre,
Moisture to moisture,
To the left foot.

Dé nan dé,
Léigh nan léigh,
Spiorad nan ré, [lé
Tré nan tré,
Ris a' chois chlì.

The God of gods,
The Healer of healers,
The Spirit of eternity, [of laving
The Three of threes,
To the left foot.

EÒLAS NAN NEÒN: THE CHARM OF THE STYES

'GRIG,' 'grige,' 'grìd,' 'grìde,' are similar in meaning and denote a mite, a tiny insect or animalcule, a microbe. The old people speak of 'grig an neònain,' the microbe of the stye, as they speak of 'grig na niosgaid,' the microbe of the boil, 'grige lionnrachaid,' the microbe of suppuration, and of various kinds of swellings.

Grige gràndа màthair contrachd.

Ugly microbe, mother of mischief.

Is lugh e na grìd,
Màthair nimh nàimhdeis.

'Tis smaller than a mite,
The virulent mother of enmity.

It was interesting and instructive to listen to these unlettered old men and women describing 'mar bha mhàthair-ghuir ghrige toir a nìos a droch àil, ag adhbharachadh buirb agus coirb ann am fuil agus ann am feòil dhaoine'—'how the hatching-mother of the "grig" brought up her bad brood, causing gall and venom in the blood and flesh of people.' 'Cia mar bha mhàthair-ghuir ghrige faighinn agus a' fàs ann am fuil agus ann am feòil neach cha robh e farasda thuigsinn na farasd innseadh; ach aon rud,—far an robh droch thaidhe agus droch ghleidheadh bha ghrige-ghuir an sin, agus a' ruith bho neach gu neach agus bho theach gu teach mar chleachd an droch sgeula.'—'How the hatching-mother of the "grig" got into the blood and flesh of a person and grew there it was not easy to understand nor easy to explain; but one thing,—where there were ill care and ill keeping the hatching-"grig" was there, running from person to person and from house to house like the wont of the ill tale (as ill tidings are wont to do).'

The stye has a variety of names: 'neòn,' 'neònan,' 'neònagan'; 'leòn,' 'leònad,' 'leònadan,' 'leòna,' 'leònag,' 'leònagan'; 'sleòn,' 'sleònan,' 'sleònagan'; 'sleamh,' 'sleamhnan,' 'sleamhnagan,' etc.

A certain plant, which the writer has not identified, was called 'lus na sùla' or 'lus nan sùl,' the plant of the eye or the eyes; the eye was bathed with the essence obtained by bruising the plant.

The method of curing the stye varied from district to district; the most usual method has been described already (ii. 72 f.). Another method was

to rub a finger-ring round and round the stye while repeating a rime thus :

Neònagan a h-aon, neònagan gun aon,
Neònagan a dhà, neònagan gun dhà,

Stye one, stye without one,
Stye two, stye without two,

and so on up to nine, eighteen or twenty-four, without once stopping or drawing breath. It is certain that styes were cured, but perhaps by the long-continued rubbing rather than by the charm.

' Eòlas nan Neòn,' the charm of the styes, must be confided by a man to a woman and by a woman to a man.

The performance of the following charm is accompanied by a thrust towards the stye with a pin, a needle, or some other sharp-pointed instrument.

Tillim ort, a neòn,
An eòl Athar ! [*Sàth*]

Tillim ort, a neòn,
An eòl Mic ! [*Sàth*]

Tillim ort, a neòn,
An eòl Spioraid ! [*Sàth*]

An eòl Teòra nan gràs,
An eòl Teòra na bàidh,
An eòl Teòra na h-iochd !

I repel thee, O stye,
By guidance of Father ! [*Thrust*]

I repel thee, O stye,
By guidance of Son ! [*Thrust*]

I repel thee, O stye,
By guidance of Spirit ! [*Thrust*]

By guidance of the Three of grace,
By guidance of the Three of kindness,
By guidance of the Three of mercy !

Reciter : Muriel Mackay, Thurso

Simultaneously with the thrusting towards the stye, the following reproving lines are hissed through the teeth at the ' grig ' or ' grìd,'

microbe, in the eye. Whether from shame or from fright, the 'grig' disappears and the swelling subsides immediately.

Air ais ! air ais ! air ais !
Air ais ! air ais ! air ais !
Air ais ! air ais ! air ais !
A bhraideinich an neamhnain !

'D é idir ! idir ! idir !
'D é idir ! idir ! idir !
'D é idir ! idir ! idir,
A ghrigeinich, thug ann thu ?

Go back ! go back ! go back !
Go back ! go back ! go back !
Go back ! go back ! go back !
Thou thievish rascal of the stye !

What ever ! ever ! ever !
What ever ! ever ! ever !
What ever ! ever ! ever,
Thou microbe, brought thee here ?

Another method is to twirl a glowing splinter of wood around before the eye, while counting out the 'eòlas' without taking breath. The counting is from one to seven, from one seven to two sevens, from two sevens to three sevens, then down from three sevens to two sevens, from two sevens to one seven, and from one seven to one,—'Aon gu dhà, dhà gu trì, . . . sia gu seachd, seachd eile gu seachd, seachd gu seachd eile, aon thar fichead gu ceithir-diag,' etc. The performer then threatens the 'grig' with the fiery splinter, saying :—

A ghrige ghrige neònain,
'D é idir a thug ann thu ?
Thoir do chasan leat an ealachd,
No cuirim ceal an geall ort !

Thoir do chasan leat, a bheidig ! [bheadag
Thoir do chasan meallta !
Thoir do chasan leat, a leibid,
No doghaidh mi do cheann duit !

Thou microbe, microbe of the stye,
What ever brought thee here ?
Take thy feet with thee promptly,
Or I promise thee extinction !

Take thy feet with thee, impudent !
Take thy deceiving feet !
Take thy feet with thee, paltry,
Or I will singe thy head for thee !

EÒLAS NAM FOINNE: THE CHARM OF THE WARTS

The reciter did not remember the rune. In order to charm away warts one procures ' naoi naoi glùnanan shop arbhair no feòir,' nine nine joints of stalks of corn or of hay. These are placed in a small bag and buried nine nine joint-lengths in the ground

Ann an ainm Athar,	In the name of Father,
Ann an ainm Mic,	In the name of Son,
Ann an ainm Spioraid,	In the name of Spirit,
Triùir innich nam buadh.	The perfect Three of power.

As the joints decayed in the earth, the warts decayed in the air until none remained.

If the little bag containing the nine nine joints were thrown away, and another person took it up, the warts would be transferred to the finder. This, however, is not considered honourable, and is rarely done by the most careless boy or girl.

The nine-jointed stalk is

Sop nan naoi sop	The wisp of nine stalks
Gu tilleadh air na foinneachan.	To make the warts retreat.

A woman of Upper Bornish, who had many warts on hands and feet, procured with time and trouble ' naoi naoi glùinean,' nine nine knees, *i.e.* nine stalks with nine joints on each stem. These she buried in the ground, and as the knots of the straws decayed, the warts disappeared.

Mar a chrìon a sìos na stràilleanan,	As withered down the straws,
Chrìon gu bràth na foinneachan.	Withered till doom the warts.

Another cure was to rub dry rust upon the wart, or to apply moist rust to it. Those near the sea applied a poultice of the broad-leaved tangle to the wart. Even medical men will appreciate this cure from the iodine contained in the tangle.

' Go to the churchyard and dip the wart in water lying on a gravestone. The wart will disappear in a day or two.'

' Rub the wart against the clothes of one who has committed fornication.' A certain gentleman said that, having done this, he was utterly surprised to find the wart disappear in two days.

A wart was a good omen according to the sex of the person and the position of the wart.

Am foinne mu'n iadh a' ghlac,	The wart which the closed hand surrounds,
Is niarach am mac a chì ;	Fortunate is the youth who sees it ;
Am foinne mu'n iadh a' bhròg,	The wart which the shoe surrounds,
Is niarach an òigh dh'am bì.	Fortunate is the maid who has it.

EÒLAS A' GHULMAIN

CATARACT, or scale on the eye, is called 'gulm,' 'gulman,' 'lann,' 'lannan.' The writer has met several persons on the mainland who possessed knowledge of the cure.

Alexander Urquhart, a tailor near Loch Ewe, Gairloch, said: I place a blade of grass, a piece of gold or a silver coin in a basin of clear cold water fresh from the well. The vessel must not be put on earth nor on stone nor on aught but wood. The grass and the gold or the

THUBHAIRT Iseabal Shiosal, craoitear, Mealabhaig, Gearrloch: Atà an gulm a' fàs air clach sùla neach. Ta e colach ann an dath agus ann an dealbh ri lann sgadain. Ma gheobh an gulm dol air aghaidh, sgaoilidh e thar clach na sùla agus bheir e air falbh sealladh na sùla agus bithidh an duine dall.

A chon fàs agus sàs agus cràdh a' ghulmain a thilleadh ta mi dèanamh eòlas a' ghulmain; agus seo mar atà mi ris. Ta mi dol a chon uisge ruith air an deachaidh am marbh agus am beò thairis. Ta mi nis a' togail basaidh beag burn taobh leis a' chaochain, agus ag ràdh:—

Togam boiseag burn
An ainm nùmh Athar,
An ainm nùmh Mic,
An ainm nùmh Spioraid,
An ainm nùmh Tiùra
  Shuthain chùmha ghlic.

Cinnteach gun dèan iad rium
  An rud is dùth domh iarraidh,
An rud ta riair an rùin,
  An rud ta dèanamh pianaidh,
An rud is fiù a dhèanamh
Dh'an Triana chùmha cheart.

Ta mi toir a' bhasaidh bhurn dachaidh liom, agus trì lòineinean gorma feòir machrach, agus ta mi cur bonn òir no cùinneadh airgid anns a' bhasaidh bhurn, agus ta mi tumadh lòinein an déidh lòinein anns a' bhasaidh bhurn, agus a' guidhe air

Dia an tAthair,
Dia am Mac,
Dia an Spiorad,
  Treòir agus tròcair agus iochd.

Agus atà mi tumadh lòine feòir anns a' bhasaidh bhurn agus a' tarraing

THE CHARM OF THE SCALE

silver are drawn across the scale on the eye. Then the eyelid is held back with the finger, and the water in the basin is poured into the eye, to clear the sight and to remove the scale. I have cured twelve men and women of the ' gulm ' in my time ; some of them came to me from long distances. I have never accepted payment for relieving a fellow-creature of pain ; some men have sent me messages of thanks, and some women have sent me stockings as a gift.

Isabel Chisholm, crofter, Mealabhaig, Gairloch, said : The ' gulm,' cataract, grows on the eyeball of a person. It resembles in hue and in form a herring scale. If the cataract is allowed to go forward, it will spread over the eyeball and take away the sight of the eye and the person will be blind.

To turn back the growth and the grip and the pain of the cataract I make the charm of the cataract ; and this is the manner of my making it. I go to running water over which the dead and the living have passed. I now lift a little basin of water on the lower side of the streamlet, and say :—

I am lifting a palmful of water
In the holy name of Father,
In the holy name of Son,
In the holy name of Spirit,
In the holy name of the Three
  Everlasting, kindly, wise.

Certain that They will do to me
  The thing that it becomes me to ask,
The thing that accords with Their mind,
  The thing that is causing pain,
The thing that is worthy to be done
Of the Trinity kindly and just.

I take the basin of water home, and three green blades of grass of the plain, and I put a piece of gold or a silver coin in the basin of water, and I dip blade after blade in the basin of water, and pray to

God the Father,
God the Son,
God the Spirit,
  For guidance and mercy and compassion.

And I dip a blade of grass in the basin of water and draw the blade softly

na lòine socair sèimh tarsainn a' ghuilm air clach na sùla an ainm Athar. Agus atà mi tumadh lòine feòir anns a' bhasaidh bhurn agus a' tarraing na lòine socair sèimh tarsainn a' ghuilm air clach na sùla an ainm Mic. Agus atà mi tumadh lòine feòir anns a' bhasaidh bhurn agus a' tarraing na lòine socair sèimh tarsainn a' ghuilm air clach na sùla an ainm Spioraid. Agus atà mi ag iarraidh air Trianaid shìorraidh nan dùl mo ghuidhe thoir dhomh mas e an toil féin sin a dhèanamh agus ma tha iarratas a riair an rùin.

and gently across the cataract on the eyeball in the name of Father. And I dip a blade of grass in the basin of water and draw the blade softly and gently across the cataract on the eyeball in the name of Son. And I dip a blade of grass in the basin of water and draw the blade softly and gently across the cataract on the eyeball in the name of Spirit. And I ask the everlasting Trinity of life to grant me my prayer if it be Their own will so to do and if the asking be in accord with Their mind.

GREIM GULMAIN

Bha Ìos agus a Mhàthair a' siubhal slighe ri taobh aibhne anns an Talamh Naomh. Agus 'd é bha ann ach feasgar fann foghair, agus a' ghrian gu dol fodha ann an aigeal a' chuain, agus i a' sgapadh òrbhuidhe agus òr-dhearg air bharraibh nam beann agus air chneasachd nan tonn. Agus ann an comhlachadh nan tràth 'd é ach a leum bradan tarragheal le roise ro gharbh suas ann an amar garbh na h-aibhne. Thug Ìos an aire gu robh am bradan a dh'easbhaidh sealladh na sùl, agus thubhairt e ri a Mhàthair sealladh na sùl a thoir air ais dh'an bhradan. Agus thug a' Mhoire Mhàthair sealladh na sùla sin air ais dh'an bhradan, agus bha sealladh na sùla sin aig a' bhradan co math ri sealladh na sùl eile.

An am a bhith a' dèanamh na Sùla Gulmain (Gulmanaich), gabhaidh am boireannach Creud Mhoire le bilibh a beòil agus le cordaibh a cridhe. Agus cuiridh i crois Chrìosda Mhic Dhé nan dùl air an t-sùil ghulmain, agus cuiridh i seil air crois a dearna féin, agus cuiridh i an t-seile air an t-sùil ghulmain an ainm Dhé nan dùl, an ainm Chrìosda chùmh, an ainm Spioraid Nùmh, atà a' stiùradh a sùl, a rùn agus a teanga an dàil rùlaig na sùla gulmain.

M fùth a chuir Moire [fùbh ?
Ri sùil a' bhradain
A dhùsg le fobhann
Am boinne na h-aibhne.

Air allagaich,
Air iollagaich,
Air eallagaich,
Air uallagaich,
Air ullagaich,
Air iallagaich.

Air luistidh, [lustaidh
Air loistidh, [lostaidh
Air leòntaidh, [lòntaidh
Air lionntaidh, [lunntaidh
Air lotaidh,
Air liastaidh.

BLIND SEIZURE

Jesus and His Mother were walking by the side of a river in the Holy Land. And what but it was a gentle autumn evening, the sun about to sink in the depth of the ocean, scattering gold-yellow and gold-red upon the crests of the mountains and upon the surface of the waves. And in the meeting of day and night, what but a white-bellied salmon leaped with a great rush up the rough bed of the stream. Christ noticed that the salmon was wanting the sight of an eye, and He desired the Mary Mother to give the sight of the eye back to the salmon. And the Mary Mother gave the sight of that eye back to the salmon, and the sight of that eye of the salmon was as good as that of the other eye.

At the time of making the Blind Eye, the woman will say the Creed of Mary with the lips of her mouth and with the cords of her heart. And the woman will place the cross of Christ the Son of God upon the blind eye, and she will put a spittle upon the cross of her own palm, and she will place the spittle upon the blind eye in the name of the God of life and in the name of the Christ of love and in the name of the Spirit Holy, Who are guiding her eye and her mind and her tongue when searching the blind eye.

The salve placed of Mary
To the eye of the salmon
That leaped with power
  In the torrent of the river.

Against . . .

Against . . .

Sil, a Bhrighde bhìth,
Sil, a Mhoire mhìn,
Sil, a Chaluim Chill,
Sil, a Mhìcheil mhìl.

Sil, a Rìgh nan dùl,
Sil, a Chrìosda chiùin,
Sil, a Spioraid iùil, [liùil
Sil, O sil, a Thrithinn Thriùir.

Fhir a chruthaich dh'an asc,
Agus a shuidhich clach na ré,
Rùilig thusa rù na rasg, [rùn ?
Clùmhaich thu dh'an dearc, a Dhé.

Till thusa gnù na h-asc, [nimh
Till thusa tnùth na ré, [gimh
Till thusa, a Rìgh na rasg, [rùn nan rasg
Agus neartaich dh'an dearc, a Dhé.

Naomhaich an diugh dh'an asc, [nùmhaich ; rasg
Naomhaich an diugh dh'an ré,
Naomhaich an diugh dh'an dearc,
Agus clùmhaich dh'an asc, a Dhé !

Pour, thou Brigit calm,
Pour, thou Mary mild,
Pour, thou Calum Cille,
Pour, thou Michael militant.

Pour, Thou King of life,
Pour, Thou Christ of peace,
Pour, Thou Spirit of guiding, [laving
Pour, O pour, Triune Three.

Thou Who didst create the orb (?),
And Who placed the pupil in the eye,
Search Thou the mystery within the lid,
Befriend Thou the sight, O God.

Turn Thou the evil of the orb, [venom
Turn Thou the virus in the eye, [pang
Turn Thou, O King of the eye,
And strengthen Thou the sight, O God.

Sanctify Thou this day the orb,
Sanctify Thou this day the eye,
Sanctify Thou this day the sight,
And befriend Thou the orb, O God !

AN CAIMEAN: THE MOTE

THUBHAIRT Eóghan Dùghallach, croitear, Meallaig: Bha mo bhràthair agus mi fhéin ag iasgach sgadain thall an Loch Shubhairn. Laigh lann sgadain air sùil mo bhràthar agus bha e ann an cràdh cruaidh. Chaidh sinn gu boireannach ann an Sgiathairigh aig an robh Eòlas a' Chaimein chon an caimean a thoir a sùil mo bhràthar. Rinn am boireannach Eòlas a' Chaimein, ach ma rinn, cha d'fhàg an caimean an t-sùil. Dhubh dh'fhairtlich a' chùis air a' bhoireannach, rud a chuir campar oirre fhìn agus iongnadh oirnne, oir bha am boireannach iomraiteach anns na dùthchannan air son Eòlas a' Chaimein.

Thàinig sinn air falbh gu tighinn dachaidh. A nall aig Sanndaig dh'fhairich mo bhràthair crith cas agus cràdh cruaidh 'na shùil, co clis ri clisgeadh an dealanaich. 'Dh'fhalbh e!' arsa mo bhràthair. 'An d'fhalbh,' arsa mise, 'Mhoire, 's ann agadsa bha feum air a sin!' Sheall mi fhéin air an t-sùil, agus bha lann an sgadain air falbh gun teagamh. Thug sinn taing a Dhia mór nan dùl, do Chrìosd agus dh'an Mhoire mhìn Mhàthair, agus thill sinn air ais air a' chas-cheum an taobh an tàinig sinn.

Chunnaic am boireannach a rinn an t-eòlas am bàta tighinn agus chomhlaich i sinn anns a' chladach. Mun d'fhuair sinne tighinn as an eathair dh'eubh am boireannach ruinn gun deachaidh aice air a' chaimean mu dheireadh. 'Anacreideamh dona thàinig am charadh agus a laigh mar dhubhar air m'anam; ach ghuidh mi air Dia nan gràs mo chomhnadh agus mo chuideachadh agus mo chumhachd a thoir domh air ais, agus rinn e sin 'na chaomh thròcair agus 'na mhór mhathas féin. Seall sibh, sin an caimean a bh'anns an t-sùil!' ars a' bhean.

Bha basaidh beag burn an làimh a' bhoireannaich agus an lann sgadain air uachdar a' bhuirn anns a' bhasaidh. 'Sin an caimean a bha 'na do shùil, a Dhomhnaill,' ars ise.

Bha Màiri Nic 'Ille Mhaoil ainmeil san dùthaich air a' chaimean a thoir a sùil neach. Tha daoine a measg sgadain buailteach air lann sgadain fhaighinn anns an t-sùil, agus bhiodh luchd sgadain a' cur fios chon a' bhoireannaich an tràst agus a rithist air son eòlas a dhèanamh dhoibh.

EOGHAN MACDOUGALL, crofter, Meallaig, said: My brother and myself were herring-fishing over in Loch Hourn. A herring-scale stuck in my brother's eye and he was in severe pain. We went to a woman in Sgiathairigh, who possessed the Charm of the Mote, to get the mote removed from my brother's eye. The woman performed the Charm of

the Mote, but although she did, the mote did not leave the eye. The thing left the woman utterly at a loss, and this vexed herself and surprised us, for the woman was famous throughout the countryside for the Charm of the Mote.

We left to come home. Coming over by Sanndaig my brother felt a sudden tremor and severe pain in his eye, as quick as a flash of lightning. 'It has gone!' said my brother. 'Has it,' I said, 'Mary, you were badly in need of that!' I myself examined the eye and the herring-scale was beyond doubt gone. We gave thanks to the great God of life, to Christ, and to the gentle Mary Mother, and turned back on the track the way we had come.

The woman who had performed the charm saw the boat coming and met us on the beach. Before we were out of the boat the woman called to us that at last she had succeeded with the mote. 'It was wicked lack of faith that came on me and lay like a shadow on my soul; but I prayed the God of grace to aid and help me and to give my power back to me, and in His own loving-kindness and great goodness He did so. Look you, there is the mote that was in the eye,' said the woman.

She had a little basin of water in her hand and the herring-scale on the surface of the water in the basin. 'That's the mote that was in your eye, Donald,' she said.

Mary Macmillan was renowned in the countryside for removing the mote from a person's eye. Those who work with herring are apt to get a herring-scale in the eye, and herring-fishers used now and again to send for the woman to perform the charm for them.

Messages came to Mary Macmillan from far and near, and she never failed to remove the mote. She was beloved and respected throughout her long life, and herself and others believed in her occult powers.

A descendant of hers, Mary Cameron of Sgiathairigh, had 'Eòlas an Sguchaidh,' the Charm for Sprain. She performed it with success for man and beast. I went to her from Ardchattan in Lorne, travelling up Glen Orchy, down the Black Mount, by the Moor of Rannoch, Lochaber, Fort William, through the Garbhchrioch (Rough Bound) and Arasaig on to Mallaig. Thence I took boat by night along the Linne Shléiteach (Sound of Sleat), past Cnòideart (Knoydart), and into Loch Shubhairn (Loch Hourn), arriving at Arnisdale late at night. Next morning I took boat for Sgiathairigh near Ceann Loch Shubhairn (Loch Hourn-head). I found Mary Cameron a pleasant and hospitable woman, but on no account would she repeat to me 'Eòlas a' Chaimein,' though I tried every possible means to persuade her. She said that the 'eòlas' was entrusted to her for no foolish purpose, and she was not going to impart it for any foolish purpose to any person. On the following morning I took boat to Eilean Diarmaid (Isle Ornsay) to meet the steamer for Mallaig, whence by train to Edinburgh. It was a long, costly and, alas, disappointing journey, like many similar ones.

Christina Mackay, Bun Ilidh (Helmsdale), could remove the mote from the eye at a distance of many miles. She was a famous and a wonderful woman. Doctors derided her, but they could not deny her achievements.

William Polson, crofter and fisherman, Helmsdale, had the power to remove a mote from the eye without personal contact. On one occasion he found an insect peculiar to man in his mouth after the operation, after which he gave up doing the 'caimein.'

William Ross, elder, Kincardine, Ross, could remove a mote from the eye many miles away. Like others who possessed this power, he could show the mote upon the point of his tongue, and often did this. He was an industrious and prosperous crofter, and an obliging neighbour. His people were known as 'Na Gobhaichean,' the smiths; 'Gobhaichean Ruadha Achadh nan Gart,' the red smiths of Achnagart, Strath Kyle.

Donald Murray, farm grieve, Arcan, Urray, near Dingwall, said: When I was a youth, I was bringing home a load of peats to a woman in Edderton, Ross. A bit of 'culm,' dust, went into my eye. I told the woman about my eye. 'We will soon cure that,' said she. Fetching a small basin of water, she said a rime over the water. I understood that she appealed to the great God Who created the eye to help her faith and to grant her request. I felt a sharp twitch in my eye and called out, 'Dh'fhalbh e,' 'It has gone.' She showed me a bit of peat 'culm' floating on the water. 'That,' said she, 'is the "smùirnein," mote, that was in your eye.'

Alexander Campbell, Conon, said: My master said to me, 'My wife cannot get a wink of sleep owing to a mote that has gone into her eye. Go you to Mrs Mackinnon in Arcan and ask her to take the mote ("durdan") out of my wife's eye.' Mrs Mackinnon made the 'eòlas,' and took a little tiny bit of corn husk out of her mouth and put it in a small basin of water in her hand. . . . My good mistress had been working among sids, or corn husks, to make sowens. I marked the time when I left; it was half-past eight. Next morning my master said, 'My wife is quite better; at half-past eight last night she cried out that the thing had left her eye. By the King Himself, Mrs Mackinnon is good! (a Rìgh fhéin, is math bean Mhic Fhionghain!').

Kate Macphail, *née* Ross, cottar, Bishop's Kinkell, Conon Bridge, related how her brother suffered agony from a barley awn in his right eye. She went to Donald Mackinnon in Arcan, Urray, some four miles away. He made the charm and placed the awn on his tongue before her. 'That,' said he, 'is the "calg," awn, that was in your brother's eye, and he has relief now.' That was so. Her brother felt a sudden twinge in his eye, and the thing was gone.

John Maclennan, crofter, said: My brother and I were working down in Fortrose ('shìos anns a' Chananaich'). We were sitting, eating a hard biscuit for dinner. In play I struck my brother's hand from below and the half-eaten biscuit flew up in his face. A bit of it went into his eye. The medical man of the place failed to remove the mote and my

brother suffered much for two days. Then I went to Mary Mackenzie in ' Bràigh Arcain ' (the upper part of Arcandeith in the Black Isle), near Tore Farm. She rose at ònce and made ' Eòlas a' Chaimein,' the Charm of the Mote. She put three small pebbles in a small basin of clear clean water in name of the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity. She then drew a mouthful of water from the basin, but not finding the ' caimean ' she put out the mouthful of water in the ashes beside the fire on the floor. She did this a second and a third time, and felt in her mouth for the mote. She got the mote upon her tongue and poured that mouthful back into the basin. ' That is the mote that was in your brother's eye,' she said to me. ' Bha rann aig a' bhoireannach a' dèanamh a' chaimein, ach cha tug mise liom ach facal an seo is an sud. Ach thug mi aire gu math gun do ghuidh am boireannach air Dia nan dùl an caimean a bha an sùil Dhomhnaill Mhic 'ill-Fhinnein a chur air a teangaidh.'—The woman had a rime in making the ' caimean,' but I took with me only a word here and there of it. But I observed well that the woman prayed to the God of life to put on her tongue the mote that was in Donald Maclennan's eye.

Mr MacLeod, station-master, Diùirinis, Loch Alsh, saw practised a charm for removing a thing from the eye. A lad, while threshing in the barn, got a bit of straw in his eye. He told a neighbour, who went to a stream and filled his mouth with water therefrom, mentally repeating the words of ' Eòlas a' Chaimein,' with the water in his mouth. He then poured the water on the palm of his hand. He moved the water in his palm with a stalk of grass, and allowed it to leak through his fingers, and there remained on his palm a small bit of straw that came out of the eye. The youth did not know that the neighbour was performing the ' eòlas,' but he felt the ' caimean ' leaving the eye. Mr MacLeod saw the thing done and heard ' rann an eòlais,' the rime of the charm, but could not remember it.

Mr Donald Mackechnie, Edinburgh, the well-known and highly gifted writer in Gaelic, said : I was in a house in Jura (his native island) when a messenger came to ask the woman of the house to remove a mote from the eye of a man at a distance. The woman promptly got up and put water in a basin and said a short prayer in rhythmical form. She drew up a mouthful of water from the basin and having felt for something upon her tongue she poured back the water into the basin. Having carefully examined the water in the basin, she said, ' There is a small hair here. I do not know whether or not this is the mote that was in the eye of Donald Darroch ; but whether it be or not, I know by myself that the mote has left the eye and the man has got relief.' We all looked in the basin and saw a small hair on the surface of the water. It looked like the hair of an eyelid or of an eyebrow. Donald Darroch's eyelids and eyebrows were fair, while the woman's were black. I made a mental note of the time, and having bade good-night to the company I walked straight to the house of Donald Darroch. Without disclosing what I had seen in the house of John Blue, I discovered that Donald Darroch had had a small

hair in his eye, which his wife had failed to remove, but that it had left the eye at the moment the woman made the charm. I have read many works of science and philosophy since then, but I have never chanced upon any explanation of how this occult power was obtained and used.

EÒLAS NA SMÙIRNE: CHARM FOR THE MOTE

This charm was got in November 1905 from Peggy Ross, of over seventy years of age, wife of John Maclean, crofter, Achadh nan Gart, Slios a' Chaolais (Kyle-side), Kincardine, Ross.

The woman got a basin of water, and filled her mouth with water out of a bowl or small basin, saying :—

A Chrìosda th'air a' chrois.

Thou Christ on the cross.

She then put the water back into the basin from her mouth. She then filled her mouth again with water, saying :—

Tha mis a' cur m'ùidh
An Rìgh nan dùl.

I am placing my trust
In the King of life.

She then put the water back into the basin. She then drew up a third mouthful, saying :—

Gun tig an nì tha san t-sùil . . aig . . as.

That that which is in the . . eye of . . come out therefrom.

(Here the person is named and the right or left eye specified.)

The sister of the woman, older than she, was sent out while the ceremony was being performed, as no other woman must be present. The husband and son of the operator were allowed to remain. The sister came in again immediately after, and sat beside the operator while the latter went over the 'eòlas' a second time. She went over it several times in order to ensure that I had it rightly noted down.

The woman said that she had removed the 'smùirnein,' mote, many many times by this 'eòlas' from the eyes of people still living, and also from the eyes of cows and horses. Some of the people were far away, in Edinburgh and Glasgow, while she was in Achadh nan Gart.

She believes in this as firmly as that she must die, and so do the others of the family.

Crìosd air a' chrois,
Moire air a bois ;
  Tha mi cur m'ùidh
  An Rìgh nan dùl
  An smùr tha san t-sùil
Chur dlùth air mo bhois.

    An ainm Athar,
    An ainm Mic,
    An ainm Spioraid.

    Ann an comhnadh Chrìosd,
    Ann am mórachd an Rìgh
  Tha mi a' dèanamh seo.

Christ upon the cross,
Mary upon her palm ;
  I am placing my trust
  In the King of life
  To put the mote that is in the eye
Here upon my palm.

    In name of Father,
    In name of Son,
    In name of Spirit.

    By the aiding of Christ,
    By the greatness of the King
  Am I doing this.

EÒLAS A' CHAIMEIN

From William Maclean, gillie and gamekeeper,

Maclean was tall, deep-chested, broad-shouldered and sinewy of frame, a handsome, powerful man in his day, but suffering from rheumatism.

THUBHAIRT e : Bha duine anns an àite an robh mi agus chaidh mìr beag bìdeach cuilgein eòrna 'na shùil, air dha a bhith a' fasgnadh air a' bhlàr ghorm a muigh. Bha an duine a' fulang cràidh chruaidh, agus bha e a' cur truas air mo chridhe. Arsa mise rium fhéin, ' 'D é am fios nach cuidich Tì nan dùl mi chon an caimean a thoir a sùil an duine ma nì mi an tEòlas Shùl a dh'ionnsaich am boireannach beannaichte, Mór Nic 'ill Andra, dhomh dar a bha mi òg ? ' Ghabh mi an rann, agus ghuidh mi Tì nan dùl an caimean a thoir a sùil an duine. Dh'éisd Dia ri mo ghuth agus thug e an gulm a sùil an duine agus chuir e an gulm air mo theangaidh. Chuir mi an cuilgein a thàinig air mo theangaidh anns a' bhóla bheag 'na mo làimh.

Sin a' chiad turas a thug mi ionnsaigh a thoir a mach ; ach is iomadh turas a rinn mi e bho'n uair sin.

Tha sibh ag òl balgam burn a bóla beag, agus a' guidhe air Dia nan dùl an caimean a thoir a sùil an duine agus a chur air bhur teangaidh. Tha sibh a' cur air ais am balgam burn anns a' bhasaidh bheag ann bhur làimh turas an déidh turais, gon am faigh sibh an caimean air bhur teangaidh,—trì turais an déidh a chéile, a réir Trì Pearsa na Trianaide. Tha sibh a' tarraing a suas an uisge an ainm Athar, an ainm Mic, an ainm Spioraid, an ainm na Trianaide Naoimhe cumhachdaich, agus ag ràdh,

'A Dhomhnaill Dhomhnallaich, a thoradh so dhutsa,'—ainm an duine dh'am bheil sibh a' dèanamh a' chaimein.

Ma chumas neach barr na teanga an sùil losgainn, bidh cumhachd aige caimean a thoir a sùil neach le barr na teanga.

HRIGHDE, bi ri m' rosg,
Mhoire, bi ri m' throsd, [chosg, chrosg
Rìgh nan àgh, bi ri m' ghlùn,
Chrìosda chùmh, bi ri m' chorp.

An smùirn a tha san t-sùil
Cuir, a Rìgh nan dùl,
Cuir, a Chrìosda chùmh,
Cuir, a Spioraid Nùmh,
Cuir air mo bhois.

CHARM FOR MOTE

Alness, formerly in Boath, near Alness

He had his big Bible open before him, from which he said he derived much comfort.

He said : There was a man in the place where I was and a small particle of barley awn went into his eye when he was winnowing on the green field outside. The man was suffering sore pain, and I pitied him from my heart. I said to myself, ' Who knows but that the Being of life will help me to take the mote from his eye if I perform the Eye Charm that the blessed woman, Mór MacAndrew, taught me when I was young ? ' I said the rune, and I prayed the Being of life to bring the mote out of the man's eye. God listened to my voice and He brought the mote from the man's eye, and He placed the mote upon my tongue. I placed the awn that came on to my tongue in the little basin that was in my hand.

That was the first time that I attempted to take it out ; but many a time have I done it since.

You drink a mouthful of water from a small basin and pray to the God of life to bring the mote out of the man's eye and to place it on your tongue. You put back the mouthful of water in the little basin in your hand time after time, until you get the mote on your tongue,—three times in succession, according to the Three Persons of the Trinity. You draw up the water in name of Father, in name of Son, in name of Spirit, in name of the powerful Holy Trinity, and say, ' Donald MacDonald, the fruit of this be thine,'—the name of the man for whom you are making the charm.

If one holds the tip of the tongue in the eye of a frog, one will have power to take the mote out of a person's eye with the tip of the tongue.

Brigit, be by mine eye,
Mary, be my support,
  Glorious King, be by my knee,
Loving Christ, be by my body.

The mote that is in the eye
Place, O King of life,
Place, O Christ of love,
Place, O Spirit Holy,
  Place upon my palm.

Rìgh nan dùl a bhith toir tosd,
Crìosda cùmh a bhith toir closd,
  Spiorad Nùmh a bhith toir lùth,
An t-sùil a bhith aig fois.

A Bhrighde bhìth nam brot,
A Mhoire mhìn nam bochd,
  A Mhìcheil mhìl nan claidheamh lìomhth,
Cuir an dìth 'na thosd.

AN SMŪIRNE

RÌOSD air a' chrois,
Moire air a bois,
  Brighde air a glùn,
  M'urnaigh ris an Dùil
Gum faigh an t-sùil seo fois.

An ainm Athar,
An ainm Mic,
An ainm Spioraid,
  Tha mise ris a seo.

An urrachd an Rìgh,
An urrachd mo Chrìosd,
An urrachd Spioraid Naoimh,
An urrachd nan Trì,
  Tha mise dèanamh seo.

May the King of life be giving rest,
May the Christ of love be giving repose,
  May the Spirit Holy be giving strength,
May the eye be at peace.

O Brigit calm of the mantles,
O Mary mild of the poor,
  O warrior Michael of the burnished swords,
Set the hurt at rest.

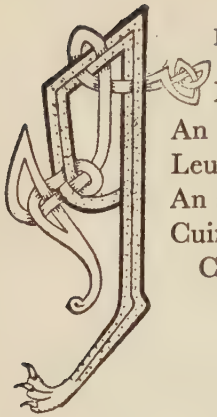
THE MOTE

Christ upon the cross,
Mary upon her palm,
  Brigit on her knee,
  My prayer to the Creator
That this eye may find rest.

In name of Father,
In name of Son,
In name of Spirit
  Do I this.

In reliance on the King,
In reliance on my Christ,
In reliance on Holy Spirit,
In reliance on the Three
  Do I this.

UBA SŪLA



Beulaiche : Iseabal Siosal

M bior brudaidh
An sàs an creig,
Leum lun langain,
An smùrn a tha san t-sùil
Cuir, a Rìgh nan dùl,
Ciùin air mo theangaidh.

UBA SŪLA

Am bior brudaidh
An sàs an creig, [san rosg
Nimh nan naodh nathrach, [neas
Les lun langain.

Smùrnan na sùl
A bheil mi 'n ùidh,
A bheil mo rùn,
A bheil mo dhùil,
Cuir, a Rìgh nan dùl,
Cuir, a Chrìosda chùmh,
Cuir, a Spioraid Nùmh,
Ciùin air mo theangaidh.

EYE CHARM

Reciter : Isabel Chisholm

THE goading prick
Caught fast in rock,
Leap of belling elk,
The mote that is in the eye
Place, O King of life,
  Gently on my tongue.

EYE CHARM

THE stabbing prick
Caught fast in rock, [in the eye
Venom of the nine serpents,
  ' Les ' of belling elk.

The mote of the eye
On which is my anticipation,
On which is my purpose,
On which is my expectation,
Place, O King of life,
Place, O Christ of love,
Place, O Spirit Holy,
  Softly on my tongue.

AN CAIMEIN

THE reciter, Isabel Calder, crofter, Tulloch, Bonar Bridge, Sutherland, says that she got the power of the Eye Charm from her father Finlay Calder.

Her father was famous throughout his district for his occult powers. Without personal contact with the sufferer, he could remove a mote from the eye and stop bleeding ; he could also cure chest-contraction. All these cures he performed many times, never unsuccessfully. He always prayed that the mote in the eye might be placed upon his tongue, and this always happened. On one occasion, however, he found that the mote which was removed from the eye to his tongue was an insect. From the disgust this caused him he contracted jaundice. After this he prayed the great God of life to place the mote from the eye upon his hand, instead of upon his

UIR, a Rìgh na clois,
Cuir, a Chrìosd na crois,
Cuir, a Spioraid iùil,
An smùirn seo air mo bhois.

An Rìgh a bhith ri m' bhois,
Crìosd a bhith ri m' chois,
Spiorad iùil a bhith ri m' ghlùn,
An t-sùil a bhith aig fois.

Thoir, a Rìgh nan rosg,
Thoir, a Chrìosd na crosg,
Thoir, a Spioraid iùil,
Ciùine dhi a nochd.

An ainm Rìgh nan dùl,
An ainm Chrìosda chùmh,
An ainm Spioraid Nùmh,
Tiùra na fois.

THE MOTE

tongue, and this always happened. The reciter gave many examples, from her father's experience and from her own, of the removal of the mote by means of occult powers. These mysterious manifestations are beyond the writer's power to explain.

Finlay Calder is spoken of throughout his district as a good man, and as a good Christian of marvellous miracles. He died at the age of seventy-two years. How he exercised such powers no one can explain, but the people of his district explicitly maintain that he did so.

The reciter says that she herself always feels a bitter, disagreeable taste in her mouth after performing the cure.

PLACE, Thou King of peace,
Place, Thou Christ of the cross,
  Place, Thou guiding Spirit,
This mote upon my palm.

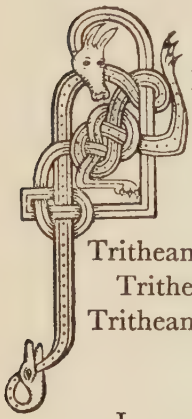
The King be by my palm,
Christ be by my foot,
  The guiding Spirit be by my knee,
The eye be at rest.

Grant, Thou King of the eyes,
Grant, Thou Christ of the cross,
  Grant, Thou guiding Spirit,
Calm to the eye this night.

In name of the King of life,
In name of the Christ of love,
In name of the Spirit Holy,
  Triune of peace.

EÒLAS SHÙL

Beulaiche : Iseabal Chaldar, croitear, Tulaich, Am Bann-ath, Craoich, Cataibh



NN an ainm Athar,
Ann an ainm Mic,
Ann an ainm Spioraid.

Tritheann uile comh-ńeartmhor naomh,
Tritheann uile comh-chumhachdach nam feart,
Tritheann uile comh-cheart comh-chaomh.

Is e seo a sgrìobh Crìosda
Is e sìnte ris a' chrann ;
Moire mhìn a bhith ri m' bhois,
Brighde bhìth a bhith ri m' cheann.

Ta mo dhùil an Tì nan dùl,
An smùr a tha san t-sùil dhall,
Gun cuir Rìgh fìor mo rùin
Ciùin air mo theang a nall.

CHARM FOR THE EYE

Reciter : Isabel Calder, crofter, Tulloch, Bonar, Creich, Sutherland

In name of Father,
In name of Son,
In name of Spirit.

Triune, all alike in might, holy,
Triune, all alike in power, of wondrous works,
Triune, all alike in righteousness and love.

This is that which Christ wrote
When stretched upon the tree ;
May Mary mild be by my hand,
May Brigit calm be by my head.

My trust is in the Being of life,
The mote that is in the blind eye,
That the true King of my devotion
Will gently place it hither on my tongue.

EÒLAS SMÙRNAIN

THA an uba seo a chum smùrnan a thoir a sùil, co dhiubh is ann a sùil neach no a sùil nì. Gabhaidh am boireannach Creid Mhoire 'na cridhe, agus cuiridh i crois Chrìosd air an t-sùil, agus imlichidh am boireannach an t-sùil leis an teangaidh. Agus cha dèan am boireannach cneid dheth seo 'na neart féin, ach gu léir ann an neart an Dé bheò a chruthaich an t-sùil agus a shuidhich a dealbh.

MÙRN naodh smùrn,
Culg naodh culg, [gulm, calg
Burb naodh burb,
Leum lun thar asc. [lurg air easc

Smùrn a tha san t-sùil
Cum am bheil mo dhùil,
Thig, a Rìgh nan dùl,
Liom g'a thoir as.

Seachd sagh (?) nam Fiann
Saghait anns a' phian ; [sathat ann am pian
O a Rìgh nan nial, [le rùn Rìgh
Mo mhiann a thoir as ! [b'e mo

CHARM FOR THE MOTE

This charm is for removing a mote from an eye, whether it be the eye of a person or of an animal. The woman will say the Credo of Mary in her heart, and she will make the cross of Christ on the eye, and the woman will lick the eye with the tongue. And nothing of this will the woman do in her own strength, but altogether in the strength of the living God Who created the eye and established its form.

Mote of nine motes,
Awn of nine awns, [speck
Pang of nine pangs,
  Leap of elk over adder (?).

The mote within the eye
Whereto my wishes lie,
Come, O King of life,
  With me to withdraw it.

The seven bitches (?) of the Fianna,
Let them attack (?) the pain ;
O Thou King of the clouds, [With the love
  My desire were to withdraw it ! of the King

LEIGHEAS NA CLOINNE: CHILDREN'S CURES

TEAB AN T-SIONNAICH: THE FOX'S MOUTH

These lines, given to the writer by Dugall MacAulay, South Hacleit, Benbecula, are repeated to soothe a child that has been hurt, while the hurt is gently rubbed and at the mention of each creature is blown upon with the warm breath of the mother.

Teab an t-sionnaich, [tib, gob
Teab an t-seannaich,
Teab a' chalmain-chàthaidh—
  Bidh tu slàn mum pòs thu !

Mouth of this fox,
Mouth of that fox,
Beak of the moulting dove—
  You'll be well before you marry !

CADAL DEILGNEACH: PRICKLY SLEEP

Cadal deilgneach 'na mo chas,
Cuir e anns a' chù ghlas ;
  Chaidh an cù glas feadh a' bhaile
Dh'iarraidh bainne dha mo chas !

Prickly sleep in my foot,
Put it in the grey dog ;
  The grey dog went through the townland
To seek milk for my foot !

Then the boy or girl who had the 'prickly sleep' in his or her foot tramped, tramped, tramped, in imitation of the grey dog tramping through the townland in search of milk for the sleepy foot !

A' GHLACACH : THE CHEST SEIZURE

The ' chest seizure ' was much dreaded throughout the Highlands and Islands. In the old *Statistical Account of Scotland* the Rev. Dr Thomas Bisset of Logierait says : ' There is a disease called " glacach " by the Highlanders, which, as it affects the chest and lungs, is evidently of a consumptive nature. It is also called " the MacDonalds' disease," because there are particular tribes of MacDonalds who are believed to cure it with the charms of their touch and the use of a certain set of words. There must be no fee given of any kind. Their faith in the touch of a MacDonald is very great.' The disease is still called ' tinneas,' ' glac ' or ' glacach nan Domhnallach ' or ' Chlann Domhnaill,' according to some of my informants, for the reason given by Dr Bisset, according to others, because a certain sept of the MacDonalds were peculiarly liable to it. In Skye the complaint is called ' glagach nan Domhnallach.' Other names are ' glacach ' (' cleacach '), ' glac,' ' na glacaich,' ' na glacaichean,' seizure or the seizures ; ' glacach cléibhe,' etc., chest seizure or seizures ; ' caitheamh,' consumption ; ' iomairt,' struggle, ' iomairt cléibhe,' chest struggle ; ' cuinge cléibhe ' or ' cuingeach chléibhe,' ' a' chuingleach ' or ' a' chunglach,' ' cuingealach ' or ' cuigealach cléibhe,' constriction or chest constriction ; ' coilleas ' or ' coillteas,' ' na coilleasaichean ' or ' na coillteasaichean,' ' calltmas,' ' an corran,' ' cliatha,' ' cliathanan ' ; ' na clisichean cléibhe,' the chest spasms ; ' an galar toll,' the hollow disease ; ' cuidichean ' or ' cuidichean cléibhe.' The charm for counteracting it is called ' eòlas nan glacach,' ' eòlas nan glac,' ' eòlas nan glacaichean cléibhe,' ' eòlas na caitheimh,' ' eòlas iomairt cléibhe,' ' eòlas a' chorrain,' ' eòlas a' ghalair tholl,' etc.

In this disease, according to the narrators, the bones of the thorax close together and press upon the ' cridhe agus sgamhan agus grùthan,' heart, lungs and liver, constricting them and reducing their blood supply, and causing consumption and death. To counteract this, a powerful but well controlled massage is applied. The person who operates grasps and clutches and fingers and rubs the patient to and fro, up and down, this way and that, hither and thither. ' Tha e toir na feòil agus nan cnàmh agus nam féith agus nan alt as a chéile, agus a' suathadh eòlain no ìm no uachdar anns an neach atà tinn, agus 'ga chur a steach thromh an chruas. Is e obair mhór a tha seo, ach a dhèanamh ceart obair làmh agus chinn agus chridhe—Mhoire, 's ann a sin tha an obair ! Agus leis a sin is iad làmhan fireannaich is fearr a nì a' ghlacach cléibhe seach làmhan boireann-

aich. Cha mhór bhoireannach aig a bheil greim co cruaidh agus co teann agus co treasa ri greim fireannaich. Chunnaic mi turas agus turas mi a' toir neach o'n bhàs fo làimh Dhé nan dùl leis na glacaichean cléibhe.' —'He is taking the flesh and the bones and the sinews and the joints asunder, and rubbing oil or butter or cream into the sick person, and driving it through the hardness. All this is a great work, but to do this rightly is work of hands and head and heart—Mary, that is the work indeed! And with that, it is men's hands that can better deal with the chest seizure than the hands of women. Not many women have a grip so hard and so firm and so powerful as a man's grip. Time and again I have seen myself, under the hand of the God of life, winning a person from death from the chest seizure.' The patient's arms are worked in all directions, his knuckles meeting behind his back. His shoulder-blades are pressed and worked to and fro, and every fibre of the upper part of his body is thoroughly roused. The rubbing may be continued for an hour and administered daily or several times daily for a week, two weeks, or more. Girls and women are supposed to be particularly liable to this disease. Children of both sexes who seemed to be threatened by it, or whose physical development was not satisfactory, were made by their parents to perform 'cleasa nàdair,' physical drill or remedial exercises of various kinds, such as travelling hand by hand from one couple to another of the barn roof.

The liniments used are various. 'Blonag mhuc gun leaghadh,' unmelted hog's lard, 'armadh clòimh' and 'lì armaidh,' oil for smearing wool, drawn seal oil, the oil of the 'corra ghritheach,' heron or crane, the oil of deer's horns, 'ola dhurn mhart,' neat's-foot oil, strong spirits and 'garbh ghucag,' foreshot, are all good.

This does not exhaust the physical treatment. The patient is advised to drink milk warm from the cow; in Tiree they have home-made 'crogain chriadh,' clay crocks, into which they milk the cow, and the patient drinks the milk straight from the crock. He is made to eat 'feòil mhiath air a gearradh gu mìn meanbh,' fat (or tender) meat cut small and fine, to live in the open air, and to keep 'ri cùl gaoithe 's ri aghaidh gréine,' at the back of the wind and in the face of the sun. The patient comes to live in the house of the person who works the cure, and remains there until a cure is effected. No charge is ever made for either the treatment or the lodging, these kindly people doing it all, as they say, for the love of Him Whose example they are following.

The 'eòlas' is transmitted from man to woman and from woman to man. The person who performs the treatment places his two palms on the floor or ground before beginning. On finishing, he must wash his hands in water, in running water if possible. A man who was in the way of 'making the "glacaichean"' had the habit of placing his hands on his hips each time he took them off the patient. He suffered much from this, not knowing why, till one day a 'bean shiubhail,' travelling woman, came the way. 'Thubhairt am boireannach ris gum bu chòir dha daonnan

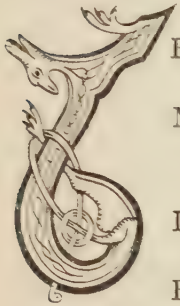
a làmhan a sgoladh ann am burn fuar, ann an allt ruith. Rinn an duine mar a dh'iarr a' bhean, agus cha d'fhuiling e dragh tuilleadh.'—The woman told him that he should always rinse his hands in cold water, in a running stream. The man did as the woman enjoined, and suffered no more trouble.

Some of the men and women who 'do the "glacaichean"' profess to be able to transfer the complaint from one person to another. The mother of William Maclennan, Bog an Dùraidh, was removing the seizure from a man when another man present derided her. 'An leig thu liom an cur ort féin, a dhuine mhath?' ars am boireannach. 'Dearbha fhéin, leigidh, agus do dhìol dhiubh—uiread agus uiread agus is urrainn dhuit.' 'Sìn thu féin air a' bhord,' ars a' bhean, 'agus fosgail brollach do léine.' Shìn am fear fanaid e féin air a' bhord agus dh'fhosgail e bhrollach o bharr gu bhonn. An àite na glacaichean a chur air an làr mar a b'àbhaist dhi, is ann a chuir a' bhean air bràigh brollach an duine iad, gon an robh e ag eubhach agus ag achanaich le cràdh.—'Will you let me put the seizures on yourself, good man?' said the woman. ''Deed and indeed, I will, and as much as you like of them—as much as ever you can.' 'Stretch yourself on the table,' said the woman, 'and open the breast of your shirt.' The mocker stretched himself on the table and opened his breast from top to bottom. The woman, instead of putting the seizures upon the floor as she was wont, put them on the upper part of the man's breast, until he was calling out and imploring with pain. The original patient sprang up, lithe of limb and ready of tongue, and said, 'Seo a nis, a mhicein, croit a' bhodaich air a' mhagaire!'—'Here now, sonnie, the carle's hump upon the derider!' The mocker was going about from place to place and from doctor to doctor in search of healing, but no healing could he find. Repentant of heart and apologetic of mien he came to the woman whom he had been reviling, and she relieved him as he asked. After that he had nothing but praise where before he had only scorn and blame.

[pp. 252 ff.

EÒLAS NA GLACAICH

Beulaiche : Eóghan Mac Ghill-Fhinnein, tuathanach, Achadh an Tobair, Ruigh Sholais, Ros



EIGHISIDH mise thusa,
Leighisidh Moire liom,
Moir agus Mìcheal is Brighde
'Nan trì bhith maille rium.

Do theinn agus do thasad [thasda, t'aslan
Bhith air na talamh toll,
Bhith air na clacha glasa,
O's iad is treasa bonn. [tasa, tasda

Bhith air eòin an adhair,
Bhith air speacha nan tom,
Bhith air na mìola mara,
O's iad is caise com.

Bhith air cire nan adhar,
O's iad is frasaich fonn,
Bhith air glas na h-abhann
A' caslachadh gu tonn. [casaladh, casalaich

CHARM FOR CHEST SEIZURE

Reciter : Eóghan Maclennan, farmer, Achadh an Tobair, Resolis, Ross

I will heal thee,
Mary will heal with me,
Mary and Michael and Brigit
Be with me all three.

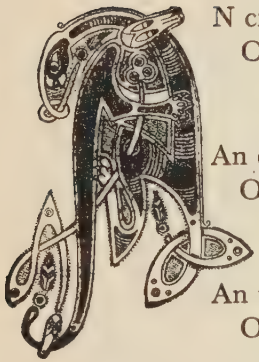
Thy strait and thy sickness
Be upon the earth holes,
Be on the grey stones,
Since they have firmest base.

Be upon the birds of the sky,
Be upon the wasps of the knolls,
Be upon the whales of the sea,
Since they have swiftest body.

Be upon the clouds of the skies,
Since they are pronest to rain,
Be upon the stream of the river
Whirling to the wave.

EÒLAS NA GLACAICH

Beulaiche : Eóghan Mac Ghill-Fhinnein, tuathanach, Achadh an Tobair, Ruigh Sholais, Ros



N ciad trian dhìot air na niala glasa,
O's iad féin is fearr feart gu lùthadh,
An ainm Athar agus Mic agus Spioraid Nùmha.

An dara trian dhìot air na criara casa,
O's iad féin is fearr feart gu sùghadh,
An ainm Athar agus Mic agus Spioraid Nùmha.

An treasa trian dhìot air na bliana maiseach,
O's iad féin is fearr feart gu giùlan,
An ainm Athar agus Mic agus Spioraid Nùmha.

Tha mis a nis a' dèanamh na h-eòilse seo dhut,
A Dhomhnaill mhic Eóghain,
An ainm Athar, le mo dhà ghlaic air an làr,
An ainm Mic, le mo dhà ghlaic air an làr,
An ainm Spioraid, le mo dhà ghlaic air an làr,
Tiùra teachdaich nan ard.

CHARM FOR CHEST SEIZURE

Reciter : Eoghan Maclennan, farmer, Achadh an Tobair, Resolis, Ross

Be the first third of thee upon the grey clouds,
Since they themselves have best power to move,
In name of Father and Son and Holy Spirit.

Be the second third of thee upon the headlong swamps,
Since they themselves have best power to suck,
In name of Father and Son and Holy Spirit.

Be the third third of thee upon the beauteous meads,
Since they themselves have best power to carry,
In name of Father and Son and Holy Spirit.

I am making thee now this charm,
Thou Donald son of Eoghan,
In name of Father, my two palms on the ground,
In name of Son, my two palms on the ground,
In name of Spirit, my two palms on the ground,
Three Who possess the heights.

EÒLAS NA GLACAICH

Beulaiche : Iseabal Nic Eachainn, coitear, Bun Easain, Muile

HA neart gil agam ort,
Tha neart gréin agam ort,
Tha neart dil agam ort,
Tha neart déir agam ort,
Tha neart lir agam ort,
Tha neart léir agam ort,
Tha neart rioll agam ort,
Tha neart reul agam ort,
Tha neart cruinn agam ort,
Tha neart speur agam ort,
Tha neart nùmh agam ort,
Tha neart nèamh agam ort,
Tha neart nèamh agus neart Dhé agam ort,
Neart nan nèamh agus neart Dhé agam ort.

Trian air na clacha glasa dhìot,
Trian air na beanna casa dhìot,
Trian air na h-easa brasa dhìot,
Trian air na niala lasa dhìot, [lasta
Trian air na miala mara dhìot,
Trian air na biasta facha dhìot,
Trian air na criara carra dhìot,
Trian air na liana cana dhìot,
Trian air a' mhuir mhóir bhòrcaich—
Is i féin is fearr ga gu giùlan, [còir
A' mhuir mhór bhòrcach,
'S i féin is fearr ga gu giùlan. [còir

CHARM FOR CHEST SEIZURE

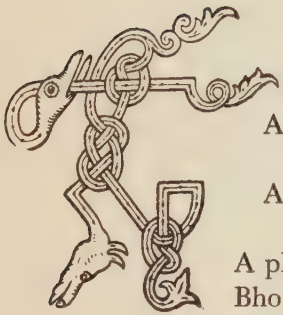
Reciter : Isabel MacEachainn, cottar, Bunessan, Mull

Power of moon have I over thee,
Power of sun have I over thee,
Power of rain have I over thee,
Power of dew have I over thee,
Power of sea have I over thee,
Power of land have I over thee,
Power of stars have I over thee,
Power of planets have I over thee,
Power of universe have I over thee,
Power of skies have I over thee,
Power of saints have I over thee,
Power of heaven have I over thee,
Power of heaven and power of God have I over thee,
Power of heaven and power of God over thee.

A part of thee on the grey stones,
A part of thee on the steep mountains,
A part of thee on the swift cascades,
A part of thee on the gleaming clouds,
A part of thee on the ocean-whales,
A part of thee on the meadow-beasts,
A part of thee on the fenny swamps,
A part of thee on the cotton-grass moors,
A part on the great surging sea—
She herself has best means to carry, [right
The great surging sea,
She herself has best means to carry. [right

EÒLAS CUINGE CLÉIBHE

Beulaiche : Iseabal Chaldar, craoitear, Tulaich, Drochaid a' Bhann-ath, Cataibh



HUBHAIRT Ìosda Crìosda ri Sìomon Peadair
A phoball féin a lìonadh,
A phoball féin a theagasg,
A phoball féin a dhìonadh,
A phoball féin a theasraig,
A phoball féin a theàrnadh
Bho luchd meàirle, bho luchd foille.

Tha mis ag achan riut,
Tha mis a' guidhe ort,
Bho's tu Rìgh gach mathas,
Bho's tu Rìgh nam flathas,
Gun togadh tu gach crìonadh,
Gach sgìos agus amhalas, [amhas
Gach glacach agus bochdainn,
Gach gortas agus anshocair,
Gach tinneas agus olcas
Tha crochte ris a' chailin seo.

Gun cuireadh tu iad air biasta nan urad,
Gun cuireadh tu iad air fiata nam fàsach,
Gun cuireadh tu iad air ianla nam mullach,
Gun cuireadh tu iad air miala nan sàla. [cniamha nan ardu, crianlais

CHARM FOR CHEST CONSTRICTION

Reciter : Isabel Calder, crofter, Tulloch, Bonar Bridge, Sutherland

Jesus Christ bade Simon Peter
To fill His own people,
To teach His own people,
To shield His own people,
To succour His own people,
To save His own people
From robbers, from betrayers.

I am appealing to Thee,
I am praying of Thee,
Since Thou art the King of each good,
Since Thou art the King of heaven,
That Thou mayest lift each wasting,
Each weariness and weakness,
Each seizure and ailment,
Each soreness and discomfort,
Each malady and sickness
That adheres to this maiden.

Mayest Thou put them on the beasts of the heights,
Mayest Thou put them on the wild ones of the deserts,
Mayest Thou put them on the winged ones of the summits,
Mayest Thou put them on the monsters of the brine.

Gun cuireadh tu iad air glasa nan gleann,
Gun cuireadh tu iad air miala na mara,
Gun cuireadh tu iad air barra nam beann,
Gun cuireadh tu iad air ianlainn an adhair.

Tha mi guidhe ort gu geur,
Tha mi 'g eubhadh dhut gu teann,
Gun togadh tu gach cléid,
Gach beud agus gach bann.

Mar a sgaoileas bailc bho bhailc,
Mar a sgaoileas burn bho bhurn,
Mar a sgaoileas uisg bho uisg [lù bho lù
Feadh farsainneachd na fairge lùi, [lù

Mar a sgapas sgeò bho sgeò,
Mar a sgapas ceò bho cheò,
Mar a sgapas neðil bho neòil,
Ann an aigeal na gailbhinn móir,

Mar a sgàineas òin bho òin,
Mar a sgàineas eòin bho eòin,
Gun sgàineadh a nochd Dia na treòir
Gach olc agus tort bha riamh ad fheòil.

Cha dèan e call dhaibh-se,
Is nì e ceann dhusa, [dhà-sa
A Mhaireiread chaomh Chaldar,
Mo dhearbh phiuthar. [bhràthair

Mayest Thou put them on the streams of the glens,
Mayest Thou put them on the whales of the sea,
Mayest Thou put them on the crests of the bens,
Mayest Thou put them on the birds of the air.

I am praying of Thee keenly,
I am calling on Thee straitly,
That Thou mayest lift each stroke,
Each injury and bane.

As severs flood from flood,
As severs water from water,
As severs liquid from liquid
Throughout the vastness of the watery ocean,

As sunders haze from haze,
As sunders mist from mist,
As sunders cloud from cloud
In the depth of the great stormy sky,

As scatter ' òin ' from ' òin,'
As scatter birds from birds,
May the God of guidance scatter this night
Each ill and affection that was ever in thy flesh.

It will cause them no harm,
And it will cause good to thee, [to him
Thou dear Margaret Calder,
Mine own sister. [brother

EÒLAS NA GLACAICH

ALTRAIM ort, a ghlac,
Mar a shaltras orc air sàl,
Ghlac chùil, ghlac chléibh,
Ghlac bhreun bhràgh.

Triath treun nan dùl
Sgrios do ghalair chuim
Bho mhullach do chinn
Gu ìochdar do shàil ;

Bho do dhà leis a null,
Bho do dhà leis a nall,
Le cumhachd Chrìosda chùmh
Agus Dhùl nan tràth ;

Le comhnadh Spioraid Naoimh
Agus nan cumhachdan slàn,
Le comhnadh Spioraid Naoimh
Agus nan cumhachdan slàn.

CHARM FOR SEIZURE

I TRAMPLE on thee, thou seizure,
As tramples whale on brine,
Thou seizure of back, thou seizure of body,
Thou foul wasting of chest.

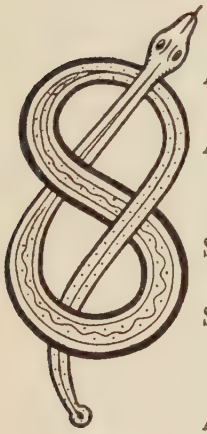
May the strong Lord of life
Destroy thy disease of body
From the crown of thine head
To the base of thy heel ;

From thy two loins thither,
From thy two loins hither,
With the power of the Christ of love
And the Creator of the seasons ;

With the aid of the Spirit Holy
And the whole Powers together,
With the aid of the Spirit Holy
And the whole Powers together.

EÒLAS NA CAITHEIMH

O Chalum Mac na Cearda, coitear, Baile Phuill, Tiriodh



ALTRAIM ort, a ghlac dhona,
Mar a shaltras eal air sàl,
A ghlac chùil, a ghlac chléibh,
A ghlac bhreun bhràgh.

Soisgeul Chrìosda féin
Dha do dhèanamh slàn,
Soisgeul Léigh nan léigh,
Soisgeul Dhé nan gràs,

A sgrios dhìot do thinn
Ann an linn na slàint
O chìrein do chinn
Gu bonn do dhà shàil,

O do dhà leis a null,
Gu do dhà leis a nall,
A uchd Dhé nan rùn
Agus nan cumhachdan slàn,—
Rùn nan gràs !

CHARM FOR CONSUMPTION

From Malcolm Sinclair, cottar, Baile Phuill, Tiree

I TRAMPLE on thee, evil wasting,
As tramples swan on brine,
Thou wasting of back, thou wasting of body,
Thou foul wasting of chest.

May Christ's own Gospel
Be to make thee whole,
The Gospel of the Healer of healers,
The Gospel of the God of grace,

To remove from thee thy sickness
In the pool of health
From the crown of thy head
To the base of thy two heels,

From thy two loins thither
To thy two loins hither,
In reliance on the might of the God of love
And of the whole Powers together,—
The love of grace !

IOMAIRT CLÉIBHE

ALTRAIM ort, a ghlac ghlongach,
Mar air thalamh sléibh a nochd ;
Ort fhéin do shaighead, a Ghéigein !
Is déin agus is déistinneach do lot.

An eab a chuir Pàdraig féile
Ri màthair rìgh an Ibhir
A mharbhadh nam béistean
Bha ri féithean a cridhe.

Air na ceithir gaoda fichead
A bha an aorabh dhaoin is bhrùid,
A bha an aorabh fir is mnatha,
A bha an aorabh mic is muirn.

Air uisge ruith uillt sléibhe,
Air uisge ruith uillt crìche,
Air clacha teinne na talmhainn
Agus air anbhainneachd cridhe.

Air a' bhiolgach,
Air a' bholgach,
Air a' bhorgach,
Air a' bhuidheach.

Air a' mhioglach,
Air a' mhoglach,
Air a' mhuglach,
Air a' mhaglach.

CHEST CONFLICT

I TRAMPLE on thee, thou slimy chest seizure,
As upon mountain land this night ;
On thyself be thine arrow, O Géigean !
Intense and horrible is thy wounding.

The charm placed of Patrick the generous
On the mother of the king of Ibhir
To kill the beasts that fastened
Upon the veins of her heart.

Upon the four and twenty diseases
That were inherent in men and in beasts,
That were inherent in man and in woman,
That were inherent in son and in daughter.

Upon the running water of the mountain stream,
Upon the running water of the boundary stream,
Upon the rigid stones of the earth,
And upon the weakness of the heart.

Upon . . . . .
Upon the smallpox,
Upon the tawny sickness,
Upon the jaundice.

Upon . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Air a' chritheach,
Air a' chruthach, [dhruthach
Air a' chruadhach, [chuartach
Air a' chnàmhach.

Air a' ghlucach,
Air a' ghlacach,
Air a' ghlupach,
Air a' ghruthach. [ghriuthach, ghrapach, ghranrach

TUITEAMAS

THERE are various strange cures for 'tuiteamas,' 'tinneas tuiteamais,' 'tinneas tuitmeis,' the falling sickness, epilepsy. The juice of juniper berries is useful. A 'famh,' mole, held up by the tail above the patient's breath until it dies relieves if it does not cure the disease. Corn and the points of the patient's nails are buried in the earth along with a live cock. If the living sacrifice of a live cock, drake or gander, buried alive where the epileptic fell, were made with the first attack, no second attack would ever occur. An intelligent woman at Evanton, Ross, said : A boy whose sister had an epileptic fit came to fetch a black cock that my mother had. The cock was buried where the epileptic fell. The girl is now a middle-aged woman and has never had a recurrence of epilepsy since that day. A minister in Ross writes : I mentioned to my mother-in-law the living burial of the black cock at Evanton. She said that she had seen a girl seized with an epileptic fit on the second floor of a house. Immediately a hole was made through the floor at the spot where the girl fell, a second hole through the floor below, and a hole dug in the earth beneath. Then a black cock was procured and lowered through the two floors and buried alive in the pit below. Some years ago a boat was crossing Loch Duthaich from Letterfearn to Dornie when a man in the boat had an epileptic fit. The other men took bearings, turned back, and brought out a live black cock with a stone in a sack. On regaining their former position they threw the sack into the sea. The man who had the fit has never had another.

Upon the ague,
Upon the hooping-cough (?),
Upon the fever,
Upon the wasting.

Upon the throat disease,
Upon the chest disease,
Upon the neck disease,
Upon the measles.

EPILEPSY

BHÀTHAR a' crathadh fuil coilich dhuibh air neach anns an robh deamhan an tuitmeis, agus mur faighte coileach dubh shìos na shuas, thall na bhos, bhàthar a' crathadh fuil chait dhuibh 'na àite.—The blood of a black cock was sprinkled on a person in whom was the demon of the falling sickness, and if a black cock could not be found high or low, near or far, the blood of a black cat was sprinkled instead.

Dar a bhàthar a' liuthail leinibh air a bhreith a staigh dh'an t-saoghal, bhàthar a' suaineadh siaman connlaich trì turais mun cuart air corp an naoidhein, agus bhàthar a' dèanamh seo

An ainm Athar,
An ainm Mic,
An ainm Spioraid,
Tiùra teachda naomh.

When a child newly born into the world was being washed, a straw rope was twined three times sunwise round the infant's body, and this was done

In name of Father,
In name of Son,
In name of Spirit,
Three just and holy.

After that the straw rope was cut into three equal lengths, and so long as these pieces should not unite the child would be free from epilepsy.

GREIM MIONAICH NO SEIRG

Bho Chatrìona Nic Ghill-Eathain, croitear, Nàst, Gearrloch

Thàinig coigreach turas a chon taighe oidhche dhudarra dhorcha gheamhraidh, agus dh'iarr e cuid oidhche agus fasgadh bho na siantan searbh a muigh. Thubhairt bean an taighe nach faigheadh, nach robh dòigh aice dha. Thubhairt fear an taighe gum faigheadh ; nach do chuir esan no duine dh'a dhaoine riamh neach air falbh bho'n doras.

Chaidh am boireannach a mach dh'an sgiobal agus chuir i leabaidh air dòigh do'n choigreach ann an tom cuilg, agus dh'iarr i air a laighe innte. Rinn an coigreach mar a dh'iarradh air, agus laigh e sìos anns an leabaidh a rinn am boireannach dha air an torr chuilg.

Feadh na h-oidhche bhuail greim mionaich fear an taighe, agus bha e ann an agallaich a' bhàis. Bha bean an taighe ann an càs cruaidh, a bhith faicinn a fir dol chon na sìorraidheachd agus gun dòigh aice air a chumail, gun alt aice air faochadh a thoir dha. Bha i sileadh nan deur agus a' fàsgadh nan dorn, agus i leatha féin agus gun fhios aice fo ghréin ciod e theireadh no dhèanadh i. Chuimhnich i an sin air an duine anns an sgiobal, agus chaidh i mach, is dhùisg i an coigreach, agus ghuidh i air tighinn a steach g'a comhnadh. Chuir an coigreach uime agus thàinig e steach, agus thubhairt e—

Bean dian ! bean dian!
Is fear fialaidh marbh ;
Searg dh'a léireadh le pian,
Is Crìosd 'na laighe air a' chalg.

Bàs dh'an ghrìd anns an t-seirg,
Bàs dh'an ghreim a bha searbh ;
Slàn gun éirich fear na féile,
Crìosd féin 'na laighe air a' chalg.

Cha do dhiùlt am boireannach sin aoigheachd do neach riamh tuillidh, agus cha mhò a chuir i riamh duine bochd air calg eòrna. Is truagh an rud mur toirear fasgadh o'n t-sìn do dheòraidh bochd agus do'n fhear shiubhail.

COLIC, OR PINING

From Catherine Maclean, crofter, Naast, Gairloch

A STRANGER came on a time to a house on a dismal dark night of winter, and he asked for night's provision and shelter from the bitter storms without. The woman of the house said he could not get that, that she had no means of doing so. The man of the house said that he should get it ; that neither he nor any person of his people had ever sent a man away from the door.

The woman went out to the barn and prepared a bed for the stranger upon a heap of barley awns, and she bade him lie upon it. The stranger did as he was bid, and lay down upon the bed that the woman had made for him upon the heap of awns.

In course of the night the man of the house was struck by colic, and he was nigh unto death. The woman was in sore plight, seeing her husband going to eternity, and she with no way to keep him and no art to relieve him. She was shedding tears and wringing her hands, all alone by herself, not knowing under the sun what she should do or say. Then she remembered the man in the barn, and she went out and wakened the stranger, and asked him to come in and help her. The stranger dressed himself and came in, and said—

A keen woman ! a keen woman ! *
And a generous husband dead ;
Pining piercing him with pain,
And Christ lying upon the awn.

Death to the microbe in the pining
Death to the colic that is bitter ;
Whole may the hospitable man arise,
Christ Himself lying on the awn.

That woman never again refused hospitality to any person, nor yet did she put a poor man to sleep on barley awns. A pitiful thing it is if shelter from the storm be not given to the poor pilgrim and to the wayfarer.

* *I.e.* quick to make refusal.

TINNEAS AN RÌGH

O Dhomhnall Mac Aoidh, croitear, Brùra, Cataibh

B'e Niall Sutharlan, croitear, Brùra, seachdamh mac a athar. Bha e ainmeil air son Eòlas Tinneas an Rìgh. Bhiodh fir agus mnathan a' tighinn chuige bho àitean fad air falbh gu leigheas fhaighinn bhuaith. Cha do chuir e riamh neach air falbh gun leigheas no gun sòlas a thoir dhaibh.

Reaghadh an duine a mach moch madainneach 'na thraisg agus 'na thosd, agus reaghadh e gu tobar fìor-uisge fuar-uisge, a' coimhead ris an airde tuath. Agus reaghadh e air a dhà ghlùin os cionn an tobair, agus thogadh e copan burn as an tobar,

An ainm Dé,
An ainm Ìos,
An ainm Spioraid,
Triùir nam buadh.

Thilleadh an duine dachaidh an uair sin, agus chrathadh e an copan fìor-uisge fuar-uisge air creuchd an neach tinn,

Ann an ainm Athar,
Ann an ainm Mic,
Ann an ainm Spioraid,
Triùir liuthail nam buadh. [liùil

Agus dh'àithneadh an duine dh'an ghrìd anns a' chreuchd falbh agus gun tilleadh tuillidh. Agus leighiseadh creuchd tinneas an rìgh, agus cha tilleadh a' ghrìd air ais gu bràth tuillidh.

Nigheadh Niall Sutharlan agus an coigreach an làmhan ann am burn blàth, agus bhristeadh iad traisg nan tràth mar dhà charaid chaomh. Cha robh dìol no duais a' dol a null no nall. Bu duine ionraic Niall Sutharlan, cumhang dha féin ach farsaing do chàcha.

KING'S EVIL

From Donald Mackay, crofter, Brora, Sutherland

Neil Sutherland, crofter, Brora, was a seventh son. He was famed for curing the king's evil. Men and women came to him from distant places to be healed. He never sent any person away unhealed or unhappy.

The man would go out in the early morning, without breaking fast or silence, and would go to a well of pure cold water facing the north. And he would go upon his two knees over the well, and lift up a cup of water from the well,

In name of God,
In name of Jesus,
In name of Spirit,
The Trinity of power.

Then the man would return home and sprinkle the cup of pure cold water on the sore of the sick person,

In name of Father,
In name of Son,
In name of Spirit,
The laving Three of power.

And the man would command the 'grìd,' microbe, in the sore to depart and not return again. And the sore of the king's evil would heal, and the 'grìd,' microbe, would never more come back.

Neil Sutherland and the stranger would then wash their hands in warm water, and they would break the fast of the night-hours like two kindly friends. There was no fee nor reward passing that way nor this. Neil Sutherland was an upright man, narrow to himself but broad to others.

TINNEAS AN RÌGH

O Iain Mac Aoidh, croitear, Ceann Loch Iù, Ros

THUBHAIRT an seann seanchaidh : Is e an seachdamh mac a nì leigheas air tinneas an rìgh, agus cha dèan leigheas ach e. Ta am fear leigheis a' cur a làmh dheas air ceann an neach tha tinn agus ag ràdh :—

IA dha do leigheas, a luaidh ;
Ta mise san uair dha d' làimhseachadh
An ainm Athar, an ainm Mic, an ainm Spioraid buaidh,
Trì neach dh'an dual do chaimeachadh.

Leigheas tur dha t'fhuil dheirg,
Leigheas corr dha t'fheòil mhaoith,
Leigheas eile dha do chneas geal,
An ainm feart na Teòra naoimh,
An ainm feart na Teòra naoimh.

KING'S EVIL

From John Mackay, crofter, Kinlochewe, Ross

The aged reciter said : It is the seventh son that heals the king's evil, and none can heal it but he. The healer places his right hand upon the head of the person that is ill, and says :—

May God heal thee, my dear ;
I am now placing my hand on thee
In name of Father, in name of Son, in name
of Spirit of virtue,
Three Persons Who compass thee ever.

Full healing be to thy red blood,
Perfect healing to thy soft flesh,
Another healing to thy white skin,
In name of the powers of the Holy Three,
In name of the powers of the Holy Three.

EÒLAS NAM MÀM

'MÀM,' a low rounded swelling hill, is commonly used of various swellings on the body, as 'màm sléisne,' swelling in the groin, 'màm achlais,' swelling in the armpit, 'màm seic,' 'màm sic,' rupture (also 'maidhm seic'), 'màm amhcha,' swelling in the neck, mumps. The rite of curing the 'màm' was common throughout the Highlands and Islands, though differing more or less from place to place.

In the north-western mainland there are many hills called 'Màm,' with some qualifying term, and the object of the incantation is to transfer to such hills the swelling on the patient's body. These hills must be known to the operator himself, and must be places over which the living and the dead have passed. The operator provides himself with a pin, a needle, or the tongue of a brooch, a block of wood, a basin of clean cold water, and an axe. He makes the sign of the cross on the tablet of his face and on the tablet of his heart, and says the Prayer of the Lord, the Prayer of Mary, and 'Eòlas nam Màm,' the incantation of the swellings. He divides the swelling into three imaginary sections, each subdivided into three, making nine in all. This is called 'àireamh nam màm,' numbering the swellings. He lays the needle upon each section as he proceeds. He takes the axe and dips its edge into the water in the basin. He swings the axe over his head and aims a blow with all his might at the needle, which is held by an assistant upon the appropriate section of the swelling. At the moment of apparent contact the axe is arrested as if by some unseen

IODH an stràc seo air Màm an Tuirc,
Biodh an stràc seo air Màm Chluainidh,
Biodh an stràc seo air Màm Choire Ghearraig,
An ainm Athar agus Mic agus Spioraid Naoimh.

[*Agus canaidh gach neach a làthair*, Amen.]

Biodh an stràc seo air Màm Dhiarmaid,
Biodh an stràc seo air Màm nan Sealg,
Biodh an stràc seo air Màm Bhàrasdail,
An ainm Athar agus Mic agus Spioraid Naoimh.

[*Agus canaidh gach neach a làthair*, Amen.]

THE CHARM OF THE SWELLINGS

power, and it touches the needle only gently. Its edge falls at right angles to the needle, so that a cross is formed. The axe is then diverted to the block of wood on the floor, into which it is driven with force, while ' fear bualadh nam màm,' the striker of the swellings, utters the appropriate part of the incantation—' Biodh sin air Màm Ràtagain,' ' Be that upon the Màm of Ràtagan.' After three successive strokes, on three successive sections of the swelling, the operator intones the names of the Three Persons of the Trinity, and then rests to draw breath. This is therefore done three times, until each of the nine sections has been treated, and nine hills have been named, both the sections and the hills being taken sunwise.

' Bualadh nam màm,' striking the swellings, is extremely trying to the nerves of the beholder, and still more so to those of the patient, who knows that instant death may follow failure to stay the axe. The nervous system must be considerably affected. It is said that the operation is successful, the swelling subsiding as it proceeds.

The ' eòlas ' was obtained from Angus Gillies, crofter, A' Mhormhach, Arasaig, on St Michael's Day, 1909, from Flora Maclennan, *née* Matheson, Dornie, Kintail, and from others. It was also obtained in Mull, where there are twelve hills called ' Màm '—Màm Doire Chuilinn, Màm Liorainn, Màm Bhreabadail, Màm an Tiompain, Màm Brathadail, Màm an Lochain, Màm Chlachaig, Màm an tSnodanaich, Màm na Croise, Màm Thapaill, Màm Dhoire Dhubhaig, Màm Gaoithe.

Be this stroke upon the Màm of the Boar,
Be this stroke upon the Màm of Cluainidh,
Be this stroke upon the Màm of Coire Ghearraig,
In name of Father and Son and Holy Spirit.

[*And each present says*, Amen.]

Be this stroke upon the Màm of Diarmaid,
Be this stroke upon the Màm of the Hunts,
Be this stroke upon the Màm of Bàrasdal,
In name of Father and Son and Holy Spirit.

[*And each present says*, Amen.]

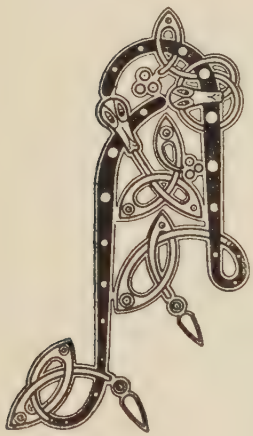
Biodh an stràc seo air Màm Dhomhaillein,
Biodh an stràc seo air Màm Ghlinn Eilg,
Biodh an stràc seo air Màm Ràtagain,
An ainm Athar agus Mic agus Spioraid Naoimh.

[*Agus canaidh gach neach a làthair*, Amen.]

In the Outer Isles there are no hills called ' Màm,' and the operation of cure is confined to the use of the needle or other sharp-pointed instrument, as in curing the stye. The instrument was pointed frowningly at the swelling nine times, and after each thrust the operator said—

EÒLAS NAM MÀM

O Mhàiri Nic Rath, coitear, Camas Luinge, Cinn Tàile



DHÉ nan gràs,
Sàsaich mo chalann ;
A Chrìosd na Pàis,
Sàsaich m'anam ;
A Spioraid na h-àis,
Bàirig dhomh sòlas,
Agus sothaich dha mo thàmh.

Athair nan dùl,
Lùthaich mo làmh ;
A Mhic na cùimh,
Ciùinich an cràdh ;
A Spioraid Nùimh,
Lùdhaich am màm, [sùghaich
Agus . . .

Be this stroke upon the Màm of Domhaillean,
Be this stroke upon the Màm of Gleann Eilg,
Be this stroke upon the Màm of Ràtagan,
In name of Father and Son and Holy Spirit.

[*And each present says*, Amen.]

Do ghoimh a bhith sa bhlàr,
Do chràdh a bhith san talamh.

Thy pang be in the ground,
Thy pain be in the earth.

CHARM FOR RUPTURE

From Mary MacRae, cottar, Camas Luinge, Kintail

O God of grace,
Satisfy my body ;
O Christ of the Passion,
Satisfy my soul ;
O Spirit of wisdom,
Vouchsafe me light,
And restore to me repose.

Father of all life,
Strengthen my hand ;
O Son of love,
Soothe Thou the pain ;
O Spirit Holy,
Reduce the rupture,
And . . .

CASGADH FALA: CHECKING OF BLOOD

'Casgadh fala,' checking of blood, connotes the power of certain persons to stop the escape of blood from man or beast without any sort of manipulation, without personal contact, and even at a distance. Belief in this power is now obsolete in the Isles, but is still common in Caithness and Sutherland and the mainland of Ross and Inverness-shire. The accounts of such cures and the runes now given are but a few of many which the writer gathered in these districts. It was always emphasised that the 'eòlas' must be performed with faith and earnestness, by one of upright life and pure heart. Those who perform it are following the example of Christ, as are those who cure mote in the eye, consumption, burst vein, and other ailments. The 'eòlas' is without effect on an unbaptized person, nor has it any effect if the performer should take food or drink, even a mouthful of water, without giving thanks. Most of those who perform the 'eòlas' use a plant, usually the 'cearban-feòir' or 'cearb-anach,' crowfoot, sometimes some other plant; one informant said that he covered the plant with his bonnet while uttering the rune; but the opinion was expressed that the plant was not an essential part of the cure. Like the other occult powers, this power is transmitted from man to woman and from woman to man, with few exceptions. A narrator in Inverness-shire was under a promise to transmit the power to none but his daughter; she, however, refused to have it. He himself had learned it from a woman long ago; the woman told it to a 'fòd mòna,' clod of peat, upon her floor, and he took up the 'eòlas' as she sang it through, a long and obscure rune. Some of the runes are prefaced by the Lord's Prayer, others by the Apostles' Creed.

The writer overtook a man on the highroad from Strath Carron to Ardgay, Ross. The man seemed to be a crofter. He was well clad, well mannered and well informed, but I omitted to ask his name. He said:—

A man mending horse-harness drove the needle right through the palm of his hand. A woman present withdrew the needle. The blood spirted out against the opposite wall of the room. The woman pointed the needle towards the floor of the room, saying—

An ainm Rìgh nan dùl,
An ainm Chrìosda chùmh,
An ainm Spioraid Nùmh,
Tiùraidh gach nochd.

Do nimh a bhith san làr,
Do chràdh a bhith sa chnoc !
Slàn a bhith dh'an sgàin, [sgarr
Tàmh a bhith dh'an lot !

In name of the King of life,
In name of the Christ of love,
In name of the Spirit Holy,
The Trinity of each helpless one.

Be thy bane within the ground,
Be thy pain within the hill !
Wholeness be to the wound,
Rest be to the hurt !

The woman had hardly uttered these words, with evident earnestness, when the bleeding suddenly stopped. All present were awe-stricken. The scene was striking and solemn. I immediately remembered the words of Christ, ' Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do ' ; and again, ' If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed.'

Thubhairt —— Ros, Altais, Cataibh : Chunna mi m'athair a' dèanamh casga fala do dhuine taobh thall an uisge. Bha an duine froiseadh agus bhuail am buailtean e anns an t-sròin. Leum an t-sròn agus dhubh dh'fhairtlich air na daoine stad a chur air an fhuil. Thàinig mic an duine a nall air an uisge air iombaidh bàthaidh, ri aird stoirm agus air dhruim a' mheadhoin oidhche. ' Chan urra mise,' arsa m'athair, ' stad a chur air an fhuil gon an tig geal an latha sholais agus gon am faic mi an lus, agus an oidhche cho dorcha ri tearr.' ' Lasaidh mis an lainntir, athair, agus théid mi mach leibh.' ' Tha thu ceart, a nighean,' arsa m'athair, agus dh'éirich e as a leabaidh, ged a bha e aosda. Chaidh m'athair agus mise mach dh'an lios ris an rag stoirm, agus bhuain m'athair an cearbanach an ainm Trì Pearsa na Trianaid, agus thill sinn a steach. Chaidh m'athair air a dhà ghlùn agus ghuidh e gu dùrachdach air Dia nan dùl a ghuidhe a thoir dha agus stad a chur air an fhuil. An uair a dh'éirich e thubhairt e ri mic an duine, ' Stad an fhuil agus tha bhur n-athair ceart.' Dh'fhalbh na gillean. Chaidh mise null an là 'r na mhàireach, agus bha an duine 'na chadal agus stad air an fhuil.

—— Ross, Altas, Sutherland, said : I saw my father perform blood-checking for a man on the other side of the water (the Kyle of Sutherland). The man had been threshing and the flail had struck him on the nose. The nose began to pour blood, and the men completely failed to stop the blood. The man's sons came across the water at imminent peril of drowning, in the height of a storm and in the middle of the night. My father said, ' I cannot stop the blood until daylight comes and I can see the plant—the night is as black as pitch.' ' I will light the lantern, father, and go out with you.' ' You are right, daughter,' said my father, and he rose from his bed, though he was aged. My father and I went out to the

garden in the teeth of the storm, and my father plucked the crowfoot in the name of the Three Persons of the Trinity, and we went inside again. My father went on his two knees and prayed earnestly to the God of life to grant him his prayer and to stop the blood. When he got up he said to the man's sons, 'The blood has stopped and your father is well.' The lads departed. I went across on the morrow, and the man was asleep and the blood had stopped.

Mrs Mackenzie, Bail Eóghain, Kiltearn, Ross, said: When a girl of twelve or fourteen I was subject to profuse bleeding at the nose. Hitherto my mother had been able to control this bleeding, but on this occasion she failed, and I was thought to be bleeding to death. My mother hurried me away to the house of Alexander Maclennan. When we entered the house Mr Maclennan asked my name. He offered up a short rhythmical prayer, and suddenly the blood stopped. There was no personal contact —Mr Maclennan was on the other side of the room. Mr Maclennan was a highly excellent man and well known through the district for his power of stopping blood. I have seen many wonderful things done in London hospitals by skill and science; but this was a miracle obtained through prayer.

John Cameron, aged 76, shoemaker, Alness, Ross, said (27th November 1905): I got the 'eòlas,' knowledge of how to cure, from Hector Munro, the horse-doctor here. I wished to have it in order to do good to my fellow-men. Many times in my long life I have stopped bleeding in men and women, boys and girls. One fast-day a man came running up from the distillery crying, 'Chaidh an làmh bho'n uilinn a thoir dhe mhac Iain Hall. Tha e tràghadh le fuil, agus chuireadh mis a nìos a dh'iarraidh oirbhse a bhith cho math agus stad a chur air an fhuil.'—'John Hall's son's arm has been torn off at the elbow. He is ebbing of blood, and I have been sent up to ask you to be so good as to check the blood.' I performed the charm on the spot, and told the man to go back and see whether the blood had stopped. He went, and returned, and told me that the blood had stopped. Then I went down, and we put lint on the arm, and the arm healed.

The same man said: John Stewart was bleeding to death, and a man came to ask me to stop the bleeding. I ran for the doctor. The doctor came and treated the man, but without effect,—the blood came pouring out as before. The doctor then said to me, 'I can do no more, Cameron, stop you the blood.' But I said, 'Neither you nor I can save him, for he is ebbed of blood.' The man died almost at once.

John Cameron described his 'eòlas' thus:—I lift a little water in a small basin, and say slowly and solemnly,

An ainm Dhé,	In name of God,
An ainm Ìosa,	In name of Jesus,
An ainm Spioraid,	In name of Spirit,
Trì-Aon nam buadh.	Triune of power.

I make the charm, and say,

Tha mis a' cur stad air fuil	I am checking the blood
Dhomhnaill Munro, Alanais,	Of Donald Munro, Alness,
An ainm an Athar,	In name of the Father,
An ainm a' Mhic,	In name of the Son,
An ainm an Spioraid.	In name of the Spirit.

A man must live near to his God before he can stop bleeding ; without that he does not receive the power.

Nurse A. B., in the house of Thomas Ross, Rosehall, Sutherland, 14th November 1908, said : The case (one of childbirth) was tedious and difficult. I could do nothing by myself,—I was waiting for the doctor, and very anxious the while. The patient's mother filled a small basin with water, and into this water she put a number of rings and brooches of gold and silver, which she stirred about in the basin. She then held the basin to her dying daughter's lips, and made her drink three mouthfuls of the water, each mouthful in the name of Father, of Son, and of Spirit, the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity (' Trì Pearsa na Trianaid chaoimh chumhachdaich '). Soon after that the child came. Then the doctor came, and soon all was well. But the child was born before the arrival of the doctor, and the birth was as gentle and as easy as any I have ever seen. How the trinkets in the water could affect the case I do not pretend to know, but that some occult power was at work in the whole matter I am certain. ' Is iomadh uair a chuala mi mu dheighinn nam fàinneachan agus nam bràisteachan agus nam prìneachan agus seudan eile dhe'n t-seòrsa sin, ach chan fhaca mi roimhe no 'na dhéidh iad ach siod, agus chuir siod fhéin iongnadh orm agus gu leòir dheth.'—I had often heard about the rings, brooches, pins and other jewels of that sort, but never before or since did I see them save in that case, and that case itself caused me wonder and in plenty.

This nurse was an active capable woman with a good professional reputation in her district. [It is to be understood that the trouble was hæmorrhage.]

Mary Gordon, aged one hundred and three years, spinster, Crasg Éagais, Beauly, says that she heard these lines from a man in Strath Spey nearly a century ago. 6th August 1909.

Crasga fala,
Obi fala,
Reothaidh fuil,
Dùinidh lot.
Seile Moire
Màthair Chrìosd
Dha nar dìon,
Dha nar teasraig.

An ainm Athar,
An ainm Mic,
An ainm Spioraid,
Trì nùmh nan dùl
Dh'ar cùmhn, dh'ar comhnadh.

Checking of blood,
Incantation of blood,
Blood shall congeal,
Wound shall close.
Salve of Mary
Mother of Christ
Shield us,
Succour us.
In name of Father,
In name of Son,
In name of Spirit,
The holy Three of life
Spare us, aid us.

Anna Nic Aonghuis, Ann MacFinish, crofter, Auchterneed, Strathpeffer, learned this 'eòlas' from her father, Alexander, who was known far and wide for his power to stop bleeding in men and women, cattle and horses.

Paidir Dhé a h-aon,
Paidir Mhoir a dhà,
Paidir Dhé a trì,
Paidir Mhoir a ceithir,
Paidir Dhé a cóig,
Paidir Mhoir a sia,
Paidir Dhé a seachd.

Ciod is brìgh dha na seachd Paidirean sin?

Tha Crìosd caomh,
Fuil naomh nam buadh.

(*Ainm agus sloinneadh an neach no an nì*)

Dhùnadh dut do lot,
Agus reothadh t'fhuil.
Mar a shil Crìosd air a' chrann,
Is ann a dhùineas e dhut.

An sùil Athar chaoimh,
An sùil Mhic ghaoil,
An sùil Spioraid Naoimh,
Trì-Aon nam buadh.

Pater of God, one,
Pater of Mary, two,
Pater of God, three,
Pater of Mary, four,
Pater of God, five,
Pater of Mary, six,
Pater of God, seven.

Wherein the avail of these seven Paters?

In Christ the loving,
The holy Blood of powers.

(*The name and designation of the person or animal*)

Closed for thee thy wound,
And congealed thy blood.
As Christ bled upon the cross,
So closeth He thy wound for thee.

In the eye of the loving Father,
In the eye of the loved Son,
In the eye of the Holy Spirit,
The Triune of power.

AN DAIRBEIN: THE WARBLE

'DAIRBEIN,' 'doirbein,' 'deirbein,' 'duirbeag,' from 'dairb,' 'doirb,' 'deirb,' 'dairbh,' 'doirbh,' a bot, a worm, a warble, an insect to which cattle are liable.

The warble causes pain, loss and deterioration in cattle. The insect is difficult to kill. When the animal dies, however, the parasite dies with it,—the tick dies with the sheep, the bot dies with the cow. Hence the saying,

Marbh thusa a' bhó
Is foghnaidh mise do'n dairbein.

Kill thou the cow
And I will overcome the bot.

There were many cures and incantations resorted to for destroying this parasite.

EÒLAS AN TAIRBHEIN

'AN tairbhein,' 'an tarbhan,' was the name applied to the condition of a cow or other cattle-beast which was swollen by a surfeit of undigested food. One reciter said that it was like the 'greim mionaich,' colic, in man or woman, but was peculiar to 'nì,' cattle. Another said that it was akin to 'teas broilein,' heat in the manyplies. A reciter said

Fhuaradh na leanas o Dhonnchadh Mac Eachainn, tuathanach, Staghlaigearraidh, Uibhist a' Chinn a Deas

THUBHAIRT am beulaiche: Tha an t-eòlas seo air son mairt a rea'adh dh'an bheinn agus a dh'itheadh cus feòir agus fianaich agus gun i 'ga chnàmh. Dh'atadh a' bhó an sin, agus bhiodh i marbh mura faigheadh i fuasgladh. Sin an tairbhein, agus seo an t-eòlas.

IR galar beinne,
Air galar coille,
Air galar doille,
Air galar soille,
Air galar sìdh.

Air mil,
Air malg,
Air balg,
Air dearg,
Air tairbhein.

Air galar uilc,
Air galar uichd, [ruichd ?
Air bliochd agus dàir,
Dha do dhèanamh slàn,
A Mheilcheag !

[*Ainmich a' bhó air a h-ainm*]

CHARM FOR SURFEIT

that Mary Mackenzie, Badfearn, Aultbea, Ross, cured a badly swollen stirk, the property of the reciter's father. She walked thrice 'deiseil,' sunwise, around the beast, reciting a rune in name of 'Dia nan dùl,' the God of life, 'Crìosd caomh,' beloved Christ, and the Spirit of laving,—one Person in the course of each of the three circuits.

The following was got from Duncan MacEachainn, farmer, Staghlaigearraidh, South Uist

THE reciter said: This charm is for a cow that went to the hill and ate too much grass and moorgrass without digesting it. Then the cow would swell, and would die unless she were relieved. That is the 'tairbhein,' and this is the charm.

FOR hill disease,
For wood disease,
For dark disease,
For light (?) disease,
For fairy ill.

For 'mil,'
For 'malg,'
For belly,
For red (-water ?),
For surfeit.

For evil disease,
For breast disease,
For milk and pairing,
To make thee whole,
O 'Meilcheag'!

[*Name the name of the cow*]

BÓ FIONN

From Isabel MacEachainn, cottar, Bunessan, Mull

THE reciter was learned in folklore, traditional songs and hymns, charms and incantations, and stories and traditions of her native island. At first she was reticent, but by degrees reciter and writer became friends. At parting she said that when I came again she would give me all the lore she had, which she admitted would take me many days to write down. A few weeks thereafter Isabel MacEachainn died, and with her died volumes of valuable tradition and folklore.

Isabel MacEachainn said that a widow woman at Tabal, Mull, had a cow ill with the ' tarbhan,' swelling from surfeit, and she was wringing her hands and beating her breast to see her beloved cow in pain. At that moment she saw Calum Cille, Columba, and his twelve disciples in their ' curachan,' little boat or coracle, rowing home to Iona. The widow

HIG a steach, a Chaluim Chille,
Is leighis am bó fionn ;
Thig a steach, a Chaluim Chille,
Is leighis bó na lionn !

' Thig a steach, a Chaluim Chille,
Is leighis bó na bàidh ;
Thig a steach, a Chaluim Chille,
Is leighis bó mo ghràidh ! '

' Cia mar sin, a mhungag,
A leighiseas mis do nì,
Mo leth-chas sa churachan,
Mo leth-chas eil air tìr ? '

Thàinig Calum Cille 'an tulachan,
Chuir e a làmh air a' bhà ;
Chuir e a leth-chas sa churachan,
A leth-chas eil air làr.

THE WHITE COW

ran down to the ' rudha,' point, and hailed Calum Cille, and asked him to heal her cow. Calum Cille never turned a dull ear to the poor, to the penitent, to the distressed, and he came ashore and made the ' òra ' to the white cow, and the white cow rose upon her feet and shook herself and began to browse upon the green grass before her. ' Go thou home, " brònag," and have faith in the God who made thee and in Christ the Saviour who loved thee and died for thee, and in thine own self, and all will go well with thee and with thy cow.' Having said this, Calum Cille rejoined his followers in the ' curach ' and resumed his journey to Hì. ' There was no one like Calum Cille, no one, my dear. He was big and handsome and eloquent, haughty to the over-haughty and humble to the humble, kind, kind to the weak and the wounded,' (' uaibhreach ris an an-uaibhreach, iriosal ris an iriosal, caomh caomh ris an lag agus ris an leòinte ').

' Put thou in, O Calum Cille,
And heal the white cow ;
Put thou in, O Calum Cille,
And heal the cow of water !

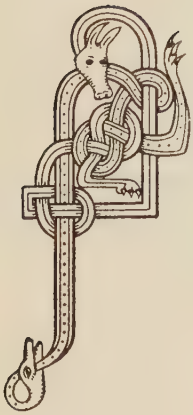
' Put thou in, O Calum Cille,
And heal the cow beloved ;
Put thou in, O Calum Cille,
And heal my dear cow ! '

' How so, O thick-tressed woman,
Am I to heal thy cow,
My one foot in the coracle,
My other foot on shore ? '

Calum Cille came to the knoll,
He set his hand upon the cow ;
He set his one foot in the coracle,
His other foot on ground.

'Brisim féin do bhuilgein,
Marbhaim féin do mhial,
Togaim dhìot do chuilgein,
An ainm Rìgh nan ial!'

EÒLAS AN TAIRBHEIN



THAIRBHEIN a thàinig a sionn
Chon an tarbhain ud thall,
Cas Chaluim Chille sa churachan
A lughdachadh do bhuilgidh,
A lughdachadh do chuilgidh,
A mharbhadh do mhial,
A mharbhadh fiollan fionn,
A mharbhadh fiollan donn,
A mharbhadh biast dà lionn,
A mharbhadh an tairbhein.

Naoi tobraichean Mhic an Lir,
Ceal a chur air t'fhuil;
Naoi tobraichean Mhic an Luin,
Ruith a chur air t'fhual.

Muir mór,
Eas ruadh,
Sguir an fhuil,
Ruith am fual.

'I myself break thy swelling,
I myself kill thine insect,
I lift from thee thy prickliness,
In name of the King of the ages!'

CHARM FOR SURFEIT

Thou surfeit that art come hither
To the little bull yonder,
The foot of Calum Cille in the coracle
To decrease thy swelling,
To decrease thy prickliness,
To kill thy parasites,
To kill the pale worm,
To kill the brown worm,
To kill the beast of two liquids,
To kill the surfeit.

The nine wells of Mac an Lir,
To make thy blood stop;
The nine wells of Mac an Luin,
To make thy urine flow.

Great sea,
Red cascade,
Cease the blood,
Flow the urine.

AN TAIRBHEIN

O Ruairidh Mac Leòid, clobair, Cùl na Creige, Cóigeach

THUBHAIRT Ruairidh Mac Leòid : Bha leigheas dhaoine air làimh Chaluim Chille, agus leigheas chruidh agus each agus ghabhar. Cha robh léigh an Alba no an Éire no an ceum dh'an t-saoghal a bheireadh buadh no barr air a làimh. Is e duine diadhaidh mór a bha ann an Calum Cille, agus ainm fada farsaing aige feadh an t-saoghail. Bha e siubhal ann an slighe Dhé agus Chrìosda gach ceum an déigheadh e, gach àite am bitheadh e. Saighdear sonraichte colach ri Dàibhidh.

ANN a rinn Calum Cille
Dh'aona bhó na caillich,
D'a balg 's d'a bian 's d'a féithean.

Ceithir féithean fichead
Air fiaradh na bà,
Féith chridhe, féith àth,
Féith àirnean . . . .
. . . . . .

Le claidheamh cruaidh sgaiteach
Ghearras gach beuma dearg
. . . . . .

A chur air clachan,
Air mucan mara,
Air leigheas na niosgag.

SURFEIT

From Roderick MacLeod, shepherd, Cùl na Creige, Cóigeach, Ross.
18th August 1908

Roderick MacLeod said : Columba had power to heal men and cattle and horses and goats. There was no healer in Scotland nor in Ireland nor in any part of the world who could excel or surpass his hand. A godly and a great man was Columba, and his fame was known far and wide throughout the world. He walked in the way of God and of Christ each step that he took, each place he was in. An outstanding soldier like David.

The rune that Columba made
For the old woman's one cow,
For her swelling and her hide and her veins.

Four and twenty veins
Transverse in the cow,
Vein of heart, vein of liver,
Vein of kidneys . . .
. . . . . .

With keen and cutting sword
That cleaves each red stroke
. . . . . .

Be it put on stones,
Be it put on whales,
For the healing of the cow.

EÒLAS AN TARBHAIN

N leigheas a rinn Crìosd
  Dh'aon nì na mnà bochd, [phruidh
Cas air muir is cas air tìr,
  Cas anns a' churachan a nochd.

Naoi féithean fiara fichead
  Eadar dhà fhoine (?) na bà
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Do thinneas agus do tharsann
Bhith air muca na mara,
Air choilltibh agus air chrannaibh,
Air béistean dubh an aigeil,
Agus air maghain an t-sléibhe.

Dia nan dùl dha do leigheas,
  A Phrugag theiris chaomh,
Bho'n là an diugh 's gach là eile
  Gu latha cinn do shaoghail.

Amen.

CHARM FOR SURFEIT

The cure that Christ made
For the poor woman's one neat,
A foot on sea and a foot on land,
A foot in the coracle to-night.

Nine transverse veins and a score
Between the two . . . of the cow
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Thine illness and thy heaviness (?)
Be on the whales of the sea,
On woods and on trees,
On the black monsters of the deep,
And on the bears of the mountain.

May the God of life cure thee,
Thou dear quiet 'Prugag,'
From this day and on each other day
To the day of the end of thy life.

Amen.

TARBHAN

Beulaiche : Màiri Nic Calmain, croitear, Diùirinis, Loch Aillse

ANN a rinn Calum Cille
Dh'aon bhó caillich,
Air a' bhiast,
Air a' mhial,
Air a' bhalg,
Air an t-searg,
Air a' ghalar dhearg
'S air an tarbhan.

Bristidh mis am balg,
Sgoiltidh mis an calg,
Doghaidh mis an dearg, [dubhaidh
Marbhaidh mis a' bhiast,
Is bidh tusa, a bhó dhonn,
Màireach air an tom
Cnàmhan do chonn ; [chìre lom
Tuilleadh agus tonn
Am bonn do leigheis.

SURFEIT

Reciter : Mary Murchison, crofter, Diùirinis, Loch Alsh.
20th September 1909

THE rune made by Calum Cille
For an old woman's one cow,
Against the maggot,
Against the insect,
Against swelling,
Against pining,
Against the red disease
And against surfeit.

I will reduce the swelling,
I will cleave the prickly ball,
I will burn away the red disease, [blacken
I will kill the maggot,
And thou, brown cow,
Shalt be to-morrow on the knoll
Chewing thy cud ;
Increase and milk-wave
In earnest of thy cure.

EÒLAS AN TARBHAIN

Beulaiche : Catrìona Nic Ghill-Eathain, croitear, Nàst, Gearrloch

HA eòlas agam air a' mhuatan,
Tha eòlas agam air a' bhalgan,
Tha eòlas agam air a' ghalar dhubh,
Tha eòlas agam air a' ghalar dhearg
Agus air an tarbhan.

An t-eòlas a rinn Calum Cille
Dh'aona bhó na caillich
. . . . . .

Crath thusa dhìot e, a Chuanach,
Pur Chuanach ! Pur Chuanach ! Pur Chuanach !
Pur Chuanach ! A luaidh, thig dha m'ionnsaigh !

CHARM FOR SURFEIT

Reciter : Catherine Maclean, crofter, Naast, Gairloch

I HAVE a charm for the ' muatan,'
I have a charm for the swelling,
I have a charm for the black ill,
I have a charm for the red ill
And for the surfeit.

The charm that Calum Cille made
For the old woman's one cow
. . . . . .

Shake thou it from thee, ' Cuanach,'
' Pur Chuanach ! ' ' Pur Chuanach ! ' ' Pur Chuanach ! '
' Pur Chuanach ! ' My dear, come thou to me !

EÒLAS BRUTHAIDH

Beulaiche : Iain Mac na Cearda, Inbhir Thòrsa, Gallaibh

A eòlas agam air bruthadh,
Ta eòlas agam air dubhadh,
Ta eòlas agam air struthadh
Agus air straochadh. [straoghadh

Ta eòlas agam air galar le fios,
Ta eòlas agam air galar gun fios,
Ta eòlas agam air galar le gios,
Agus air faochadh.

Na biodh cnu na cnead, [cnuidh na cneid
Na biodh sur na sead
Air do cheithir cheathramhan,
A bheathaich bheadaraich bhochd,
Nach bi air a thoirt uat
Le osna gaoithe a tuath,
Le uisge ruitheach fuar
Agus fual fir a nochd.

Greim agus glug,
Creim agus slug ;
Ma bhios tu beò, bi ;
Mura bi, biodh tu ug ; [thug

Ma thig, thig,
Mura tig, fan ;
Ma bhios tu beò, bi ;
Mura bi, biodh ag. [caith

CHARM FOR BRUISE

Reciter : John Sinclair, Thurso, Caithness

I HAVE a charm for bruising,
I have a charm for blackening,
I have a charm for streaming
  And for streaking.

I have a charm for disease known,
I have a charm for disease unknown,
I have a charm for disease of sorcery,
  And for relief.

Be no venom nor complaint,
Be no blemish nor maggot (?)
Upon thy four quarters,
  Thou poor, precious beast,
That shall not be taken from thee
With the sigh of the north wind,
With cold running water
  And urine of man to-night.

  Bite and sip,
  Chew and gulp ;
    If thou art to live, live ;
  If thou art not to live, begone ;

  If thou wilt come, come,
    If thou wilt not come, abide ;
  If thou live, live,
    If thou live not, so be it. [perish

EÒLAS FIOLLAN FIONN

O Alasdair Camshroin, Bard Thurnaig an Gearrloch

Sgrìobh Mr Camshroin fichead bliadhna an déidh sin (26mh July 1929) : B'e fiollan fionn cnuimheag a bha ri siubhal eadar an fheòil is an craiceann, agus ag adhbharachadh mór-phian. Bha i uairean ri a faicinn a' falbh fo'n a chraiceann. Dh'innis fear dhomh gun tug e a' bhéist a mach as a shliasaid leis an sgian. B'e sin am fiollan fionn. Bha an duine so 'na éildear anns an Eaglais Shaoir, ach cha bheò e o chionn trì bliadhna fichead. Chan fhaca mise an ortha riamh air a cleachdadh, ach chuala mi gu robh muinntir eile a' creidsinn gu làidir ann.

Bhathas a' buain trì bileagan beaga feòir ann an ainm na Trianaide Naoimh, agus 'gan cur ann am botal agus a' cur tonn mhath uisge orra agus a' crathadh a' chrogain. Bhathas 'ga thaomadh seo air an earrainn ghoirt agus ag ràdh nam briathar seo :—

Marbhrann dubhaig, [duirbeig
Marbhrann dobhaig, [doirbeig
Marbhrann coirbeig
Dhe gach seòrsa.

Fiollan fiadhaich [fianna
Nan cas lìonmhor
Bu mhór pianadh [pianach
Air feadh feòla. [feòlach

CHARM FOR FLESHWORM

From Alexander Cameron, the Bard of Turnaig, Gairloch.
13th September 1909

Mr Cameron wrote twenty years after this (26th July 1929): The 'fiollan fionn.' was a small worm which moved between the flesh and the skin, and caused great pain. It was sometimes to be seen moving under the skin. A man told me that he had taken the beast out of his thigh with a knife. That was the 'fiollan fionn.' This man was an elder in the Free Church, but he is dead these three and twenty years. I myself never saw the charm practised, but I have heard that others believed strongly in it.

The way was to pluck three little blades of grass in the name of the Holy Trinity, and to put them in a bottle, and to pour a good big wave of water over them and to shake the crock. This was poured on the painful part, and these words were said :—

Death-verse of black insect, [worm
Death-verse of evil insect,
Death-verse of wasting insect
Of every sort.

Fierce fleshworm
Of many feet
That caused great pain
Throughout flesh.

EÒLAS LEIGHEIS

O Mhàiri Nic Ghille Mhaoil, croitear, Lianacuidh, Iochdar, Uibhist a' Chinn a Deas

ÈANAM-SA duit
Eòlas air greigh,
Eòlas air pruidh,
Eòlas air cnuimh
  Agus tur càthach.

Eòlas air péist,
Eòlas air créist,
Eòlas air déist,
Eòlas air féith
  Agus leum cnàmha.

Bàsachd dha do ghuin,
Cnàmhachd dha do chnuimh,
Sàsachd dha do thuil ;
Mas cràdhach dhuit an diugh,
  Subhach dhuit a màireach.

An ainm Rìgh nan dùl,
An ainm Chrìosda chùmh,
An ainm Spioraid Nùmh,
  Tritheann nan gràsa.

CHARM FOR HEALING

From Mary Macmillan, crofter, Lianacuidh, Iochdar, South Uist. 1872

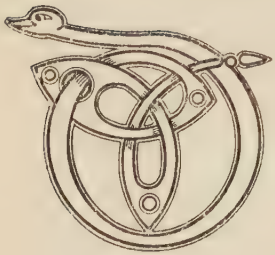
I MAKE for thee
Charm for horses,
Charm for cattle,
Charm for venom
And for . . .

Charm for worm,
Charm for wound,
Charm for ache,
Charm for sinew
And for displaced bone.

Death to thy pang,
Decay to thy worm,
Fullness to thy flow ;
If pained thou art this day,
Blithe be thou to-morrow.

In name of the King of life,
In name of the Christ of love,
In name of the Spirit Holy,
Triune of grace.

EÒLAS A' GHALAIR THOLL



UIRN Dé umad,
Sùil Dhé tharad,
Rùn Rìgh nan neof
Sùigh dhìot do chnoidh.

Falbh ! falbh ! falbh !
Balbh ! balbh ! balbh !
Do nimh a bhith san làr,
Do chràdh a bhith sa chloich !

For a cure, they first blew on the finger-tips and then rubbed with the

An t-saighead a thàine le sgaoim,
Salann a leigheas cnoidh,
An achan a rinn Ìosda Crìosda,
An t-saighead shìth a chur 'na tosd.

CHARM FOR CHEST DISEASE

The hands of God be round thee,
The eye of God be over thee,
The love of the King of the heavens
  Drain from thee thy pang.

Away ! away ! away !
Dumbly ! dumbly ! dumbly !
Thy venom be in the ground,
  Thy pain be in the stone !

points of the five fingers the front of the shoulder ; the 'galar toll' was before and behind the shoulder, 'air chùl agus air bhial na gualainn.'

The arrow which came with fright,
  Salt which heals pain,
The prayer prayed by Jesus Christ,
  To still the fairy arrow.

EÒLAS AN DUBHAIDH

The following charm is for the cure of spaul,

HA eòlas agam air dubhadh,
Tha eòlas agam air bruthadh,
Tha eòlas agam air lubhadh
Agus air laomadh.

Tha eòlas agam air galar slios,
Tha eòlas agam air galar lios,
Tha eòlas agam air galar gios
Agus air gaoirean.

Mas meothaich a dh'éirich dha sin, [dhaibh
Seachd feobhaich gun éirich dha seo, [dhaibh
Agus dha gach deobhaich a bhitheadh ort
Agus gach lochd, a ghaoilein.

Greim agus glug,
Creim agus slug,
Ma bhios tu beò, bi ;
'S mura bi, biodh ug !

CHARM FOR SPAUL

usually called black spaul, in cattle.

I HAVE a charm for spaul,
I have a charm for bruising,
I have a charm for festering
And for corruption.

I have a charm for disease of hip,
I have a charm for disease of haunch,
I have a charm for disease of spells
And for the flux.

If good (?) befell that, [those
May seven times better befall this, [these
And every complaint that might be thine
And every ill, beloved.

Bit and sup,
Nibble and gulp,
If thou wilt live, live ;
If thou'lt not live, begone !

CRAICNEADH

O Mhàiri Dhomhnallaich, croitear, Tosgaig, Comraich Ma-Ruibhe

'CRAICNEADH' is a disease of cattle, chiefly of cows. The complaint is variously known as 'tart,' dryness; 'tart broilein,' dryness of the manyplies; 'craicneadh,' the state of being skin-bound or hide-bound, shrivelling; hence an animal suffering from the disease is called 'craicneach,' 'cracnach,' from 'craiceann,' skin or hide.

To counteract the complaint a decoction of a certain plant is given to

RÀD dha do chràdach,
Cìr dha do chìreadh,
Card dha do chardadh,
Cat dha do sgrìobadh
An dìth agus dórainn;

Agus seann chailleach bhuidhe
Chrònanach chruibheach
Cur umad do bhreacradh,
Toir dhìot do chraicneadh.

An sìth is an sòlas,
Làn smior is smeòis,
Làn geir is geòis,
Làn sùigh is sòigh,
Làn fuil is feòil
Faiceam thu!

Do leigheas air an Tì
A chruthaich muir is tìr,
A chruthaich neach is nì,
A chruthaich thus is mì,
A chraiceannach!

HIDE-BINDING

From Mary MacDonald, crofter, Tosgaig, Applecross, Ross

the animal. Should this fail, the animal's back is scarified till blood comes. The instruments used in scarifying are the teasel, the comb, the card and the cat,—the cat being drawn by the tail. All these are drawn against the hair of the animal, which is tied by the head to a stake, and maddened by the pain lunges frantically with head, horn and hoof.

Teasel to tease thee,
Comb to comb thee,
Card to card thee,
Cat to scratch thee
In dole and in dolour ;

And an old yellow hag,
Purring and taloned,
Putting on thee thy flecking,
Taking from thee thy hide-binding.

In peace and in comfort,
Full of marrow and sap,
Full of tallow and fat,
Full of pith and power,
Full of blood and flesh
May I see thee !

Be thy healing on the Being
Who created sea and land,
Who created man and neat,
Who created thee and me,
Thou hidebound one !

OBA

BA mhì chuir Brighde bhìth
Gu Pàdraig uasal àlainn,
Air chneidh, air chruimh,
Air ghlupad cinn,
Air ruaidh, air chruaidh, air àirnean,
Air lotadh, air lionnadh,
Air fionnadh, air neasadh,
Air nathair, air nimhe,
Air anshocair ad fhéithean,
Ach do mhath agus do bhuadh
Air do bhuar agus air t'àl ;
Ma tha e agad shuas
Eadar barra do dhà chluais,
Eadar bonn do dhà shàl,
E a thràghadh uat a nuas
Mar a thràghas an cuan,
Am broinn na mìola móire
Agus bhiastan iad fhéin,
Gun roinn iad sin a chéile ;
Mar a leighis Ìosa an sluagh,
Is dual gun leighis gach truaigh dhiubh seo.

CHARM

Living charm sent of quiet Brigit
To Patrick noble, beauteous,
For wound, for worm,
For gulping throat,
For rose, for swelling, for kidney,
For wounding, for festering,
For skin disease (?), for ulcer,
For serpent, for venom,
For illness in thy veins,
But be it for good and for excellence
Upon thy flocks and upon thy herds ;
If thou hast it up
Between the tips of thy two ears,
Between the bases of thy two soles,
May it ebb from thee downward
As ebbs the ocean,
Into the belly of the great whale
And of beasts themselves,
Till these divide each other ;
As Jesus healed the people,
It is in His nature to heal each of these distresses.

MEASGAIN

MISCELLANEOUS

GIULLAN GEAL THÙ

Beulaiche : Iain Pearsan, coitear, Ceann Tangabhall, Barraidh

This lullaby, though recorded in Barra, seems from its reference to Blàthbheinn to belong to Skye. Like most Gaelic lullabies, it is difficult to render intelligibly into English. The child is described as 'Ailpeineach ciar,' 'a dusky son of Alpin,' and in view of this and of the mention of Blàthbheinn, he was most probably a son of Mackinnon of Strath. These Mackinnons are elsewhere termed 'Ailpeinich,' and one of them is

GIULLAN geal thù ! geal thù ! geal thù !
Giullan geal thù ! tionndaidh a nall.

M'inim 's mo rùn,
Dhìreadh tu 'n stùc,
Gill' air do chùl
'S cù aig air sreang.

Giullan geal thù ! geal thù ! geal thù !
Giullan geal thù ! tionndaidh a nall.

M'inim 's mo ghràdh,
Dhìreadh tu 'n aird ;
'S cinnteach do làmh
Am Blàthbheinn ud thall.

M'aighear is m'uaill
An cobhrachan cuain,
Féil ort an cuaich,
Is ruadh air a' mhang.

BABY BOY

Reciter : John Pearson, cottar, Ceann Tangabhall, Barra.
2nd June 1870

addressed ' a mharbhtháir bhric Bhláithbheinne,' ' thou freckled slayer of Blàthbheinn ' in the Gaelic MS. lii 33 b in the National Library of Scotland. The term ' Ailpeineach ' is applied also to the MacAlpines, the MacGregors, the Grants, the Macnabs, the MacAulays of Ardincaple, and the MacQuarries, all of which clans and septs claimed descent from Kenneth MacAlpine.

The final word of the refrain, ' thù,' is strongly stressed.

BABY boy fair art thou ! fair art thou ! fair art thou !
Baby boy fair art thou ! turn thee hither.

My dear and my darling,
Thou wouldst climb the hill,
A lad at thy back
Holding hound upon leash.

Baby boy fair art thou ! fair art thou ! fair art thou !
Baby boy fair art thou ! turn thee hither.

My dear and my love,
Thou wouldst climb the height ;
Sure is thine hand
On Blàthbheinn out yonder.

My joy and my pride
Is the little foam of ocean,
A pleated kilt upon thee,
And red on the fawn.

M'aighear 's mo chiall
An tAilpeineach ciar ;
Bogh ort is sgiath,
'S tu fiadhach bheann.

Mun tàinig Leòdach a dh'Alba
Bha na seòid ud a' seanchas
Ar ceann feadhna bhith ainmeil
Sa Ghearmailt ud thall.

Mun tàinig Leòdach a Lochlainn,
Bha na connspainn a' cosnadh ;
Theireadh càch nach e 'm bochdainn
Dh'fhàg a nochd sinn cho gann.

Giullan geal thù ! geal thù ! geal thù !
Giullan geal thù ! tionndaidh a nall.

My joy and my sense
Is the dusky son of Alpin ;
With bow and with shield,
And thou hunting on the peaks.

Before a MacLeod came to Alba
Those heroes were saying
That our chief was renowned
In far Germany.

Before a MacLeod came from Lochlann,
Those stalwarts were battling ;
None would say 'twas their poorness
Has left us to-night so few.

Baby boy fair art thou ! fair art thou ! fair art thou !
Baby boy fair art thou ! turn thee hither.

MAC SHIAMAIN

O Iain Mac Ghill-Mhoire, Rucaidh, Uibhist o Thuath

['MAC SHIAMAIN' means 'son of straw-rope,' from 'siaman,' a cord or rope, particularly one of straw, grass, etc., here taken as a thing often useful to a tidy man. The name is made up to hint at the character

DH'IARR Mac Shiamain a bhith 'g obair ;
Dh'iarr e bhith leagail,
Dh'iarr e bhith togail,
Dh'iarr e bhith gnìomhach,
Dh'iarr e bhith sogail,
Dh'iarr e bhith dianach,
Dh'iarr e bhith modhail,
Ach dh'iarr Mac Shiamain a bhith 'g obair.

Bheir e cat a carn,
Bheir e sgarbh a creig,
Bheir e fiadh o'n aird,
Bheir e ròn a sgeir.

Dh'iarr e bhith cìreadh,
Dh'iarr e bhith cardadh,
Dh'iarr e bhith slìobhadh,
Dh'iarr e bhith 'g armadh ;
Dh'iarr e bhith 'g urnaigh,
Dh'iarr e bhith 'g achan,
Dh'iarr e bhith lùbadh
Glùin is cinn do'n Athair ;
Is dh'iarr Mac Shiamain a bhith 'g obair.

MAC SHIAMAIN

From John Morrison, Rucaidh, North Uist

of the person: Mac Shiamain is the good husbandman, diligent and God-fearing (cf. iii. 24 f.).

It seems doubtful whether the second verse properly belongs to the poem.]

Mac Shiamain sought to be at work;
He sought to be setting down,
He sought to be lifting up,
He sought to be active,
He sought to be blithe,
He sought to be diligent,
He sought to be mannerly,
But Mac Shiamain sought to be at work.

He'll bring wildcat from cairn,
He'll bring cormorant from crag,
He'll bring deer from height,
He'll bring seal from skerry.

He sought to be combing,
He sought to be carding,
He sought to be wool-smoothing,
He sought to be wool-anointing;
He sought to be praying,
He sought to be supplicating,
He sought to be bending
Knee and head to the Father;
And Mac Shiamain sought to be at work.

AM BANSGAL

'S i Caitir an cailin
  Tha danarra duairc,
Gun seirce gun saille,
  Gun subhailc gun suairc ;
Mo ghuidhe gach madainn
Ri cùirt nan aingeal
Mo chomraig o'n chailin
  Chanarra chruaidh,
Gun ise bhith fallain
  No maireann no buan !

Mo ghuidhe gach feasgar
Domhnach is seachdain
An òinid bhith 'n tasgadh
  Aig prasgan nan uagh ;
Giorrachadh saoghail
Dhi fhéin is d'a daoine,
D'a gobhra, d'a caora,
  D'a maoine, d'a buar—
Am bradadh, an sladadh,
  An gaiseadh, an gual !

A caora bhith 'n galar
Faobharach neimheil, [gaorrach
Le cloimh, le cruimh,
  Le roich, le ruaidh, [ruaich
'Gan sgathadh le goimh,
'Gan sgaradh le coin,
Le madadh meala, le madadh alla, [maghan
  Le madadh ruadh !

THE VIXEN

Catherine's the wench
  Perverse and uncivil,
Unloveable, not plump,
  Graceless and dour ;
'Tis my prayer each morning
To the court of the angels
That I be shielded from the hussy
  Headstrong and hard,
That she be not healthy
  Nor long-lived nor lasting !

'Tis my prayer each evening
Both Sunday and week-day
That the she-fool be stowed
  With the rabble of the graves ;
Shortened be the life
Of herself and her people,
Her goats and her sheep,
  Her stock and her kine—
Be they stolen and plundered,
  Be they blasted and burned !

On her sheep be disease
Virulent, keen, [filthy, gory
With scab and with maggot,
  Rot and bloody flux,
Be they wasted by venom,
Be they sundered by dogs,
By honey-hound, by fierce wolf, [bear
  By russet fox !

M'urnaigh gach tràth
Ri Crùn nan gràs
Caitir 's a bà
  Bhith gun àgh gun tuar,
Caitir gun mhurn gun mhac,
A bà gun laogh gun lachd,
Gun sult gun sògh,
  Gun snòdh gun snuadh,
Gach oidhche agus latha
  Fo smalan 's fo ghruaim.

A samhradh gairid
  Greanntaidh gruam,
A geamhradh fada
  Feanntaidh fuar,
A h-earrach sneachdaidh
  Creanntaidh cruaidh, [reòta ruaim
A foghar leacach
  Deacair duar
Trosdach rosdach
  Dosgach duaidh,
A' biorrachadh a mach,
A' giorrachadh a steach,
Ganntair ri deas,
  Ganntair ri tuath,
Ganntair ri sear 's ri siar
  Iarraim dhise bioth-bhuan !

Ganntair a nìos dhi,
  Ganntair a nuas,
Ganntair a sìos dhi,
  Ganntair a suas,
Ganntair a sear dhi,
  Ganntair a siar,
Ganntair a deas dhi,
  Ganntair a tuath,

'Tis my prayer each hour
To the Crown of grace
That Catherine and her cows
  Be hapless and wan,
That she have no daughter nor son,
Her cows no calf nor milk,
No fatness and no cheer,
  No comely look nor beauty,
But be each night and day
  Sulky and glum.

Be her summer short,
  Surly and grim,
Her winter long,
  Flaying with cold,
Her spring snowy,
  Shrivelled, hard, [freezing, red-scummed
Her autumn ice-sheeted,
  Grievous, sullen,
Storm-harassed, disastrous,
  Calamitous, evil,
Sharpening outward,
Shortening inward,
Dearth to southward,
  Dearth to northward,
Dearth eastward and westward
  I ask be hers eternally !

Dearth from below be hers,
  Dearth from above,
Dearth from on high be hers,
  Dearth from beneath,
Dearth be east of her,
  Dearth be west,
Dearth be south of her,
  Dearth be north,

Ganntair nan seachd
  Ganntair truagh
Gu suthain sìor
  Iarraim dhìse bioth-bhuan !

Guidhim air Peadail,
  Guidhim air Pòl,
Guidhim air Seumas,
  Guidhim air Eòin,
Air Eòin Baistidh
  'S air Lùcas Léigh,
'S air gach naomh
  Agus ostal 'nan déidh,
Air Calum Cille caoin
  'S air Pàdraig naomh,
Air Muire mhìn
  'S air Bhrighde chaomh,
Air Airil nan lì [lith
  'S air Mìcheal nan lann,
Air Sorchar nan sìth
  'S air Frìtheir nam beann,
Mo chomraig 's mo chumail,
  Air muir is air tìr,
O'n bhansgal chailin
  Anns a' bhaile seo shìos,
Am bansgal cailin
  Anns a' bhaile seo shìos !

The dearth of the seven
  Miserable dearths
For ever and for ever
  I ask be hers eternally !

I pray to Peter,
  I pray to Paul,
I pray to James,
  I pray to John,
To John the Baptist,
  To Luke the Physician,
And to every saint
  And apostle that has followed them,
To kindly Columba
  And saintly Patrick,
To Mary mild
  And Brigit beloved,
To Ariel resplendent [of festivals
  And to Michael of the blades,
To the Light of peace
  And to the Seer of the hills,
To guard and to keep me,
  On sea and on land,
From the vixenish wench
  In yonder town,
The vixenish wench
  In yonder town !

BINNEACH NAM BEANN

THE subject of this poem is variously known as ' Fionnghal nam Fiadh,' Flora of the Deer ; ' Sorch an Òr-fhuilt,' Clara of the Golden Hair ; ' Binneach nam Beann,' the Melodious One (or the Crazed One) of the Mountains, and by other names. I have taken down several versions, in South Uist and elsewhere.

The girl was young and beautiful, ' nighean dhuin uasail,' the daughter of a gentleman, but poor. She had many who admired her, but she gave the love of her heart and the devotion of her being to one alone. The mother of this young man, however, interfered, and pressed her son to marry another, a girl of wealth. In urging this upon him his mother said :

A mhic, tha an uailse 'na h-eire throm
Air an fhonn nach fhaighear an nì.

Son, gentility is a heavy burden
On the land where the kine are not.

To this the son answered :

A mhàthair, far am faighear an crodh
Chan fhaighear am modh leis a' mhnì.

Mother, where the cattle are got
Good manners are not got with the wife.

Many-tongued rumour said that in deference to his mother the young man was going to marry her choice. Whether he had wavered or had only appeared to waver, the proud sensitive girl resented the implied slight. She lost her reason and became wildly insane. She was bound with cords and secured in the ' cùlaist,' back-house, but broke the cords, tore off her clothing, and escaping through the window fled to the hills.

It is said that all creatures except man are partial to the insane and weak-minded. The maiden of the golden hair joined the deer in the mountains, travelling with them during the day and sleeping with them at night. She became almost as fleet of foot as the deer themselves ; the people of the country were pursuing her, but in vain. If at any time she seemed to tire or falter, the deer looked round and wistfully gazing at her awaited her coming.

MELODIOUS ONE OF THE MOUNTAINS

The golden hair of the girl grew so long that it covered her person like a mantle, while thick soft hair grew over her body like the soft fur of the spotted fawn, or like the soft fur of the white cub of the seal, and thus nature, ever compassionate, enabled her to withstand the summer heat and winter cold. With what food she sustained herself is not known, but it was supposed that she lived on berries and nuts in their season and possibly on hind's milk.

By degrees all the people in pursuit of the girl retired except her lover. He said he would go to ' frith nam fiadh,' the forest of the deer, alone, but not alone return. After many days of wandering and many nights of sleeplessness the young man returned to his ' sgairte falaich,' hiding-cleft, among the rocks ; and there he found his golden-haired guest lying sound asleep,—' white angels guarding her, my dear.' Covering the beautiful form with the soft plaid warm from his own body, the young man waited and watched. When the girl opened her blue eyes and saw her lover, she addressed him by name and thanked him for his many kindnesses to her, not least the last. ' I am now going to die, Iain,' she said, ' and you will take me down to the townland and to the home of our childhood, and lay me to sleep beside my mother and among the dust of the kindred.' And having sung this song for the ear of her lover she died in his arms.

And the young man put all the strength of his nature and all the energy of his manhood into himself and carried the girl's body to the homestead of the glen. After giving the poem to others the young man laid himself down and died beside the maiden. The two were buried side by side in the burial-place of the green glen of their fathers, at the foot of the blue hills of the red hen, the dun deer, the brown eagle and the white ptarmigan, and beside the clear stream of the silvery salmon that runs wailing and laughing and leaping day and night towards the heaving, mourning, everlasting sea. And from their two graves two weeping willows grew and twined round one another, stem and branch and bough. And the dusky merle and the mottled mavis sang their morning elegies and their noonday coronachs and their evening lullabies.

BINNEACH NAM BEANN

Fhuair mo leannan mi am chadal
'S mi gabhail fadachd as iùnais ;
Mi 'nam chrùb ann an sgarnaich,
Rìgh ! gur nàrach a' chùis e.

Mi gun tuigse gun reusan,
Rìgh ! bu deurach an dùsgadh ;
Sud an gràs tha mi sireadh,
Fàileadh Spiorad na h-urnaigh.

Is tus, a Rìgh ta sa chathair,
A rinn an latha 'na uair dhomh ;
Mis air fàsach a' mhunaidh,
Do bhlàths a' cumail an fhuachd uam.

Is lìonmhor ró mì-reachdach
Gu feòil a' pheacaich a ghluasad ;
A Chrìosd, mun càirear san leac mi,
Cuir brìgh do cheartais an tuair'm dhomh.

A Rìgh chathrach na glòrach,
A Thì mhóir rinn mo cheannach
Bho na peacannan gòrach
Ta mo nàdar a' leanail ;

Bho na peacannan truaillidh
Choisinn buaireadh dha m'anam,
Bho na peacannan meallta
Bheireadh geall dhiom a dh'aindeoin.

MELODIOUS ONE OF THE MOUNTAINS

My lover found me in my sleep,
I wearying for his coming ;
I crouching beneath rough rocks,
Oh King ! how shameful the condition.

I without understanding or reason,
Oh King ! tearful was the awaking ;
That grace for which I seek,
'Tis a breath of the Spirit of prayer.

It was Thou, O King Who art on the throne,
Who didst make for me the day in its season ;
I in the wilderness of the mountains,
Thy warmth sheltered me from the cold.

Many are the ways of evil habits
To disturb the flesh of the sinful ;
O Christ, ere I am laid in the tomb,
Place Thou the power of Thy righteousness within me.

Thou throned King of glory,
Thou great Being Who hast redeemed me
From the foolish ways of sin
To which my nature cleaves ;

From the sins corrupt
Which have caused temptation to my soul,
From the sins deceiving
That would conquer me despite my will.

Ge bu liomsa an saoghal
Is gach maoin tha air uachdar,
Ge bu liomsa gach stòras,
Gach mórchuis 's gach uaibhreas ;

Ged a gheobhainn 'nam làimh sud,
'S mi gum bàirigeadh uam iad,
An sgàth Athar na slàinte
Bhith le ghàirdean dha m' chuartach.

Dhé mhóir tha sa chathair,
Fòir do mhathas 'na uair dhomh ;
Dèan mo pheacannan salach
Nochd a sgarachadh bhuamsa.

Air sgàth do dhórainn 's do dheura,
Air sgàth do phéin is do phàis,
Dheagh Mhic Mhoire, bi rèidh rium
Agus cobhair mi féin anns a' bhàs !

'S tu mo Thighearna prìseil,
'S tu mo spìsniche làidir,
'S tu mo shoplachan brollaich :
Na dealaich gu bràth rium !

Air sgàth m'iomairt na tréig mi,
Air sgàth mo dheura na fàg mi !
Ìosa ! mhic-samhail na gréine,
Latha m'fheuma bi làmh rium !

A Thì mhóir na gréine,
Latha m'fheuma bi làmh rium ;
A Thì mhóir na cruinne,
Cum mi 'n urra do ghàirdean !

Though mine were the world
And all the wealth upon its surface,
Though mine were every treasure,
All pomp and all grandeur ;

Though I should get and have them in my grasp,
I would give them all away,
If but the Father of salvation
Might with His arm encircle me.

O Thou great God enthroned,
Succour me betimes with Thy goodness ;
Make my sins unclean
To part from me this night.

For the sake of Thine anguish and Thy tears,
For the sake of Thy pain and Thy passion,
Good Son of Mary, be in peace with me
And succour me at my death !

Thou art my precious Lord,
Thou art my strong pillar,
Thou art the sustenance of my breast :
Oh part Thou from me never !

For mine afflictions forsake me not,
For my tears' sake do not leave me !
Jesu ! Thou likeness of the sun,
In the day of my need be near me !

Thou great Lord of the sun,
In the day of my need be near me ;
Thou great Being of the universe,
Keep me in the surety of Thine arms !

Na fàg mi 'nam bhalbhaich,
Marbh anns an fhàsaich ;
Na fàg mi 'nam chearbaich
Agus m'earbs asd, a Shlàn'eir !

Ged a bha mi gun teine,
Cha do theirig do bhlàths dhomh ;
Ged a bha mi gun aodach,
Cha do chaochail do ghràdh dhomh.

Ged a bha mi gun aingeal,
Cha do mheilich am fuachd mi ;
Ged a bha mi air m'aineol,
Bha t'aithne mun cuairt domh.

Ged a bha mi am éislein,
Nochd na h-éildean dhomh bàidh ;
Ged a bha mi gun soillse,
Bha an oidhche mar an là.

Ged a bha mi gun leaba,
Cha robh an cadal dha m' dhìth,
Làmh Chrìosda mo chluasag,
Dhearc uasal dha m' dhìon.

Ged a bha mi am airsneal,
Cha tàin acras 'nam chòir,
Feòil Chrìosda mo bhidhe,
Fuil Chrìosda b'i m'òl.

Ged a bha mi gun reusan,
Cha do thréig thu mi grathann ;
Ged a bha mi gun toinisg,
Cha do thoilich thu m'fhàgail.

Leave me not in dumbness,
Dead in the wilderness ;
Leave me not to my stumbling,
For my trust is in Thee, my Saviour !

Though I had no fire,
Thy warmth did not fail me ;
Though I had no clothing,
Thy love did not forsake me.

Though I had no hearth,
The cold did not numb me ;
Though I knew not the ways,
Thy knowledge was around me.

Though I was in weakness,
The hinds showed me kindness ;
Though I had no light,
The night was as the day.

Though I had no bed,
I lacked not for sleep,
For Christ's arm was my pillow,
His eye supreme was my protection.

Though I was forlorn,
Hunger came not near me,
For Christ's Body was my food,
The Blood of Christ, it was my drink.

Though I was without reason,
Thou forsookest me not a moment ;
Though I was without sense,
Thou didst not choose to leave me.

Ged bu daimein na clachan,
  Ged bu dolairean òir iad,
Ged b'fhìon uil an fhairge,
  Air an tairgse le còir dhomh ;

Ged bu chaineal an talamh,
  Ged bu meala na lóintean,
B'annsa sealladh do Chrìosda
  Le sìth, seirc, agus tròcair.

Ìosa, comhlaich-sa m'anam !
  Ìosa, comhdaich ad ghràdh mi !
Ìosa, dìon-sa mo spiorad !
  Ìosa, sìn-sa do làmh dhomh !

Though the stones were diamonds,
  Though they were dollars of gold,
Though the whole ocean were wine,
  Offered to me of right;

Though the earth were of cinnamon
  And the lakes were of honey,
Dearer were a vision of Christ
  In peace, in love, in pity.

Jesu, meet Thou my soul!
  Jesu, clothe me in Thy love!
Jesu, shield Thou my spirit!
  Jesu, stretch out to me Thine hand!

A CHOILICH DHUIBH

The following poem was taken down at Baile Mhic Nìll, Barra, in June 1901. Baile Mhic Nìll, ' MacNeill's town,' is the native name of the place also called Bàgh a' Chaisteil by the natives, and rendered ' Castle-bay ' by strangers. The reciter of the poem was Isabella MacDonald, wife of Alexander MacDonald, tinker. The woman was a Stewart from Lewis, her husband from Assynt.

Some ten or twelve days after Alexander MacDonald and his wife and family came to Baile Mhic Nìll, James MacDonald, brother to Alexander, arrived with his wife and family. The meeting of the two brothers and of their two families was cordial and touching in the extreme. James MacDonald set up his tent close to that of Alexander, on the bare bleak rocky hillock, exposed to all the winds that blew. Both tents were torn and tattered, ill adapted to shelter the inmates from the wind and rain, hail and snow coming in from the cold Atlantic. The inmates themselves were no whit better, being extremely ill clad, as well as ill kempt and ill washed. Notwithstanding all this, the tinkers themselves, men and women, were tall and handsome, well featured and lithe of limb, and their children ruddy and healthy. As my wife remarked at the time, the contrast in condition between the ragged tents and clothing and the handsome healthy look of the people was striking ; and the manners of the people were in full keeping with the best of their appearance. When I placed a ' duais ' in the woman's hand, she at once stood straight up and with dignity and firmness declined it, saying that it would take away the pleasure she had had in giving her old songs to the ' duin uasal.' I urged that I should feel shy of coming again if she did not accept it, but she and her husband, ' am beul a chéile,' ' in one another's mouth,' said that I was welcome to come if I proffered nothing.

This has been my invariable experience of these wandering tribes of the weary feet and moving homes, driven hither and thither, from post to pillar, by county authorities and landed proprietors. A little more thought for their needs, a little more consideration for their inherited idiosyncrasies, would lead to fewer crimes, real or imaginary, laid to the charge of tinkers. I have seen many tinkers and observed their ways ; I have taken down thousands of their Shelta words, hundreds of their stories and scores of their songs, and I have found them always well mannered and well behaved, much preferable to the residuum of towns, fit to compare, mentally, morally and physically, with any class of the community. Nor have I ever heard of a farmer regretting consideration shown to them.

The reciter said that the poem was composed at Garbhath Mór, in Badenoch. The composer had been confined, and lay on the ' leaba làir,' ' floor-bed.' Her husband had brought home a lamb from the hill

to offer sacrifice for the safe delivery of his wife. Having tied the lamb's feet he placed its neck upon a block and struck off its head with an axe and placed the lamb upon a fire on the knoll.

There were two boys in the house who keenly watched the proceedings. In imitation of their father, the elder boy placed the neck of the younger upon a block on the floor near their mother. The mother watched the boys with anxiety, but was too weak to move and too afraid to cry out, until she saw the elder boy raise the axe to his shoulder as the father had done.

She sprang from the bed, diverted the blow, but diverted it from the neck of the boy upon the block to the neck of the infant in her arms. When she saw what had occurred, her reason fled ; she sprang to her feet and with lightning speed flew to the hills and joined the deer. There she grew as fleet of foot, as sharp of sight, as keen of scent and as wild of nature as the wild deer themselves.

Many efforts were made to capture the woman, but they availed nothing and were at last discontinued. When the deer came down from the heights above to the straths below, the woman was in their midst, feeding wherever they fed and moving wherever they moved. When the crofters sent their dogs to drive the deer from their corn, the woman was the first to see and to hear, the first to flee and to lead the way up the steep corries, over the deep chasms and along the narrow devious passes to the mountain summits beyond, never slipping, never tripping, never hesitating however great the speed, however difficult the way. The mother of the insane woman was persistent in hounding the deer with the dogs and in driving them from the straths to the mountains. For whenever she saw the deer and her daughter in their midst, she became possessed and acted accordingly.

By the law of the times it was permissible for the insane woman's husband to marry again after seven years. The man was going to avail himself of this law. The day and hour of his marriage arrived, the people were in their places, and the ceremony was about to begin, when the man's wife appeared in their midst and took her place beside her husband. All was surprise and confusion, no one knowing what to do or say. The ' pears-eaglais,' cleric, who was to perform the marriage, examined the woman, and finding her sane and sensible, dispersed the people.

The woman was well clothed and wisely spoken, but where she had obtained her clothing, not to mention her reason, no one understood. She was covered with fine fur or soft down, ' mar chuilean moineis a' chuain no mar laogh eilid ruadh nam beann,' ' like the cub of the grey seal of the ocean or the fawn of the red hind of the mountains.'

The poem is unequal in rhythm and irregular in measure, evidently incomplete, and difficult to translate. Although composed inland, it contains many island phrases, probably because island reciters have substituted known words for those which they did not understand. I have often found a reciter replacing an unknown word or phrase in this way.

A CHOILICH DHUIBH

Hó ró gura fada fada,
Hó ró gura fada leinn,
Is fada leinn a tha thu fuireach,
A choilich dhuibh nì bhruidhinn ruinn.

Dé nan dèanadh tusa tighinn,
Leumadh mo chridhe tur le sunnd,
Gheobhainn cadal shìos an Craichidh
Fad 's a mhaireadh clach 'na ghrunnd.

A choilich dhuibh a nì ruinn aoibh,
Is buidhe dh'an choill a chluinn do ghuth ;
Dar théid mi am theach air mheadhon oidhche,
Bidh m'ianan caomh dha m' chaoi a muigh.

Troigh dh'an tug mi anns na drisibh,
Chomhlaich Crìosda mi anns a' chlais ;
Threòir e mi chon rathaid mhóir
Le thròcair, le mhórachd, le mhais.

A dhuine chuir mi dh'an urlar charn
'S a chuir gràisg a' bhail am dhéidh,
'S tu féin a chuidrich mi dha m' chàs,
'S tu chuir mi am bhànradh ris na féidh.

A bhean a thog an goileam shìos
'S a chuir na coin a nìos 'nam lorg,
Dh'òl mi bainne do dhà chìch
Is laigh mi naoi mìos 'nad bholg.

THOU BLACK COCK

Ho ro, it is long, long,
Ho ro, long it seems to us,
Long it seems that thou dost tarry,
Thou black cock that speakst to us.

But wert thou but to come,
My heart would beat fast with joy,
I should get sleep down in Crathie
So long as a stone were in its ground.

Thou black cock that greetest us with joy,
Gladsome the wood that hears thy voice ;
When I enter my house at middle night,
My loved little bird mourns me without.

A step that I took into the thorns,
Christ was my comrade in the ditch ;
He led me to a great highway
With His mercy, His greatness, His beauty.

Thou man who setst me among the cairns
And sentest the townland rabble after me,
'Twas thou didst help me to my straits,
'Twas thou didst set me in conflict with the deer.

Thou woman who raisedst the din yonder
And didst send the dogs upon my track,
I drank the milk of thy two breasts
And I lay nine months within thy womb.

Moch sa mhadainn 's mi dha m' dhùsg,
Chunnacas surd an taigh na bainnse ;
Tha mo dhùrachd an Rìgh nan dùl
Gur mise thùraicheas rùn na soillse.

Sùil dh'an tug mi air mo dheireadh,
Chunnacas crò fhreasdail air mo stiùir,
Peadail is Pòl is Eòin Ostal
'S an sùil ri deas a' comhradh dlùth.

Trì teach dha nach deachaidh Dia, [treach
Teach na grianuisg gun chiall 'na cheann,
Teach na h-eachlaisg gun rath gun rian, [eachlaig
Is teach na biastaich nach d'iarr a' chlann.

Mhosgail an t-adhar agus chriothnaich am fonn,
Sgoltaich an fhairge thromachom ghlas, [chomachrom,
Dhubhraich an reul agus bheuc an tonn, chromachom
Ri com Mhic Dhé a reubadh ri croich.

Och is och mar a tha mi a nochd !
Is bochd an stoc dhe'n do locradh mì,
An dona chraobh mhosg gun onfhadh gun tort, [trosd
Oich agus oich, gun toic gun bhrìgh !

Ach a Chrìosd, a Mhic mhìn na Moire,
A Thì tha cur snodhach an coill,
Dòrt do ghràs anns na cnàmhan gun toradh,
Dòrt do sholas ann an rosgaibh an doill !

Dòrt do dhealt anns na h-altaibh gun taise,
Dòrt do sheile sna sùilibh gun soillse,
Tabhair-se m'anam gu talla nam martair,
Altaich mo chasa gu dachaidh nan naomh ! [saoidh

Early in the morning when I awakened
I saw joyous stir in the house of the marriage ;
My earnest hope is in the King of life
That it be I who shall divine the light's meaning.

A glance that I cast behind my back,
Enfolding guardians saw I at my helm,
Peter and Paul and John the Apostle,
Their eye to the south, in converse close.

Three houses to which God has not gone,
The feckless one's house without sense at its head,
The house of the slattern without luck or order,
And the house of the wanton who sought not children.

The sky did awake and the earth did tremble,
The grey heavy-bodied ocean was rent,
The star darkened and the wave roared,
When the body of the Son of God was torn upon the cross.

Woe and woe for my plight this night !
Poor the stock wherefrom I am fashioned,
The evil tree, decayed, without vigour or pith,
Alas and alas, without richness or substance !

But Thou, O Christ, gentle Son of Mary,
Thou Being Who puttest sap in wood,
Pour Thy grace into the bones unfruitful,
Pour Thy light into the eyes of the blind !

Pour Thy dew into the joints unpliant,
Pour Thy salve into the eyes without light,
Lead Thou my soul to the dwelling of the martyrs,
Sustain my feet to the home of the saints !

TÀLADH AN T-SNEACHDA

THE following poem was taken down by John Macnab, student of divinity, Glen Orchy, from Pàra Mór Domhnallach, Big Peter MacDonald of Glen Coe.

The night after the massacre of Glen Coe officers and soldiers were out searching the hills and dales for any stray fugitives who might have escaped the massacre. Hearing the sound of the pipes, they followed it, thinking that this might be some MacDonald guiding his friends to safety. Eager to wreak their vengeance on the clan they hated, they followed the piping through mud and mire, swamp and stream, snow wreath and rock cleft, till they reached a distant tarn among the high mountains. Here the music sank down in the depths of the tarn and died softly away as dies the eerie sough of the western wind.

The people maintain that the piper was one of the good fairies of the mound.

Beaten and battered by the storm, with baffled rage in their hearts and curses on their lips, the soldiers returned. They heard upon the wind the screaming of a child. The officer in command called out to the nearest soldier, ' Falbh agus cuir car an amhaich an isein ud,' ' Go and put a twist in the neck of that brat.' As the man neared the place from which the screams were coming, ' chual e an aon cheòl bu bhòidhche chuala cluas riamh, ceòl a bu bhòidhche na beòil nam ban sìth san tom,' he heard the one most beautiful music that ever ear heard, music more beautiful

Is fuar fuar a nochd mo leaba,
Is fuar fuar a nochd mo leanabh,
Is buan buan a nochd do chadal,
Mis am anart 's tus am achlais.

Tha sgàil a' bhàis a' snàgan tharam,
Cuisle bhlàth mo ghràidh cha charaich,
Gaoth nan ard do thàladh cadail,
Sneachd nam beann gu teann do bhrata.

THE LULLABY OF THE SNOW

than the lips of the fairy women in the knoll. Who was this but a young mother who had escaped the massacre, lulling her child to sleep the sleep of death amid the snow. ' Chuimhnich an saighdear air an té dh'fhàg e aig an taigh taobh an teine, agus gaolachan beag bòidheach 'na h-uchd, a' seinn crònan ciùin cadail dha, agus fuil Chlann Domhnaill 'nam pòraibh le chéile. Agus thuit e mach gum b'e an dearbh chrònan am fìor cheòl mu dheireadh a chual e dar a dh'fhàg e a dhaoine agus a dhachaidh iomadh là is bliadhna roimhe sin, an crònan caoin ciùil a bha màthair an leinibh a' seinn anns an t-sneachda.'—The soldier remembered her whom he had left at home beside the fire with a little beautiful beloved babe upon her breast, singing a quiet croon of sleep to him, and the blood of Clan Donald in the veins of both. And it chanced that the gentle croon of music that the child's mother was singing in the snow was the very same music as he had last heard when he left his kin and his home many a day and year before that. The soldier wrapped the woman and her child in his plaid, gave them what food and drink he had, and left them to overtake his comrades. On the way he came upon a wolf devouring the body of a woman who had escaped alive from the scene of the massacre. He slew the wolf and showed the officer the blood upon his sword. By the mercy of God and through the soldier's compassion mother and child survived. Descendants of the child are still living, and the tradition is current and believed throughout the districts of Appin and Lochaber.

Cold, cold this night is my bed,
Cold, cold this night is my child,
Lasting, lasting this night thy sleep,
I in my shroud and thou in mine arm.

Over me creeps the shadow of death,
The warm pulse of my love will not stir,
The wind of the heights thy sleep-lulling,
The close-clinging snow of the peaks thy mantle.

Tha fiamh a' bhàis a' snàgan tharad,
Tha ainglean bàna snàmh san adhar,
Tha Mac nan gràs gach tràth dha d' chaithris,
Tha Mac mo Dhé liom féin ri faire.

Ge h-ard mo ghlaodh gur faon mo ghearan,
Ge mór mo spairn cha phàrtaich caraid ;
Do léine chneise sneachd nam beanna,
Do leaba bhàis is carr nan gleanna.

Gur dùint do shùil, gur dùr do chadal,
Do bhial ri m' chìch 's chan iarr thu bainne ;
Mo chrònan gràidh gu bràth chan aithnich,
Mo ghuileag ghràidh gu bràth chan aithris.

Is ultach fuar mo luaidh am achlais,
Is ultach reòt gun deò gun anail ;
Ainglean Dé a rèiteach rathaid,
Ainglean Dé dh'ar n-éibheach dhachaidh.

Reothadh cruaidh nach buannaich aiteamh,
Reothadh uaigh nach uainich earrach,
Cadal buan nach fuasgail madainn,
Cadal bàis màthar is leanaibh.

Tha solas neòil toir treòir dha m' chasan,
Tha ceòl nan speur toir sèimh dha m'anam,
Tha mi liom féin fo sgéith na Carraig,
Ainglean Dé dha m'éibheach dhachaidh.

Is fuar fuar, is fuar mo leanabh,
Is fuar a' mhàthair tha 'gad chaithris ;
Is truagh truagh, is truagh mo ghearan,
Is tuar a' bhàis a' snàgan tharam.

Over thee creeps the hue of death,
White angels are floating in the air,
The Son of grace each season guards thee,
The Son of my God keeps the watch with me.

Though loud my cry my plaint is idle,
Though sore my struggle no friend shares it ;
Thy body-shirt is the snow of the peaks,
Thy death-bed the fen of the valleys.

Thine eye is closed, thy sleep is heavy,
Thy mouth to my breast, but thou seekest no milk ;
My croon of love thou shalt never know,
My plaint of love thou shalt never tell.

A cold arm-burden my love on my bosom,
A frozen arm-burden without life or breath ;
May the angels of God make smooth the road,
May the angels of God be calling us home.

A hard frost no thaw shall subdue,
The frost of the grave which no spring shall make green,
A lasting sleep which morn shall not break,
The death-slumber of mother and child.

Heavenly light directs my feet,
The music of the skies gives peace to my soul,
Alone I am under the wing of the Rock,
Angels of God calling me home.

Cold, cold, cold is my child,
Cold, cold is the mother who watches thee,
Sad, sad, sad is my plaint,
As the tinge of death creeps over me.

A Chrois nan speur, seun air m'anam,
A Mhàthair chìochran, dìon mo leanabh,
A Mhic nan deur rinn té dhiubh altram,
Nochd do bhàidh sa bhàs dh'an ainnis.

O Cross of the heavens, sign my soul,
O Mother of breastlings, shield my child,
O Son of tears whom a mother nurtured,
Show Thy tenderness in death to the needy.

IS ANMOCH CHUNNA MI AN DÉ

Is anmoch chunna mi an dé
  Fear earraidh dheirg air a' ghleann ;
Dh'fhaoiltich mo chridhe r'a cheum,
  Shaoil mi gur tu féin a bh'ann.

Shaoil mi gur tu féin a bh'ann,
  Sealgair sìthne nan damh donn,
Siubhlaiche nam frìth 's nam beann,
  Gìomanach nam mìle sonn.

Gìomanach nam mìle sonn,
  Brighde mhìn a bhith dhut teann,
Muire mhìn a bhith ri d' chom,
  'S Mìcheal mìngheal bhith ri d' cheann.

LATE IT WAS I SAW YESTREEN

Late it was I saw yestreen
A red-robed man upon the glen ;
My heart rejoiced at his step,
Methought it was thyself I saw.

Methought it was thyself I saw,
Hunter of venison of the dun deer,
Traveller of the heaths and hills,
Hunter of a thousand mighty stags.

Hunter of a thousand mighty stags,
May gentle Brigit be close to thee,
May gentle Mary guard thy body,
Fair white Michael guard thy head.

THRÉIG AN CADAL MI

BEULAICHE : Bean Aonghuis 'ic Lachlainn, Acha-Da-Dheardail, Eige, a bha a màthair 'na bean-mhuinntir aig Raghall Dubh ann an Grùilinn. Dar a chuala Raghall Dubh an t-òran, thubhairt e, ' Is bochd nach robh e agam mus do chuir mi mach an leabhar.'

THRÉIG an cadal mi o hInid,
Tric mi tionntan
Feuch am faic mi do long shiubhlach
Air cuan dubhghorm.

Loma-luath do dharach liathghlas
O shlios Lochlann,
Gach bord cho mìn ri cluaimh nan eala
Air luinn locha.

Mór mo bheud treas laoch na hAlbann
Bhith air aineol,
Fada shìos gun tuath gun teach
An Innis Mhanann.

Gur truagh, a Rìgh, nach robh t'acaid
Sgaipt ad dhùthaich,
Air gach fear a chuid, is ormsa
Làn chuid triùir diubh !

Gràdh nam macamh moch air mhadainn
An tùs truid thu,
Gràdh nam ban am féile feasgair
Air chùl cruite.

SLEEP HAS FORSAKEN ME

RECITER : The wife of Angus son of Lachlann, Acha-Da-Dheardail, Eigg, whose mother had been a servant at Grùilinn with Raghall Dubh, Black Ranald, who was a son of the poet Alexander MacDonald and published a famous anthology of Gaelic poetry in 1776. When Raghall Dubh heard the song, he said, ' It is a pity I had not heard it before I published the book.'

SLEEP has forsaken me since Shrovetide,
Often I turn
In hope to see thy speeding ship
On black-blue ocean.

Surpassing swift thy bark grey-timbered
From the slope of Lochlann,
Each plank of her smooth as the swans' plumage
On a loch's billows.

Of Alba's three prime warriors one far faring,
This grieves me sore,
Far afield without folk or dwelling
In the Isle of Man.

Would, Oh King ! that thy grief's burden
Were spread in thy land,
Upon each man his share, and on me
Full share of three !

Love of youths art thou on a morning early
In van of battle,
Love of women in mirth of evening
When harp is playing.

Siod gun iarrainn, lann ad dheaslaimh
An cuinge cadha,
A' toirt coinneimh do d' luchd fuatha,
Fuil 'gan dalladh.

Thigeadh an crèamhach 's am fitheach
Ri beul àine,
Dh'òladh an sàth as na lodaibh
Ligheach cràdhearg.

This I would ask, a blade in thy right hand
In a narrow pass,
There encountering them who hate thee,
Blood blinding them.

There would come the carrion-crow and raven
At the dawn's breaking,
Would drink their fill from the pools
Brimming, blood-red.

GUIDHE NAN LEÒDACH

Beulaichean : Gill-Easbaig Mac Ghill-Fhaolain, sgiobair, Loch Baghasdail, Uibhist o Dheas ; Iain Pearsan agus Catrìona Phearsan, coitearan, Ceann Tangabhall, Barraidh, 14mh Màirt 1873 ; agus feadhainn an Cinn Tàile anns a' bhliadhna 1903.

Gaoth an iar
Air fiacail Feiste,
Gaoth is corr,
Ceò is uisge ;
Muir a' falach
Talamh 's adhar ;
Clann Domhnaill
Air bhordach briste,
Gun sgòd dh'an tuigse—
An glaodh leam cha mhisde !
  Coit chaol chorrach,
Crainn ard reamhar,
Seòil phait phlaideach,
Luchd bharaillean falamh,
Cathadh mara
Dol dh'an adhar,
Sàl dh'an dalladh,
Is Cuan nan Gallan saor dhaibh.
  Taoim gu tobhtach,
Taoman bristeach,
Seòil a' stracadh,
Sgeò a' sacadh,
Sneachd a' tachdadh,
Muir ag atach,
Fir a' rachdadh,
Agus gach aitim sgaoilte.

THE MACLEODS' PETITION

Reciters: Archibald Maclellan, master-mariner, Loch Boisdale, South Uist; John Pearson and Catherine Pearson, cottars, Ceann Tangabhall, Barra, 14th March 1873; and others in Kintail in 1903.

Wind from the west
On the tooth of Neist,
Wind and more,
Mist and rain;
Sea concealing
Earth and heaven;
Clan Donald
On broken planking,
No shred of sense left them—
I pity not their bawling!
  Skiff crank and narrow,
Masts tall and stout,
Sails coarse and bulging,
Cargo of empty barrels,
Spindrift flying
Up to heaven,
Brine blinding them,
And Cuan nan Gallan free to them.
  Bilge to thwarts,
Bailer brittle,
Sails ripping,
Fog suffocating,
Snow choking,
Sea swelling,
Men straining,
And every orifice gaping.

Sgioba lag-lamhach,
Ardanach aineolach,
Mór-bhriathrach,
Beag-chiallach,
Gann-rianach,
Dall-ghnìomhach,
Mì-sgiamhach,
Gun urram Dhia na dhaoine !

Crew weak-handed,
Haughty, ignorant,
Big of speech,
Small of sense,
Scant of reason,
Blind of action,
Ugly of form,
Without respect to God or men !

THÀINIG NA CAIT OIRNN

This 'pìobaireachd,' pipe-tune, is composed upon a cattle-raid by the Cats, but it is not said upon whom the raid was made. The Cats may have been either members of the Clann Chatain or members of the Cat tribe whose name is preserved in the English name Caithness and in the

Thàinig na Cait oirnn,
Thàinig na Cait oirnn,
Thàinig na Cait oirnn,
Thàinig na Cait oirnn,
  Thàinig iad oirnne.

A bhristeadh a steach,
A thogail nan creach,
A spùilleadh nan speach,
A strùilleadh nan each,
A rùsgadh nan teach,
  Thàinig iad oirnne.

Thàinig iad, thàinig iad,
Thàinig iad, thàinig iad,
Thàinig iad, thàinig iad,
Thàinig iad ris an droch uair,
  Fhuaradh iad oirnne.

Thàinig na Cait, thàinig Cait,
Thàinig na Cait, thàinig Cait,
Thàinig na Cait, thàinig Cait,
Thàinig na Cait ris an an-uair,
  Bhualadh iad oirnne.

THE CATS ARE COME ON US

Gaelic names ‘ Cataibh,’ Sutherland, and ‘ Cataich,’ men of Sutherland. The Earl of Sutherland was styled ‘ Morair Chat,’ Lord of the Cat-folk ; the Duke of Sutherland is ‘ Diùc Chat,’ Duke of the Cat-folk.

THE Cats are come on us,
The Cats are come on us,
The Cats are come on us,
The Cats are come on us,
They are come on us.

To break in upon us,
To lift the spoil from us,
To steal the kine from us,
To cudgel our horses,
To strip bare our houses,
They are come on us.

They are come, they are come,
They are come, they are come,
They are come, they are come,
They are come in the ill hour,
They are found amidst us.

The Cats are come, Cats are come,
The Cats are come, Cats are come,
The Cats are come, Cats are come,
The Cats are come in the evil hour,
Their stroke is upon us.

Tha clanna nan daoi
Ri gaillinn 's ri gaoith
Sna lagana fraoich,
Am fuil air an raon,
An t-saighead ri'n taobh
  Is taosg san dorlach.

Thàinig na Cait oirnn,
Thàinig na Cait oirnn,
Thàinig na Cait oirnn,
Thàinig na Cait oirnn,
  Thàinig iad oirnne.

Gu murt agus snaoghal (?)
  Thàinig iad,
Gu burral is baoghal
  Thàinig iad,
Gu furradh is fadhbh,
Ri uisge 's ri gaoith,
A thogail bà laogh
  Thàinig iad oirnne.

Thàinig na Cait,
Thàinig na Cait,
Thàinig na Cait,
Thàinig na Cait,
  Thàinig Cait oirnne,
Thàinig na Cait ris an an-uair,
  Bhualadh iad oirnne.

Gu cur nam bà laogh,
Gu iomairt nan caor,
Gu fuil agus fraoch,
Gu gul agus gaoir,
Gu fuil agus fraoch,
A' dul anns an Daorn,
  Thàinig iad oirnne.

The children of wicked men
In storm and in wind
Are in the heathery hollows,
Their blood on the field,
Their shafts by their sides,
  And their quivers well filled.

The Cats are come on us,
The Cats are come on us,
The Cats are come on us,
The Cats are come on us,
  They are come upon us.

For murder and for mauling
  They are come,
For howling and for hazard
  They are come,
For pillage and for plunder,
In rain and in wind,
To lift the calving kine
  They are come upon us.

The Cats are come,
The Cats are come,
The Cats are come,
The Cats are come,
  Cats are come on us,
The Cats are come in the evil hour,
  Their stroke is upon us.

To drive the calving kine,
To lift away the sheep,
For blood and for wrath,
For weeping and for wailing,
For blood and for wrath,
Marching on Thursday,
  They are come upon us.

EÓNAGAN

Beulaiche : Flòraidh Nic Ghill-Fhinnein, Dornaidh, Cinn Tàile

Eónagain ! O Eónagain !
Is neònach liom do ghnìomh,
Thus air ceòraich fada bhuam, [ceòlraich
Is mise truagh liom fhìn !

Eónagain ! O Eónagain !
Is neònach liom do dhàil,
Thus an aird air bharraibh chràc,
Is mis a' snàmh an làir !

Eónagain ! O Eónagain !
Is ceòl thu fad air falbh,
Mar chrònan caoin na màthar ghaoil
An cadal caomh nam marbh.

LITTLE BIRD

Reciter : Flora Maclennan, Dornie, Kintail

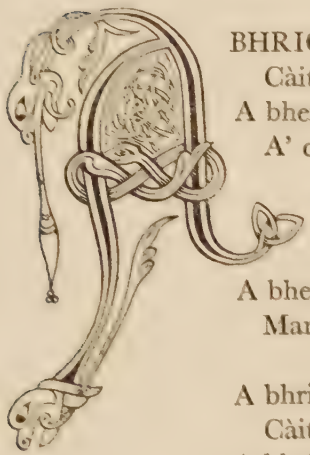
Little Bird ! O Little Bird !
I wonder at what thou doest,
Thou singing merry far from me,
I in sadness all alone !

Little Bird ! O Little Bird !
I wonder at how thou art,
Thou high on the tips of branching boughs,
I on the ground a-creeping !

Little Bird ! O Little Bird !
Thou art music far away,
Like the tender croon of the mother loved
In the kindly sleep of death.

A BHRICEIN BHALLAICH

[' In the holy wells of the Isles there lived, through generations, a trout which in the thoughts of the folk was accounted pious as a monk and worldly-wise as a druid. To such a trout went the maid of the song for



BHRICEIN bhallaich bhig bhòidhich,
Càite bheil òigear mo ghràidh ?
A bheil e cùl nan tonn dòbhaidh,
A' cumail comhraig ri sàir ?

A bhricein bhallaich bhig bhòidhich,
Càite bheil òigear mo rùin ?
A bheil e mach sa bheinn ghruamaich
Mar ri Gruagach a' chuirn ?

A bhricein bhallaich bhig bhòidhich,
Càite bheil òigear mo ghaoil ?
A bheil e 'n Innis na hÒige,
Mar ri Osgar 's Connlaoch 's Fraoch ?

A bhricein bhallaich bhig bhòidhich,
Càite bheil òigear mo luaidh ?
A bheil e 'n Albainn no 'n Éirinn,
No cùl na gréine 'na shuain ?

A bhricein bhallaich bhig bhòidhich,
Bheil Mac na hÒighe le m' ghaol ?
'S am faod mise mo bhròn fhàgail
San Abhainn nach tràigh san t-sao'l ?

THOU SPECKLED TROUTLING

tidings of her absent lover.'—Kenneth MacLeod, *The Road to the Isles*, p. 200. The poem is charming in the original, but though it embodies an old idea it cannot itself be old.]

THOU speckled little beauteous troutling,
Where is the lover of my love?
Is he beyond the boisterous waves,
Holding combat with heroes?

Thou speckled little beauteous troutling,
Where is the lover of my mind?
Is he out on the gloomy mountain
Along with the 'Gruagach' of the cairn?

Thou speckled little beauteous troutling,
Where is the lover of my heart?
Is he in the Isle of Youth,
Along with Osgar, Connlaoch and Fraoch?

Thou speckled little beauteous troutling,
Where is the lover of my breast?
Is he in Alba or in Erin,
Or behind the sun asleep?

Thou speckled little beauteous troutling,
Is the Son of the Virgin with my love?
And may I my sorrow leave
In the River that fails not for aye?

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THE first two volumes of *Carmina Gadelica*, published in 1900, made so profound an impression in this and many other countries that they soon ran out of print, and became scarce and costly. Dr Carmichael's daughter, Mrs W. J. Watson, prepared a second edition, which appeared in 1928, and contains all the matter in the original, along with some small corrections and additions.

Volume three, published in 1940, and the present volume, are uniform with the new edition of Volumes I and II, and a direct continuation of the work. They are edited by Dr Carmichael's grandson, James Carmichael Watson, Professor of Celtic in the University of Edinburgh, who in his note writes :—"In the fifth volume I hope to explain fully how I have dealt with the material and to what extent I am responsible for the final form of the work. But lest the opportunity should be withheld, I say now without reserve that I have made as little change as possible. To the Gaelic text no word has been added, and, save that a few broken lines or stanzas have been omitted, no word has been taken away. In translating I have tried to follow, as best I could, my grandfather's usage in the first two volumes."

The many new ornamental initial letters, head-pieces and tailpieces are the beautiful work and generous gift of Mr Robert Burns.